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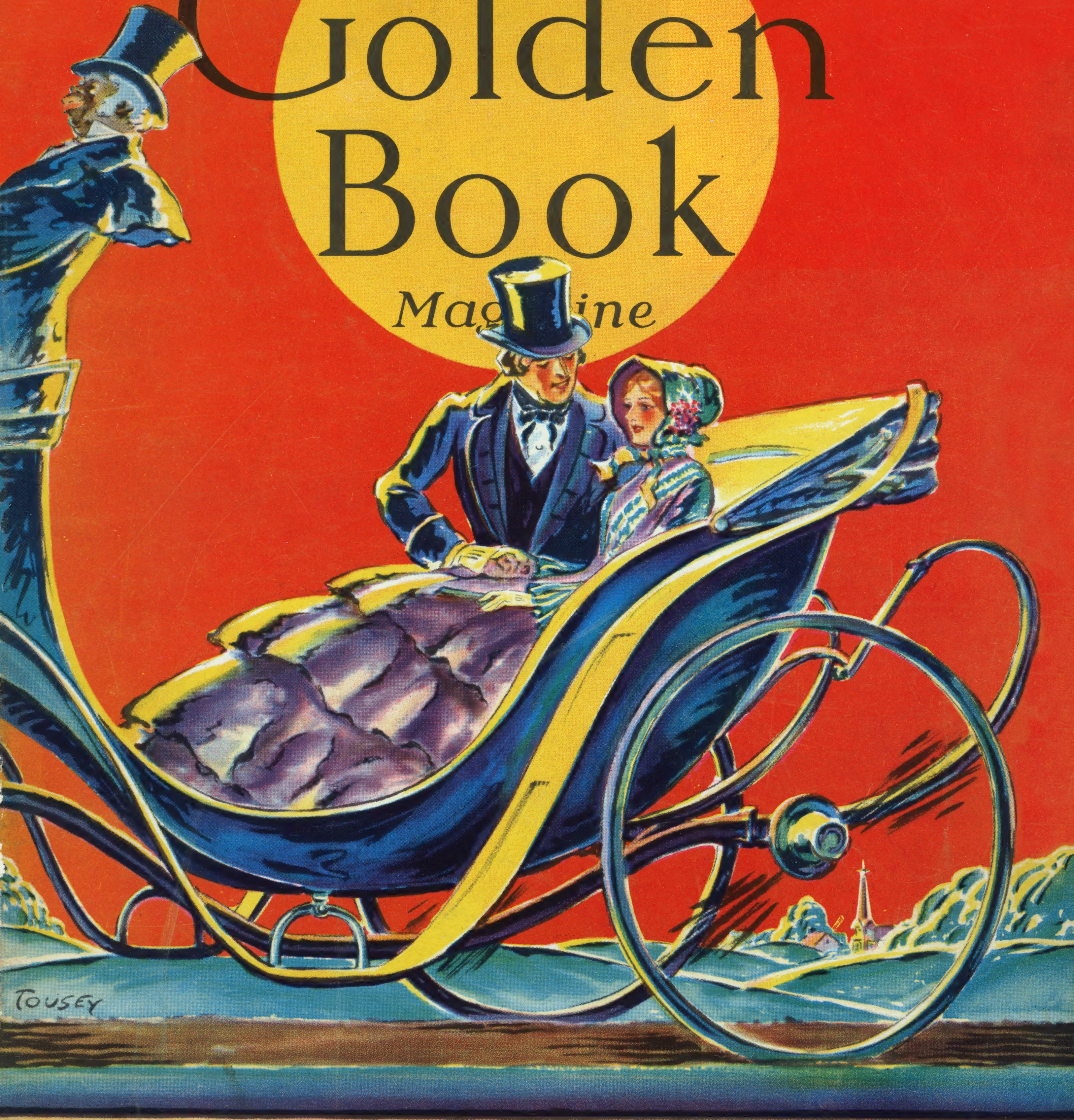

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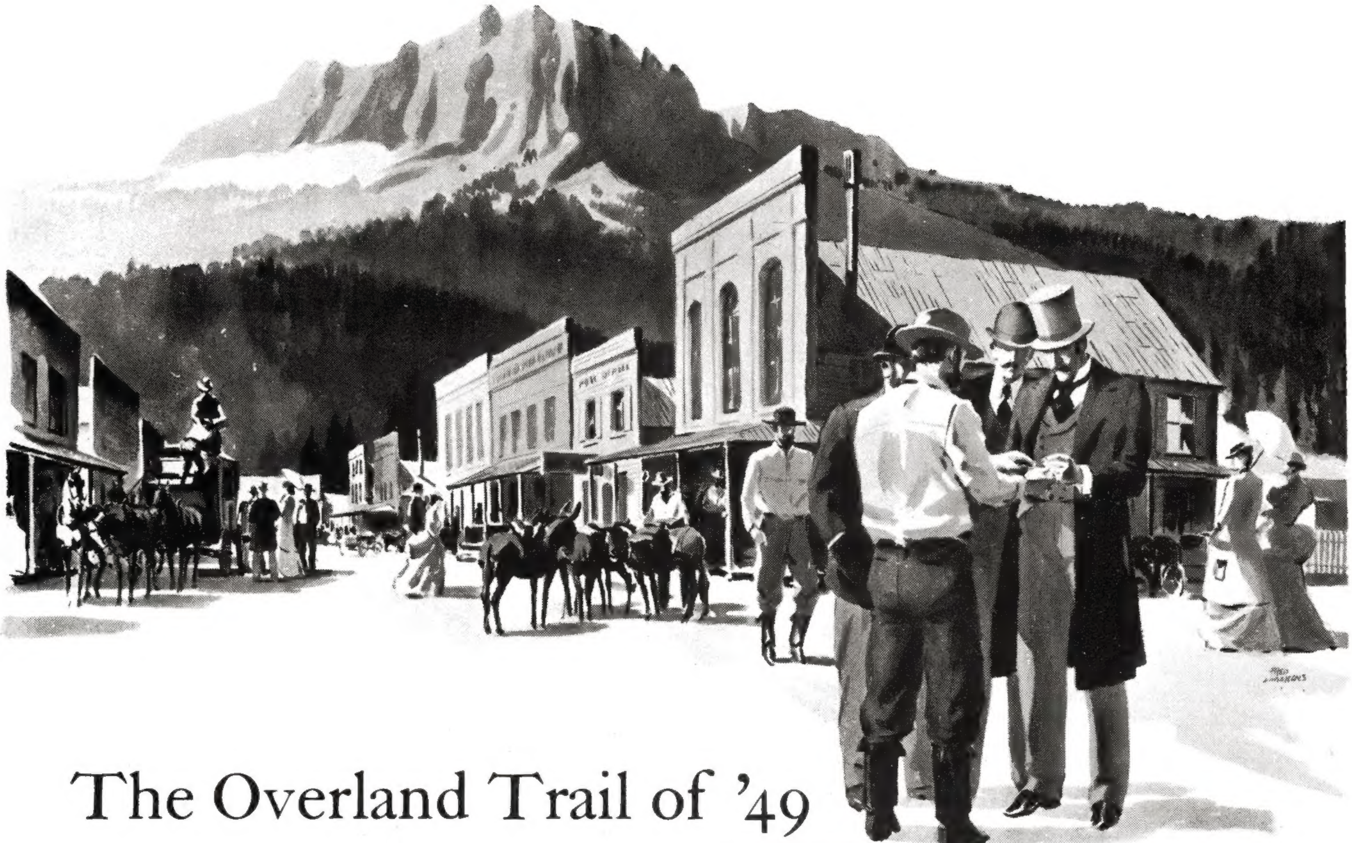

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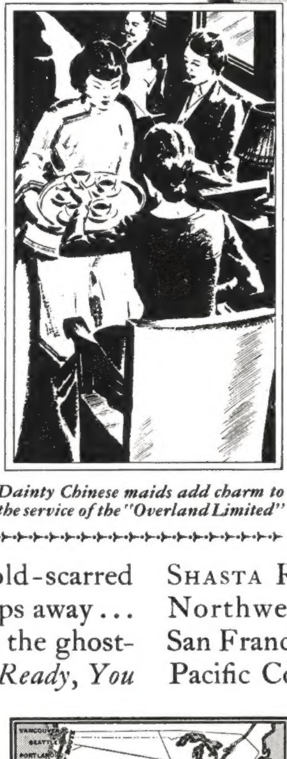

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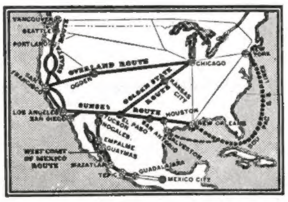

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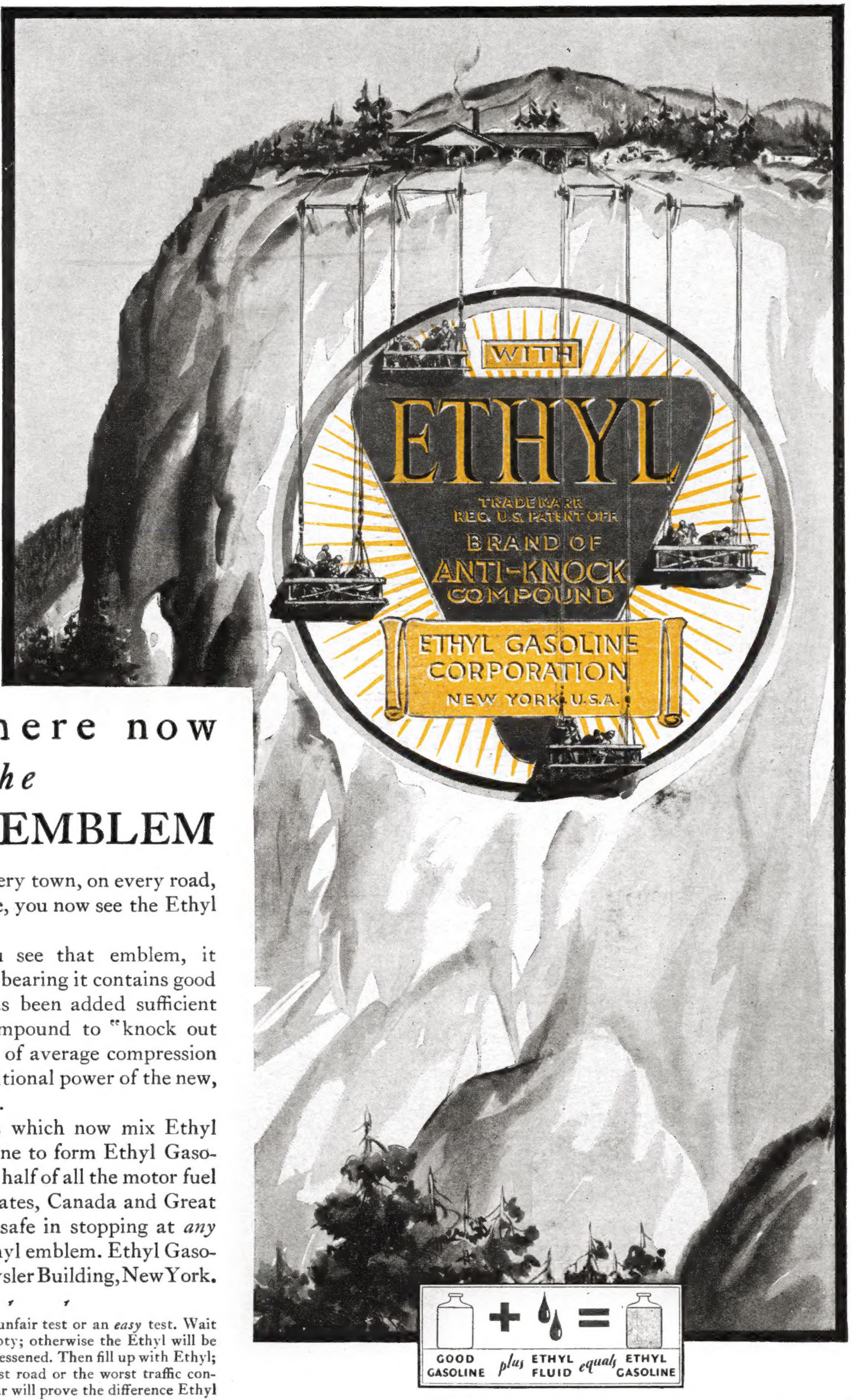
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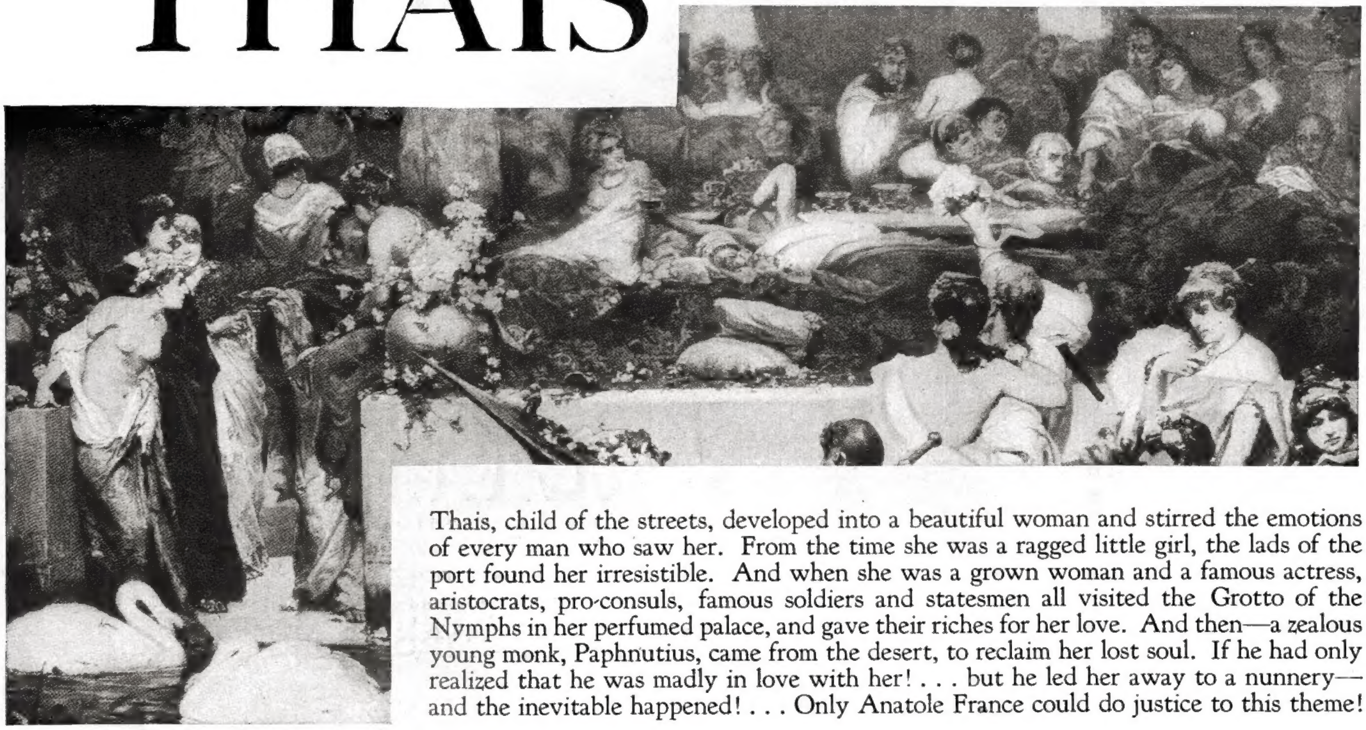

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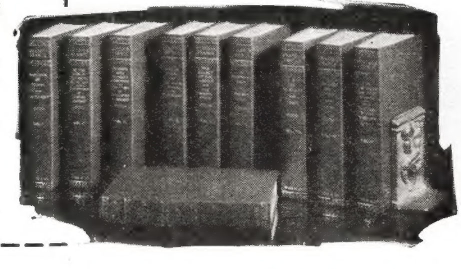

Vol. XI No. 66

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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THE GOLDEN BOOK *is indexed for ready reference in the* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

BOURNEMOUTH—A YELLOW BRICK cottage overlooking the sea—a sick man propped up in bed, writing. "Markheim," "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," "David Balfour," Stevenson wrote all these during his second year on the southern seacoast of England.

No one came to disturb his concentration unless he rang a little copper bell that stood on the table beside him between his medicine bottles and his cigarettes. Bolstered up with a mountain of pillows and with his knees crooked up to form a desk, he wrote ceaselessly, smoked, dreamed, and wrote.

"Markheim" is one of the best stories by that famous "teller of tales," Robert Louis Stevenson. Several of our readers picked it as their "favorite story," and we are very glad that we had already made arrangements to present it to our readers in this issue.

* * *

NO MORE splendid though tragic adventure story exists than the day-to-day diary of Robert Falcon Scott written during the blinding blizzards and cold marches of his fatal journey back from the South Pole. Born in 1868 in Devonport, England, Scott went to sea at the age of twelve, and at fourteen was a midshipman. He rose steadily to position of First Lieutenant and Captain. In 1899 he was commander of the unsuccessful National Antarctic Expedition and in 1909 decided to venture again to discover the South Pole. Backed by the British and Dominion governments, he set sail in June of 1910 on the *Nova Terra* to find and claim the South Pole for Great Britain. Suffering from cold and hunger, he and his band of brave men crossed the snow-bound wastes of Antarctica only to meet with utter disappointment, for though they reached their goal, the Norwegian explorers had beaten them to it. Scott's diary is a rare picture of human bravery and endurance, and perhaps of particular interest at this time when Admiral Byrd has just returned from his extensive explorations in the same region.

* * *

VOLTAIRE, BANISHED from the French court by the Queen's influence for writing verses in praise of the King's mistress, sought refuge at Sceaux with the Duchess of Maine. There in hiding, this little, great man, at once the fear of all monarchs and religions in Europe, spent his days in bed writing short philosophical romances. In the evening, Voltaire came from his room surreptitiously to read what he had written that day for the entertainment of the Duchess. One night he read *Zadig*.

Son of a notary, frail and half-sick all his life, François-Marie Arouet had one of the keenest minds of eighteenth century Europe. Goethe has called him "the most astonishing creation of the author of nature, a creation in which he pleased himself to assemble, once in the frail and perishable organization of a man, all the varieties of talent, all the glories of genius, all the powers of thought." His vigorously rational approach to every question of God and man paved the way for the experimental thinking and reforms of succeeding centuries.

In 1718, when he was but twenty-four, he startled Paris with his first play, a tragedy, *Oedipe,* which played to crowded houses for forty-five nights and was his first attack on despotism and the clergy. A prolific writer, his complete works contain about fifty-five plays, twenty-five novels, nine histories and biographies and innumerable short poems, essays, and letters. His best known works are: *La Henriade* (1728), *Zadig* (1747), *Siècle de Louis XIV.* (1751), *Candide* (1759), and the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* (1765).

By the time Voltaire, as he dubbed himself, was forty-two, he had made a sufficient name to catch the attention of Frederick of Prussia. At that time, Frederick wrote enthusiastically to Voltaire; there was an interchange of presents, and the two, the greatest monarch in Europe and the keenest thinker, were the best of friends for seventeen years.

Voltaire lived to see himself recognized and acclaimed. Persecution for the frankness with which he voiced his opinions, came to an end, and his last journey from Fernay, his home, to Paris was a veritable triumphal procession. He died in 1778 at the age of eighty-four, just before the spirit of liberty, which he had fostered, culminated in the French Revolution. He stands unique in the realm of genius. "Voltaire," said Frederick, "cannot be imitated except by Voltaire himself."

* * *

A DRAMATIST OF GREAT promise was St. John Hankin. "Hankin, had he lived, might have written one of the great dramas of the new century," wrote Archibald Henderson.

Born in 1869 in Southampton, Hankin was educated at Malvern College and at Oxford. He was forty years old when he committed suicide. The reason for his act was unknown. John Drinkwater wrote: "His end was one of those untimely accidents of temperament and physical circumstance that we are wise to accept without too curious analysis." He was in the midst of his fame. During the seven years preceding his death he had written seven plays, all of which were produced in London. Of the intellectual school of English dramatists, he was a follower of Oscar Wilde, and like Wilde, sparkling and dexterous,

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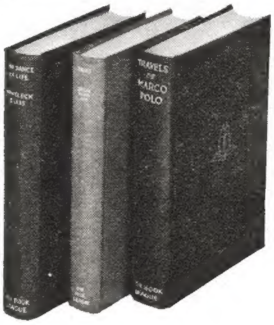

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Fannie Hurst, Stephen Vincent Benét, George Jean Nathan, John Haynes Holmes, Herbert H. Lehman, Edward A. Filene, and many other leaders in American life.

though not always realistic. His best known plays are: "The Return of the Prodigal" (1904), "The Cassilis Engagement" (1905), "The Charity that Began at Home" (1905), and "The Last of the De Mullins" (1907).

As a preface to his *Dramatic Sequels,* one of which appears in this issue, Hankin wrote:

> Plays end too soon. They never show
> The whole of what I want to know.
> The curtain falls and I'm perplexed
> With doubts about what happened next.
> Did Hamlet's father haunt no more
> The battlements of Elsinore?
> Does Lady Teazle never call
> At Lady Sneerwell's now at all?
> Was Benedict's a happy marriage?
> And will the Melnottes keep a carriage?
>
> * * *
>
> I've asked again and yet again
> These questions—hitherto in vain!
> I sought the answers near and far.
> At length they came, and here they are.

◆

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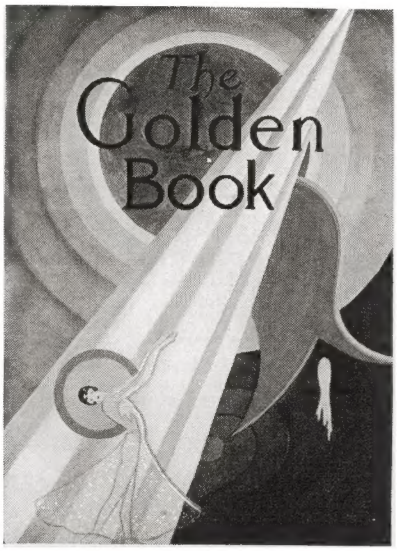
Thus fifteen-year-old Florence Vilmur interprets the cover design she made for the Golden Book, and which we reproduce here. Her design won an award in the nation-wide high school art contest of the National High School Awards, designed to foster interest in art in its practical applications. Miss Vilmur is a senior in the Norfolk, Nebraska, high school.



◆

Charles Lamb was a bachelor, a Londoner born and bred, who lived all his fifty-nine years within a few miles of the Strand and Fleet Street. A trip up a mountain, on one of his rare visits to the Coleridges, stood out as one of the great events in his life.

His sister Mary was eleven years old when Charles was born in 1775, and he grew up with a strong love and respect for her. There was also a brother, John, a year older than Mary, but he took apartments of his own shortly after his entrance into business and never saw much of his family thereafter. At Christ's Hospital, where Charles went to school, he and Samuel Coleridge began a friendship which lasted through life. When Coleridge died in July, 1834, the blow was a terrific one to Lamb, and he survived his friend only five months.

In 1796 Charles Lamb's sister Mary, in a temporary moment of insanity to which she was subject, killed her mother with a knife, and the young Charles, only twenty-one years old, was left to care for his physically feeble aunt, his mentally feeble father, and his sister. He had a clerical position in the East India House which he held for thirty-three years thereafter, and since business occupied his days, his writing had to be done in the evenings and in spare moments. He had already written some verses and essays, and though not popularly known, was held in high esteem by the circle of literary men who were his friends.

His *Tales from Shakespeare,* written in collaboration with Mary, appeared in 1807. In 1820, *The London Magazine* was started, and in August of that year Charles Lamb began writing articles signed "Elia" (call it "Ellia," said he), the name of a former fellow-clerk. In this magazine first appeared the "Bachelor's Complaint" here reprinted, and not till 1823 were the essays compiled in a volume.

Thomas Hood, a sub-editor of the *London Magazine,* gave this description of Lamb:

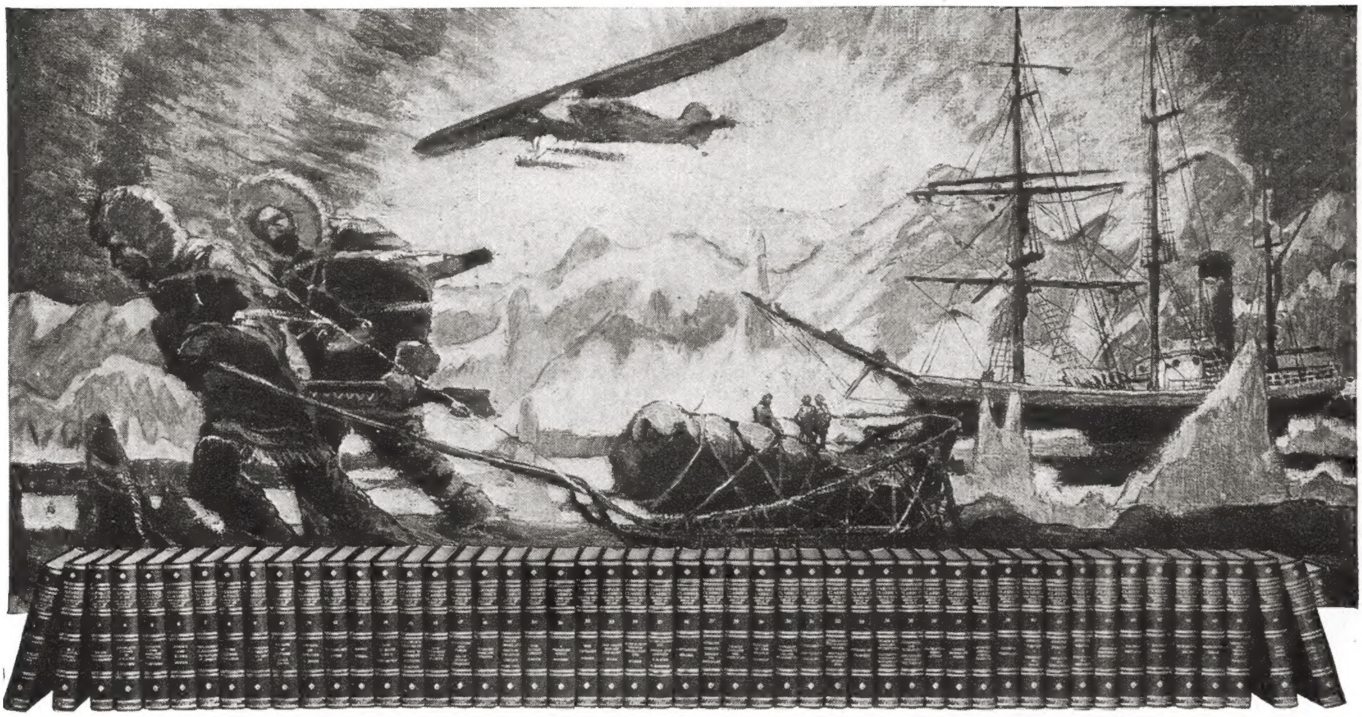
> A figure remarkable at a glance with a fine head, on a small spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs. . . . He advanced with rather a peculiar gait, his walk was plantigrade, and with a cheerful "How d'ye do," and one of the blandest, sweetest smiles that ever brightened manly countenance, held out two fingers to the editor. . . . It was a striking intellectual face, full of wiry lines, physiognomical quips and cranks that gave it great character. There was much earnestness about the brows, and a deal of speculation in the eyes, which were brown and bright, and "quick in turning"; the nose, a decided one, though of no established order; and there was a handsome smartness about the mouth. Altogether it was no common face—none of those willow-pattern ones which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries; but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set—unique, antique, quaint.

One special evening in each week was set apart for cards and conversation, and the two Lambs were host and hostess to some of the greatest literary men of the time. Mary plied the guests with cold meat and hot potatoes, while Charles could be relied upon for the wittiest sallies of the evening. The *Essays* are some of the best in the English language, and probably the best-loved.

◆

The hundreds of essays on "My Favorite Story and Why" which we have been receiving have proved fascinating reading for us. More than half of the stories selected have already appeared in the Golden Book, but there are many which we are looking up with interest.

The prize-winning essay for this month, by Mr. N. W. Frederick of California, appears on page 36,



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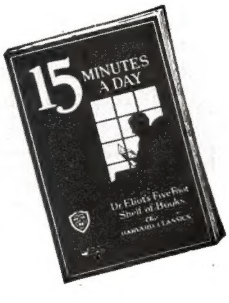

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and we are delighted to be able to print with it W. D. Steele's story which was Mr. Frederick's choice.

Three other essays by Miss L. Riecke, Mr. E. H. Wilhelm, and Mr. H. Bradford, received honorable mention. One of these had as its subject the Stevenson story which we had already chosen to open this issue: Miss Riecke writes:

> The art of short story writing is nearly as old as the art of living, and those who have practiced it are numberless in the fullest sense of the word. Yet perfection is as rarely discovered as though the art had been created but a few years ago. Of short stories we have had millions; of perfect short stories, but a select few.
>
> For several of those which we do possess, however, we are indebted to that great master of narrative writing, Robert Louis Stevenson, who left behind him many a rightful claim to immortality, yet himself rarely attained such heights of literary achievement as in that finest of short stories—"Markheim."
>
> Here we have "Tusitala"—the Teller of Tales—as he was called, at his very best. Stevenson excelled in description; where can we find a more vivid description than that of the dismal old antique shop, with its countless clocks and mirrors, whose proprietor was murdered by Markheim? Stevenson was a master of the art of painting human passions and emotions under different circumstances; where has he done it more successfully than in his portrayal of the fear-stricken Markheim as he surveyed the body of his victim? Finally, Stevenson was skilful to the last degree in the effective use of the supernatural in his stories; and where has he employed it more impressively than through the unearthly visitor whose strange appearance urges Markheim on to that decision which leads to the perfect end of a perfect story?
>
> —Louise H. Riecke
> West Collingswood, N. J.

Jack London's "The Francis Spaight" is indeed a cold-blooded, horrible tale, and Mr. Wilhelm's description of it does vivid justice to this story of the sea.

> The story that has left its impression upon me so much more deeply than any other is Jack London's "The Francis Spaight." It is so grim and horrible that I don't like it—yet it remains my favorite. No one could possibly like it. It is the most cold-blooded thing I have ever read—and it is reputed true!
>
> But it is a tale that will demand my everlasting admiration, for being told with an almost unbelievable sparsity of words; every incident is still so clearly etched that it maintains an unusually provocative hold upon me. It is tragic to a terrible degree, and any story developing a tragic theme to an awful culmination, as "The Francis Spaight" does, is one that I revel in. I have never come to its conclusion without being weighted down with a shiveringly desolate feeling of horror and repulsion.
>
> Then, too, for my pleasure, it is a tale of the sea, eloquent with the reactions of seafaring men faced with disaster; a marvelous picture of cowardice and heroism, of weakness and stanchness; a story with but one tender speech (the boy's message for his mother). A man's story, if ever there was one.
>
> No person can read it without feeling hate for the perpetrators of its useless tragedy or be unmoved by the valor of O'Brien, the hero, poor kid.
>
> It is not a story for squeamish people—but I am not of that genus, I hope, and relish a grippingly horrible tale, particularly "The Francis Spaight."
>
> —Edwin H. Wilhelm
> Baltimore, Maryland.

Mr. Bradford has caught the spirit of adventure which runs through Mr. Seton's story of "Lobo."

> My favorite story, at least one which I have read and re-read numerous times with untold pleasure, is a tale of the plains; of the pursuit and capture of "Lobo," the werewolf of wolves and the sanguine king of a vast sheep country.
>
> The author, Ernest Thompson Seton, so artfully portrays the battle between man and animal cunning, yet is so essentially truthful to nature, that the narrative becomes an epic of rancher's tribulations. Seton has the rare ability to create for his animal characters what might be called a form of personification. Personification devoid of sentimentality, yet intensely interesting through a swift, vivid style, an unswerving adherence to truths of nature made possible by the author's intimacy with the wild life of which he writes.
>
> If the devotion of the Lobo wolf for his mate is overdrawn to some extent, the effect is balanced by an increased interest which the story thereby gains. At any rate, the narrative is essentially a true one and no doubt the shades of the giant wolf still haunt the domains he once ruled, while ranchers pulling at their pipes before a cozy fire on a cheerless night recall his prowess and depredations.
>
> Who knows something of the wild, wide freedom of the plains, the fear, the ferocity, the resignation of the captured animal but could see the baleful, unflickering eyes of the fettered Lobo as he gazes for the last time across the rolling expanse of his kingdom— ". . . an eagle robbed of its freedom, a lion shorn of his glory, and a dove bereft of its mate. . . ." —H. Bradford
> New York City.

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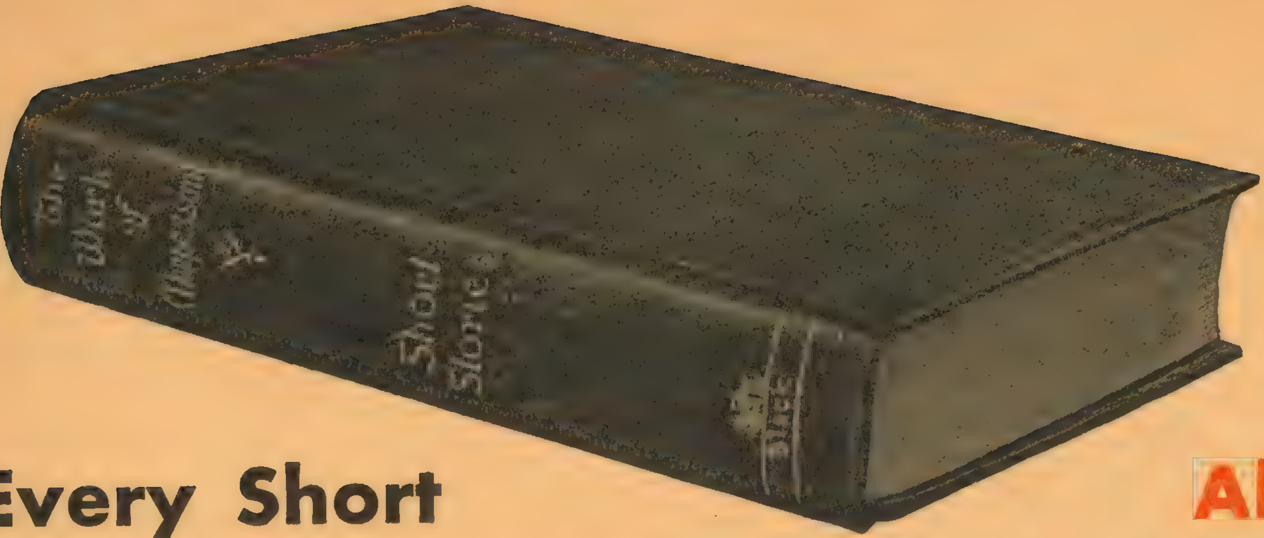

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Authors and Books

THIS HAS BEEN a month historical-romantical-literary. . . . Such are the early summer books that have most caught our fancy, though there is a bargain or two to be snapped up in machine-age stuff. . . . Almost all the novels we like say "prithee," and drag in a famous Prince or at least a general . . . And our favorite biographies are markedly high-toned—nearly all literary gentlemen, with time out for Hetty Green, Chief Plentycoups, and an Early American criminal. . . .

FIRST COMES HUGH WALPOLE'S *Rogue Herries,* lusty novel of the eighteenth century English countryside. . . . Here is a book ripe and sound at the core, with a character at times grand, with moments of greatness, and a story always with a sweep, even to its somewhat fitful end. . . . It is a return to the old romantic tradition, but no hasty *tour de force;* Mr. Walpole is at home in the manner and spirit as well as the matter. . . . The rich, wild country, the dozens of Cumberland people completely alive, mud and bad plumbing, the fair, the drowning of the witch, moments in which Rogue Herries loses his temper magnificently or breaks his heart, makes a fool or an angel of himself . . . these are permanent possessions greater than the book as a whole —for which it is more than worth reading and for which it may long go on being read. . . .

"The Herolds are very intellectual, aren't they?"
"What makes you think so?"
"Didn't you notice the magazines they take without pictures on the cover?"
From Don Herold's *Strange Bedfellows*

REGENCY WINDOWS is another novel of England a hundred or more years ago, but here the scene is London, its politics and social nuances, its manners and morals at the end of the eighteenth century and during the Regency. . . . David Emerson, the author, has told his story simply; his characters talk colloquial modern English, but he has so completely caught the psychology of the time that the powder and ruffles of the day are never forgotten. . . . And the surprising result is achieved of letting us recognize the universal human beings beneath a code different from our own. . . . All sorts of important persons walk these pages in more or less convincing flesh and blood: the Prince of Wales and his friend Beau Brummel, the Duchess of Belgravia, Lord Byron. . . . But the story is really Richard's (son of ambitious Lady Mauldeth who angles for political power for her husband even as she betrays him) and Katherine's, at once modern and Georgian. . . . There is also a good deal about the future of England, presaging a bit too neatly the Victorian ideals and the solid age of Empire to come. . . .

"No, thank you, Pompey," she answered smilingly. "I shall bear the tray with my own hands, for I know that it will be the more acceptable to dear Papa." Drawing by Eldon Kelley for *Elsie Dinsmore on the Loose.*

STILL ANOTHER historical romance, one that swash-buckles with a difference, is Kenneth Robert's *Arundel.* . . . Here is an American Revolutionary story against an authentic background of American wilderness, that has qualities of Cooper at his best, and story-telling speed that approaches Stevenson or Dumas. . . . Steven Nason is one of the little army under Benedict Arnold who set forth on the secret expedition to conquer Quebec; there is the long, arduous trip through the almost impenetrable Maine forest; innumerable alarums and excursions by the way, and then the ill-fated attack on the snow-guarded fortress. . . . Mary, the heroine, is within the city walls, of course. . . .

"THE WASP OF TWICKENHAM" has inspired a fighting, hero-worshiping biography which is an inspiration and a delight. . . . Edith Sitwell, in *Alexander Pope* (Cosmopolitan) insists on "the greatness, the fire, the supreme music and variation" of Pope's genius with the lyric abandon of a poet herself distinguished. . . . She pours forth her tender pity for the pain-twisted little creature in his iron casing, too weak to dress or undress himself, who fretted like a sick child if he was made to wait for the coffee or writing paper he might demand five times in a night. . . . She blames upon the cruelty of those who made fun of his bent body all his malice and vindictiveness; tricks such as the stealing and falsification of his own letters to enhance their value, other apparent betrayals of his closest friendships for personal gain or publicity are passed off as mischievousness bubbling from a great and noble soul. . . . We have not a jot of the inside knowledge which would let us pass on the fairness of Miss Sitwell's positions: we do not know that Lady Mary Montagu, an enemy of Pope's, was *not* "the dilapidated macaw" that Miss Sitwell calls her—but we suspect partiality to Mr. Pope, and it makes, somehow, a biography with just that much more life in its veins . . . Pope in his lifetime could not be forgiven for his fame, and because of his deformity he could not believe that the world loved him. . . . The account of his abortive love for Martha Blount, of his strange friendship with Dean Swift (whose threatening madness Miss Sitwell portrays with almost incredible tenderness and beauty), of his battles and rogueries for the satisfaction of his vanity, and the rhapsodic criticisms of his work are the high points in a biography of rare achievement. . . . "Sometimes, on some ghost-lovely summer day," concludes Miss Sitwell, "a shopkeeper and his son, walking in the Twickenham lanes, may meet that little

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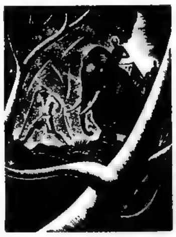
ghost creeping along—a little shadow in rusty black with a cocked hat—and the boy overcome with pity for one so small, and so bent with pain, will exclaim, "Oh, poor man!" And his father will answer: "That is not a poor man. That is the great and famous Mr. Alexander Pope."

THERE IS THE BREATH of original, penetrating literary criticism about Stefan Zweig's *Three Masters: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoeffsky* (Viking) that should make it one of the not so many real contributions of our generation to the field of criticism . . . a field neglected now for literary biographies which tend to replace criticism by intimacy. . . . Zweig sets out to reveal the inmost soul of the creative effort of "the three supremely great novelists of the nineteenth century"—"three endowed with encyclopedic genius"—Balzac, creator of a world of society, where each man is a monomaniac striving after his pre-eminent desire; Dickens, creator of a world of the family, a comfortable and pleasant world, the tenor of which, in spite of tragedies, is contentment; Dostoeffsky, creator of the "world of the One and the All," of unbearable tensions and volcanic releases where characters are no longer simple effigies of a quality, but dreadfully sentient and suffering human beings—mostly neurotic. . . . Mr. Zweig's opinions are no superficial summings-up, neatly arrived at. . . . A brilliant, critical mind has lived with these ideas until they have at last become clear and full to him, and through his own amazingly rich pen—and the excellent translation of Eden and Cedar Paul—they become arrestingly clear to you, leading your mind over barriers of ignorance and indolence to new perspective, even to a little thinking of your own. . . . With Miss Sitwell's *Alexander Pope,* this makes it a big literary month.



One of many woodcuts by Lynd Ward for *Hot Countries.*

FROM NOW ON, Boccaccio will always be to us a somewhat plump, white-faced gentleman of middle-age, a little silly about his broken-heart and his carefully fostered reputation as a devil with the ladies. . . . That is what Thomas Caldecot Chubb's excellent *Life of Giovanni Boccaccio* (A. & C. Boni) did to us. . . . Mr. Chubb pieces together a picture of the Italian story-teller and the world he lived in, largely from the evidence in Giovanni's own very autobiographic writings. . . . You probably think of Boccaccio as the author of the *Decameron* alone (and Mr. Chubb would on the whole agree that this is sensible enough) . . . but Boccaccio wrote, as a matter of fact, many other works both in prose and verse. . . . From them Mr. Chubb maps the course of Boccaccio's life, and of his mental and spiritual development. . . . There is the ardent, idealistic lover of his early poetic efforts, just after he met the "Fiammetta" of the *Decameron* who was to be the passion of his life. . . . Then the disillusioned, harder Boccaccio of the long work that followed his jilting; Boccaccio in the worldly-wise but vigorous days of his prime, in the *Decameron;* Boccaccio dulled and coarsened, taking a cheap revenge upon the woman who made fun of his middle-aged love-making, in *Il Corbaccio;* Boccaccio the worthy—even stuffy—citizen, friend of Dante and intimate of Petrarch. . . . Via this one talented gentleman of pre-Renaissance Italy, we understand as never before the attitude of mind and the way of life of a time that was to breed genius. . . .

Hot Countries is a book as exotic as its title, full of woodcuts of native girls, palm trees and elephants that completely satisfy our movie-bred ideas of Tahiti and such. . . . Alec Waugh, its author, is a sophisticated young Londoner, so we hear, but he writes with a simple zest good to encounter. . . . He has spent most of his life traveling, and here are the high spots . . . not lurid adventure, not superior baedekerizings, but the alive and sensitive reactions of a nice person to the vivid South Sea life around him. . . . There is gaiety, lackadaisicalness, wild abandon, and shimmering heat all through these pages. . . . A Literary Guild choice, published by Farrar and Rinehart and illustrated by Lynd Ward. . . .

TIME OUT for a little humor:

BORN—on the wrong side of the bed?; my career as an outdoor man; why i took up worry; where i lived in new york; more hate for new york; i have my tonsils out; i take up good hard laziness; some neglected correspondence; goldfish for zest; children are strange bedfellows (a speech); bringing back the sleeping porch . . . these are a few of the subjects competently discussed, with full illustration, by Mr. Don Herold in his *Strange Bedfellows* (Farrar and Rinehart). . . . There is much that is very funny in this book, and a good deal that is dull; many good jokes and some bad; the whole made memorable by the peerless illustrations aforementioned, and a handsome binding of bed-ticking that was somebody's very bright idea. . . .

IN *Elsie Dinsmore on the Loose* (Cape and Smith) Josie Turner parodies the "Elsie" books of sacred memory. . . . The originals (in which Martha Finley covered Elsie's life rather fully from childhood to great-grandmotherhood) are easy to parody, but it is hard to make the parody funnier than the original. . . . This burlesque simply rubs in the incongruities that are implicit in the books themselves. . . . Miss Finley tells sincerely of Elsie's great moral struggles (as when, torn between her father's command to play and

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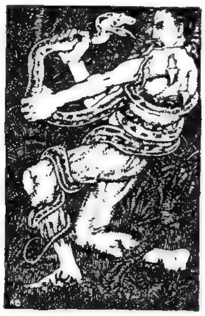
sing for his guests and the fact that it is the Sabbath, she faints and falls from the piano stool). . . . Miss Turner projects Elsie against a background of cocktails, whoopee and breach of promise suits, and is louder, but not funnier. . . .

BACK TO NOVELS, crime, one thing and another:

WALLACE IRWIN'S *The Days of Her Life* (Houghton, Mifflin) is hardly historical at all, compared with our others. . . . It brings back San Francisco in the "unsterilized eighties" and the energetic, pushing, comfortable nineties. . . . To San Francisco comes Emma Beecher, daughter of the Colorado mining camps, highly moral mistress, self-taught lady, splendid and respected wife. . . . It is a book written with evident sincerity, with an affection for the San Francisco of the old days and for Emma which proves contagious. . . . No bubbling humor here, of the Mr. Irwin who created Hashimura Togo and *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum,* but sound novel-writing—and that pervasive fondness for his subject which keeps bringing to one's mind a picture of a broke, pleasant, young newspaper man Irwin, wandering the San Francisco streets in the days of her flagrant glory. . . .

THE MIDDLE VOLUME of the trilogy of which *Ultima Thule* was the stunning last has now been reissued. . . . *The Way Home* (Norton) stands midway between *Australia Felix* and *Ultima Thule* in achievement as well as in chronology. . . . In it Henry Handel Richardson presents the rich developmental years in the lives of Richard and Mary Mahony, the flourishing of their fortune, the coming of their children—above all, the sharpening definition of their marriage, and of Richard's character, "so solitary, so self-centered, so self-tormented" . . . of his need of Mary to nerve him, to soothe him, to save him from "life which, with every caprice satisfied, had yet become so hard for him, become an hourly tussle with flimsy, immaterial phantoms." . . . The tempo and the excellence of the book are uneven—there are barren stretches compared with the cumulating effectiveness of every page of *Ultima Thule.* . . . Interest lags in the first journey away from Australia, and in some of the excellent digressions where the secondary characters, roundly portrayed, still interfere with, rather than build up the picture that is the heart of the book—the relationship of Richard and Mary. . . .


Drawing by Mahlon Blaine for *The Fool's Parade.*

THE INSTRUCTIVE and diverting autobiography of Henry Tufts, criminal, first published in 1807, has now been reissued by Duffield, edited and with an introduction by Edmund Pearson. . . . Henry Tufts was a naïve gentleman who early won a reputation for stealing apples and maidens' virtue, and later, finding that when he set out to be honest (he tried one summer) no one would trust him, he branched out into a rather thorough career as adventurer, thief, swindler, Indian doctor, Revolutionary private and deserter, fake parson, escaped convict and Don Juan. . . . He approaches at last within the dark shadow of the noose, is pardoned, and ends in a very fury of repentance and advice to the young. . . . A splendid book to dip into: it can hardly be opened without hitting upon a quaint little trick or thought of the inimitable Harry, whom no one appreciates more than Harry himself. . . .

MODERN CRIMINALS are a touch more scientific than Henry Tufts. . . . Danny Ahearn has been charged with twenty-two major crimes in New York alone. . . . He knows his subject, and he has set forth his knowledge in *How to Commit a Murder* (Ives Washburn) fascinating inside stuff for anyone who likes crime. . . . Danny holds the national championship for avoiding prison, and here explains his methods; also the best ways to accomplish stick-ups, murders, and assorted vices. His credo is:

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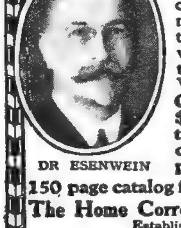

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IN *High Occasions*, Abbie Graham looks back with the eye of maturity at the important moments in a girl's life. . . . Her subjects range from "On taking care lest one be stolen by fairies," and "On wishing you had been someone else," to such practical themes as organizing one's first club, and having to wear one's last year's coat. . . . The short sketches are reminiscent of almost forgotten trials and thrills of childhood, done with considerable charm. . . . The Woman's Press publishes it. . . .

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The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Cimarron, by Edna Ferber.
Golden Dawn, by Peter B. Kyne.
Exile, by Warwick Deeping.
The Woman of Andros, by T. Wilder.
Ladybird, by Grace L. Hill.
Rice, by Louise J. Miln.
Uncle Sam, by John Erskine.
The Great Meadow, by E. M. Roberts.
The Town of Tombarel, by W. J. Locke.

AND ON the general list:

I'll Tell You Why, by Chic Sale.
The Strange Death of President Harding, by Gaston B. Means.
All About Amos 'n' Andy, by Charles Correll and Freeman F. Gosden.
Byron, by André Maurois.
The Specialist, by Chic Sale.
The Christ of Every Road, by E. Stanley Jones.
Cross Word Puzzle Book, by Buranelli, Hartswick and Petheridge.
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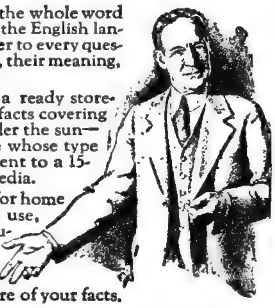

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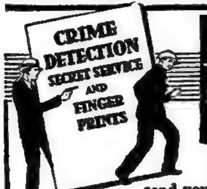
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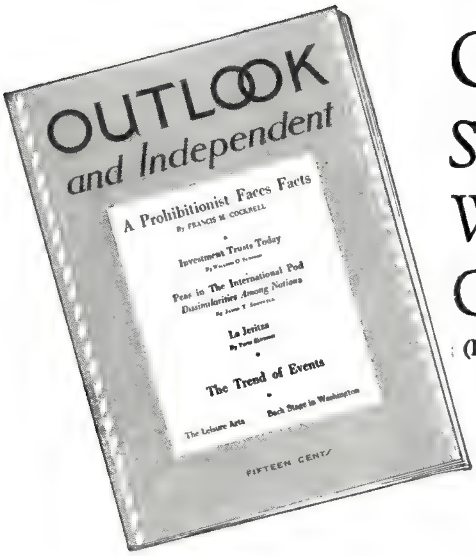

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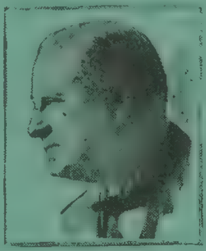

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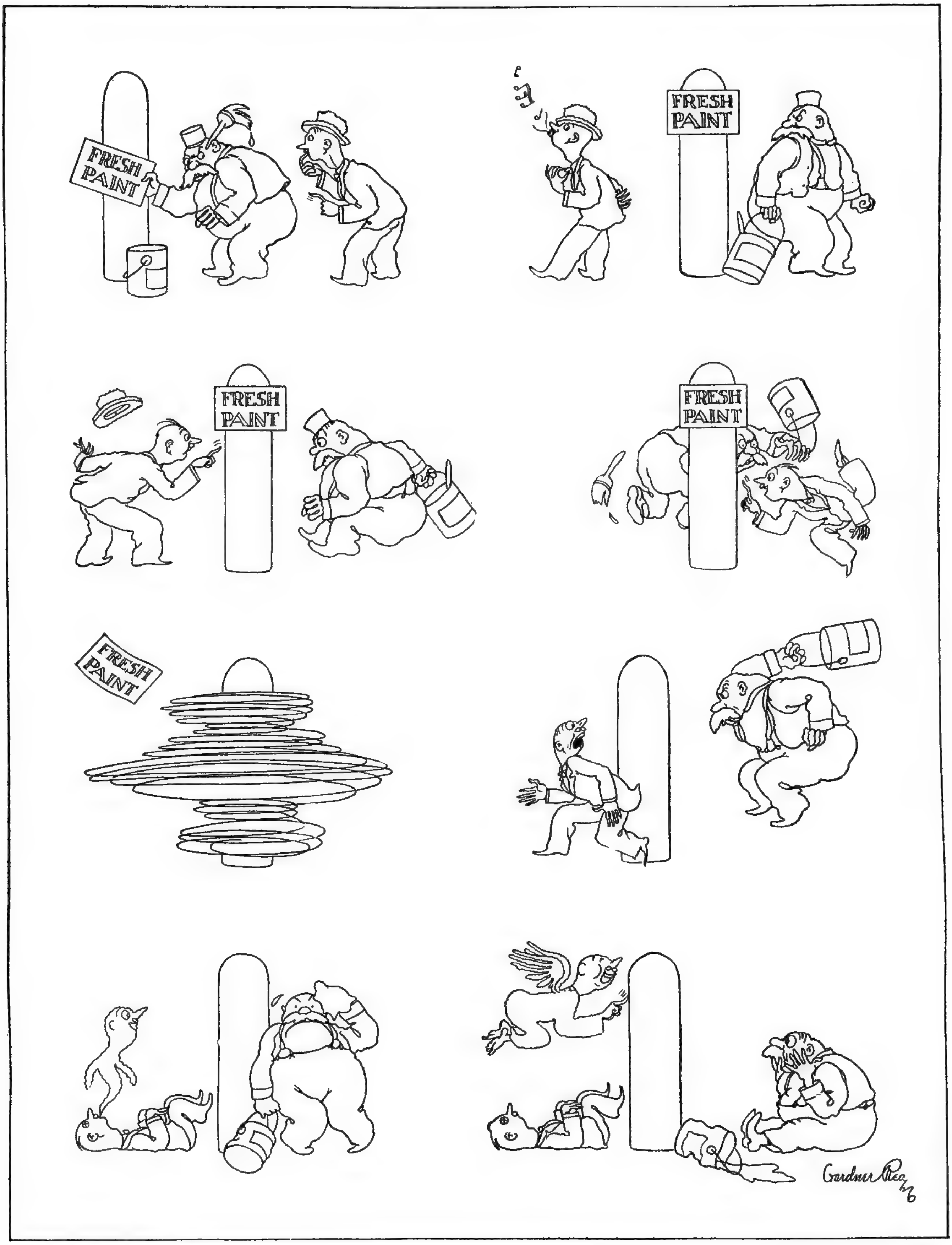
The Fresh Paint Complex

By GARDNER REA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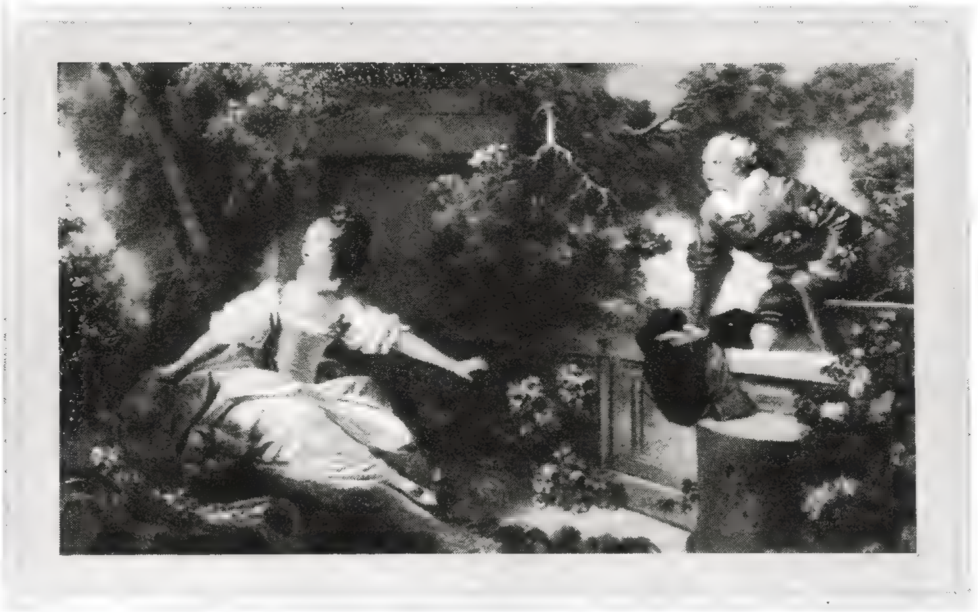


From a painting by Fragonard

By GEORGE MEREDITH

Love in the Valley

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the greensward,
Couch'd with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me:
Then would she hold me and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's light
Circleting the surface to meet his mirror'd winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
More love should I have, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the lighted mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and girls.

* * *

Stepping down the hill with her fair companions,
Arm in arm, all against the raying West,
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossess'd.
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awaking
Whisper'd the world was; morning light is she.
Love that so desires would fain keep her changeless;
Fain would fling the net, and fain have her free.

* * *

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;
Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.
My sweet leads: she knows not why, but now she loiters,
Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odors and for color,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

* * *

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she lingers,
Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new surprise
High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;
Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.
Something friends have told her fills her heart to brimming,
Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and tames.
Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
Arms up, she dropp'd: our souls were in our names.

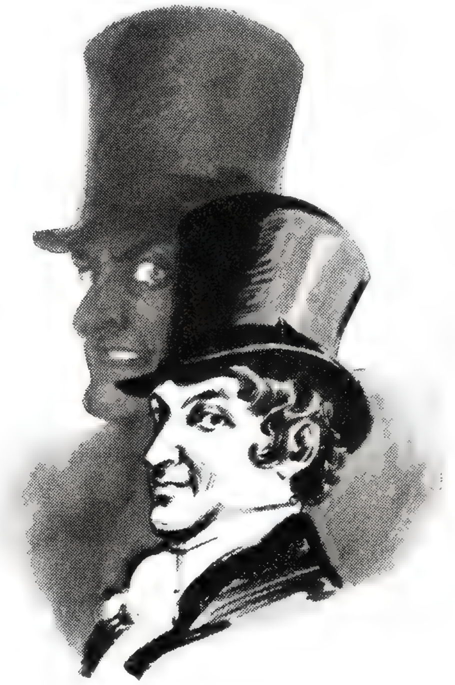
* * *

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
Flashing like the white beam, swaying like the reed.
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October;
Streaming like the flag-reed Southwest blown;
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted white beam;
All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

VOLUME XI
NUMBER 66

The Golden Book Magazine

JUNE
1930



By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Markheim

"YES," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend of my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas Day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you today very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand today is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady now," he went on, "this hand glass—fifteenth century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not?"

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here—look in it—look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I—nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this—this damned reminder of years and sins and follies—this hand-conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving, unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

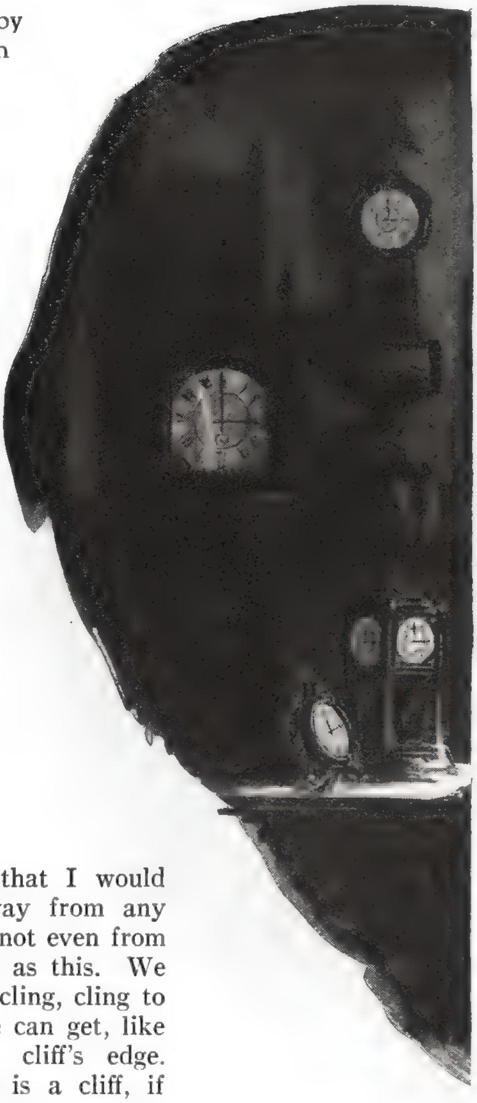
"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again into a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I," cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time today for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure—no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends?"

Drawings by
Paul Orban

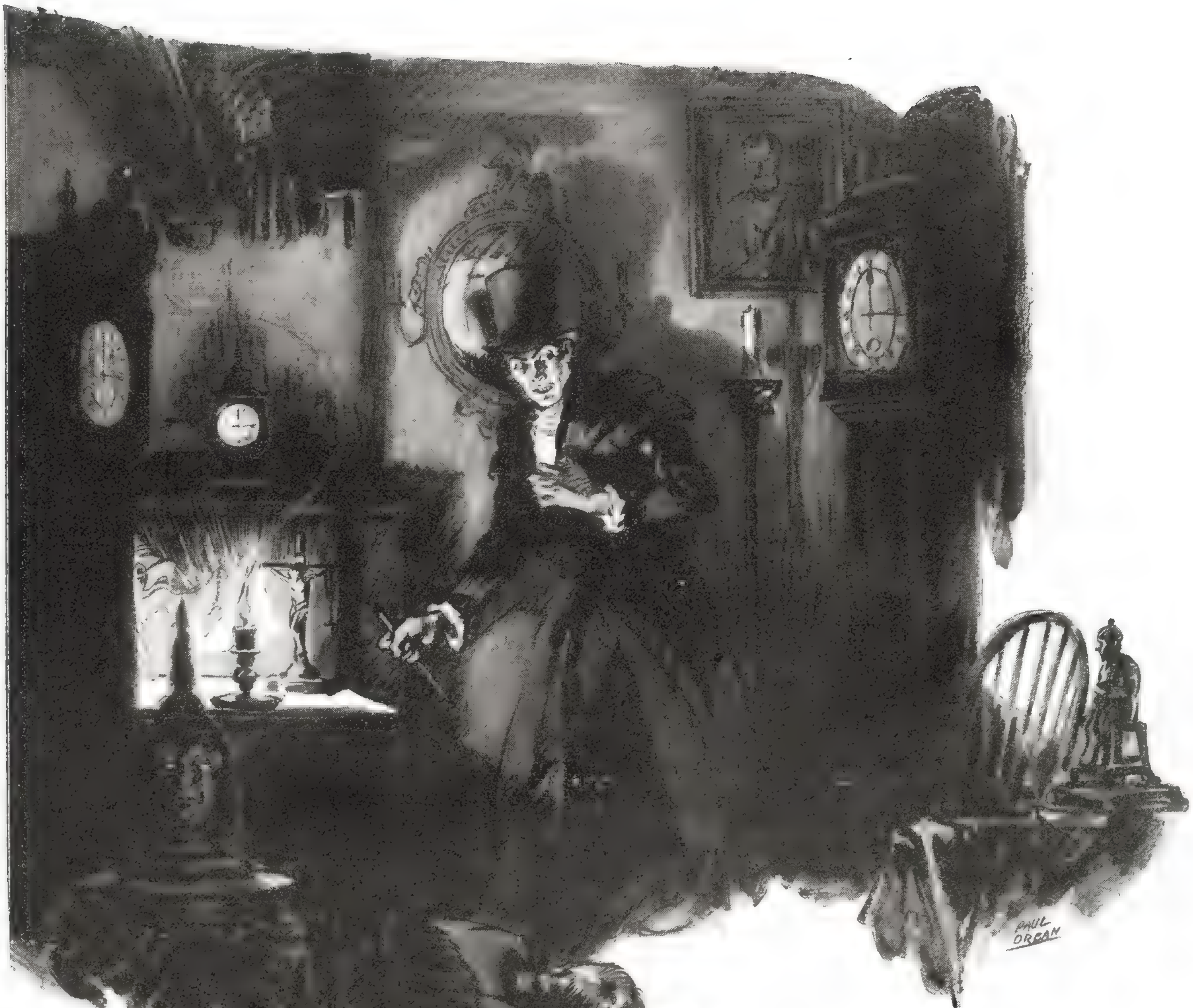


"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his great-coat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face—terror, horror and resolve, fascination and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.



There it must lie 'till found. Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with echoes of pursuit.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become momentous for him.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz—the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

THE SUDDEN OUTBREAK of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot: the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows and the black coffin.

Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear—solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearts, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passerby arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement—these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house above him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing—he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, reinspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang, wavering, a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shopdoor, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond ear-shot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence—his bed. One visitor had come: at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village; a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death-grip of Thurtell; and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

Coming In July

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The £1,000,000 Bank Note
by MARK TWAIN
which deserves to be far better known than it is

That Famous Love Affair
by STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN
the kind of a story we like best to give our readers

Who Was Uncle Sam?
A biographical diversion in honor of July 4th

Ernest Thompson Seton's tale of Lobo, the grey wolf
Second of our series of great true adventures

The Progress of Civilization
A discussion by Dr. Edwin Mims of Charles A. Beard's "Whither Mankind?" and "Toward Civilization"

Also Rafael Sabatini, Gouverneur Morris, Edgar Wallace, Alfred Sutro, Sheila Kaye-Smith

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations, looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago, that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced towards the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood-carvings, and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the clink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed himself for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four-and-twenty steps to the first floor were four-and-twenty agonies.

On that first story the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chess-board, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim; the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he had got safe into the drawing-room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing-cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier-glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed, with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good-fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing-case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defences. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it, smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kite-fliers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened.

Fear held Markheim in a vice. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

"Did you call me?" he asked, pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the new-comer seemed to change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candle-light of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of every-day politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house, I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

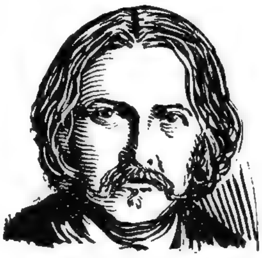
"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control—if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; my self is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought — since you exist—you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants: giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother—the giants of circumstance. And you would judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any wilful sophistry, although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity—the unwilling sinner?"



MARKHEIM is considered one of Stevenson's masterpieces. The endless struggle of good and evil for the possession of a man's soul always interested Stevenson, and here he has crystallized it for us at its most dramatic—in a story remarkable for its precision of effect and economy of words.

"All this is very feelingly expressed," was the reply, "but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the boardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself was striding towards you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you; I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money?"

"For what price?" asked Markheim.

"I offer you the service for a Christmas gift," returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. "No," said he, "I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. It may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil."

"I have no objection to a death-bed repentance," observed the visitant.

"Because you disbelieve their efficacy!" Markheim cried.

"I do not say so," returned the other; "but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheatfield, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service— to repent, to die, smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a death-bed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man's last words: and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope."

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail, they are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bondslave to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst for pleasure. But today, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches—both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world: I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worst, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, haling me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

BUT THE VISITANT raised his finger. "For six-and-thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blanched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward, lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the doorbell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance—no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening—the whole night, if needful—to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales: up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counsellor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open—I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance-medley—a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the further side he perceived a quiet heaven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

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To burn with a gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life.

—WALTER PATER.

So They Say

Owen D. Young:
in an address at Berkeley, California

"The isolation of America, either economic or political, is impossible. Let no man think that the living standards of this country can be maintained permanently at a measurably higher level than those of other civilized nations. America is too rich to be loved. She is well enough off to be envied."

Albert Edward Wiggam:
scientist and author, fears that moron types will one day people the nation

"If you take 1000 Harvard or Yale graduates, at the present birth rate there will be only fifty descendants of theirs left within six generations. But 1000 unskilled workmen, at the present rate, would have 100,000 descendants within the same period."

Thomas Alva Edison:

"The capacity of the human brain is tremendous, but people put it to no use. They live sedentary mental lives."

George Bernard Shaw:

"People usually are born twenty years after I create them in fiction."

Calvin Coolidge:
in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for May

"I should like to be known as a former President who tries to mind his own business."

Dr. Alfred Zimmern:
a director of the League of Nations Institute for Intellectual Coöperation

"The essential political problem is how to govern a large-scale world with small-scale local minds. Democracy means that power is given to small-scale minds."

Herbert Hoover:
as a father rather than as President

"A boy is a complex of cells teeming with affection, filled with curiosity as to every mortal thing; radiating sunlight to all the world; endowed with dynamic energy and the impelling desire to take exercise on all occasions. He is a perpetual problem to his parents, and the wisdom in his upbringing consists more often in the determination of what to do with him next rather than in what he shall do when he goes out into the cold world."

Alexandre Dumas:
New York truck driver, when arraigned for a traffic violation, is asked whether he is a relative of the GOLDEN BOOK *author*

"I can't remember that far back."

Dr. Eduard C. Lindeman:
professor of social philosophy at the New York School of Social Research

"The law of the city is that animals, plants, and finally children must be eliminated."

Paul Morand:
widely traveled Frenchman, speaking before the American Club in Paris

"Formerly it took twenty-five years for a reputation to cross the Atlantic. Today, it takes a week—and, for bad reputations, even less."

William C. White:
American student at the University of Moscow under a University of Pennsylvania fellowship

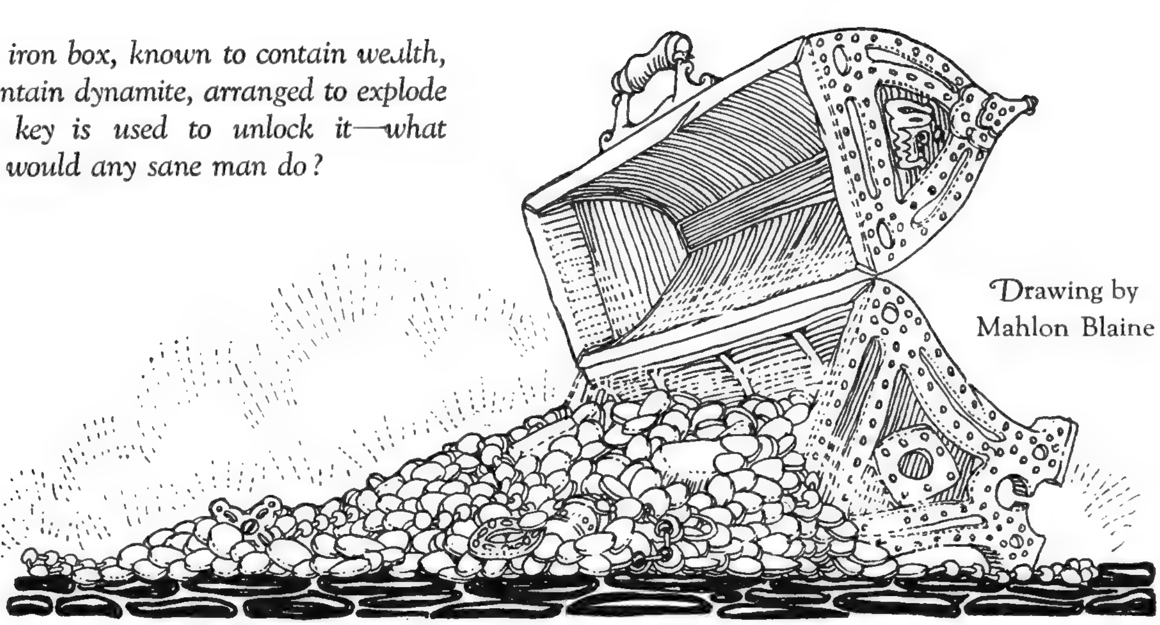
"Henry Ford's autobiography sold more than a million copies in Russia, and there were many instances where whole villages met to hear chapters of the book read."

André Siegfried:
French scholar, in an address delivered in Paris

"American psychology functions well only when something of a boom is on. Tomorrow must be richer than today: the totals of today must be greater than those of yesterday."

Dr. C. C. Little: *of the American Society for the Control of Cancer*	"All that we don't know about cancer is more than all we don't know about all the rest of the diseases that afflict humanity."
M. Jean Patou: *Paris couturier, who claims to have originated the new fashion of high waists and long skirts, is shocked by what he sees in America*	"Long dresses are intended for teas, formal dinners, and balls. Never, never have I intended them for the masses. I have never before been so upset."
Dr. G. Alexander Ward: *plastic surgeon, addressing the Illinois Cosmeticians' and Beauty Culturists' Association*	"My men patients far outnumber my women patients."
Andrew Mellon: *Secretary of the Treasury, on the occasion of his 75th birthday*	"If I were given the opportunity to exchange my own period of time for any other, I would choose without hesitation the next three-quarters of a century, and, needless to add, I would live it in America—and preferably Pittsburgh."
William J. Manning: *orthodox High Episcopal churchman, and bishop of the Diocese of New York*	"Religion without mystery ceases to be religion."
Igor Stravinsky: *Russian composer, concert artist and conductor*	"There is a good deal of nonsense about the 'genius' of orchestra conductors throughout the world today. For me the best conductor is the sergeant-major of a military band. He sticks close to orders, is always punctual, and is not temperamental in his interpretation of a composer's work."
Ernest Thurtle, M.P.: *speaking in the House of Commons for an amendment to the Army and Air Force Bill abolishing death penalty for desertion on active service*	"It is not a fair deal to take a man from a farm or a factory, clap a tin hat on his head, and then shoot him if his nerve fails."
Dr. M. E. Winchester: *of the Georgia State Board of Health*	"There is no physiological basis for spring fever. It's a tradition that went out with hoopskirts."
Mahatma Gandhi: *passive resistant to the rule of the British in India*	"I hold British rule to be a curse, but I do not intend to harm a single Englishman or any legitimate interest he may have in India."
Rosamond Pinchot: *actress by avocation*	"Women must 'make up' in the city. Everything is so vivid and startling in the city that a pale, tired face is depressing. The city is a place of exaggerations. The lines of its buildings are exaggerated. Why not faces as well?"
Dr. Howard R. Driggs: *professor of English, New York University*	"Language is the only transportation system of any civilization."
Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang: *Archbishop of Canterbury*	"I would rather have all the risks from free discussion of sex than the greater risks run by a conspiracy of silence."
John D. Rockefeller, Sr.: *is passing out "poetry" as well as dimes these days*	"I was early taught to work as well as play; my life has been one long happy holiday—full of work and full of play—I dropped the worry on the way—and God was good to me every day."
Clarence Darrow: *in a debate on Prohibition with Dr. Clarence T. Wilson, militant "dry"*	"I've never killed anybody in my life, but I've often read obituary notices with great satisfaction."
Frank Ward O'Malley: *American humorist and writer, turned his back on America six months ago. But he's back to stay*	"We all blubber when the European hotel bands play 'Home, Sweet Home.' "
John Philip Sousa: *bandmaster*	"Jazz will endure just as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains."
John Blake: *author of a daily feature—"Uncommon Sense"—for the New York "Evening World"*	"The world tolerates conceit from those who are successful, but not from anybody else."

¶ *Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do?*



Drawing by
Mahlon Blaine

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

A Dilemma

I WAS JUST THIRTY-SEVEN when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother: He was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and had made much money by his improvement in turbine-wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies and pearls. From the time he made his first money he had this mania. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month and now and then took it out and looked at it. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.

At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.

When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a malicious grin:

"I suppose you think me queer. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, concentric half my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my precious stones; they will be yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My jewels are in my safe. There is nothing else left."

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."

I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to bury him. As I rose to go, he said:

"The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trust company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box." I thought this odd. "Don't come back. It won't hasten things."

He died that day week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe, and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide and ten inches high. On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:

> DEAR TOM: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are hundreds of pearls—one the famous green pearl, and a necklace of blue pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections. [I thought of Susan.] I wish you to continue to have expectations, and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother's son—yes, rather more.
>
> The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten

> ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate man, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate UNCLE.

I stood appalled, the key in my hand. Was it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man's oddity, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I felt how likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the closet.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way.

After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer.

AT LAST I hung the key on my watch-guard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this, I hid it, fearful that someone might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to the box. A burglar might come and boldly carry it away and force it open and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by heavy vans in the street became a terror.

Weir Mitchell

Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell was the inventor of the rest-cure, and author of Hugh Wynn, Free Quaker. *He was born in Philadelphia in 1829 and became an eminent nerve-specialist and literary man, writing novels, stories and poetry. During the Civil War he was surgeon at the United States Hospital for Nervous Diseases.*

Worst of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch about my dilemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies. He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none that would not ruin the stones, especially the pearls, but that it was a silly tale and altogether incredible. I offered him the biggest ruby if he would test his opinion. He did not wish to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by this time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but contrive wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite. Indeed, I talked of it until the library attendants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was "shadowed" as a suspicious, and possibly criminal, character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shaking needed to explode my box.

The old doctor begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one despotic idea, I tried to take the good advice.

Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle's Bible, a numbered list of the stones with their cost and much beside. It was dated two years before my uncle's death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous "Sunset Ruby," which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the "Blood Ruby," not because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned.

The pearls were described with care as an unequaled collection. Concerning two of them my uncle had written what I might call biographies—for, indeed, they seemed to have done much evil and some good.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd about many of my notions about this riddle.

At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject anyone else to the trial I dared not face? I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-by to my rubies. *Mine,* indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable, that, being a good Catholic, I at last carried my troubles to my father confessor. He thought it simply a cruel jest of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box. He, too, counseled me to cease thinking about it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and I have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I have advertised in the *Journal of Science*, and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror in a safe, in a bank, I was promptly desired to withdraw it. I was in constant fear of burglars, and my landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the house with that box. I am advised to print my story and await advice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box, and changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, they very reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's letter. I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. He said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will and left my rubies and pearls to the Society for the Prevention of Human Vivisection. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation:

Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

◆

Eve

By RALPH HODGSON

EVE WITH HER BASKET was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

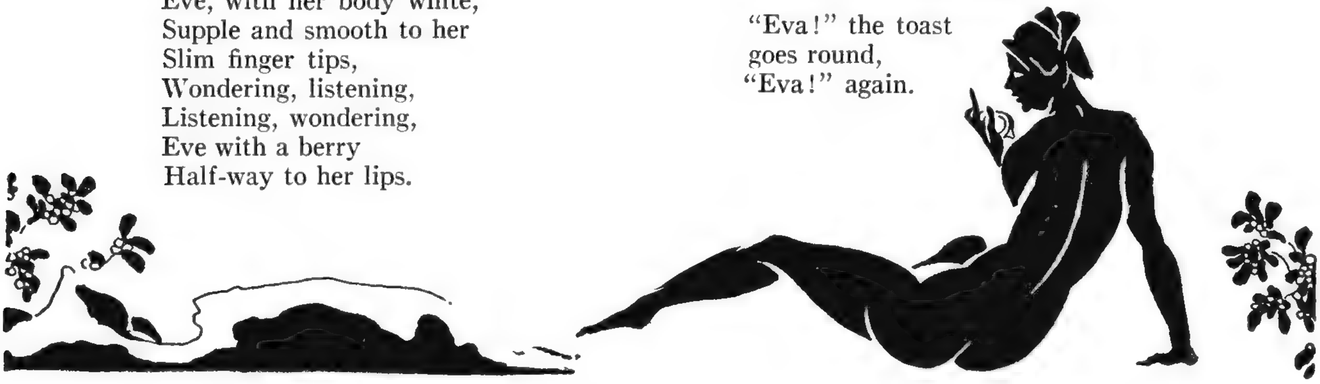
Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

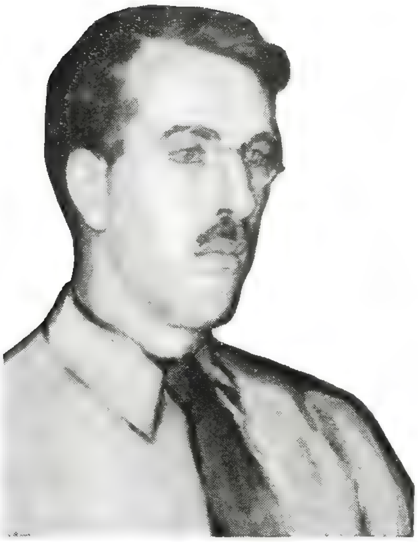
Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low. . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh what a chatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill tonight—

"Eva!" the toast
goes round,
"Eva!" again.





Wilbur Daniel Steele

The First Prize-winning Essay
in the *Golden Book* Contest
"My Favorite Story and Why"

"Blue Murder" Is the Stuff of Literature

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE is, in my humble opinion, the best of contemporary American short-story writers; and since he is my favorite writer it is but natural that my favorite story is one of his. The story is "Blue Murder," which was one of the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories for 1925.

"Blue Murder" is a composite of several types of short stories, being a blend of the mystery story, the love story, and the character story, done with such skill that, once read, it will not soon be forgotten. Moreover, it is a story that demands a second and a third reading, each of which reveals new interest; and in this day of light fiction a short story that will bear several readings is indeed worth while.

I like a story whose ending is not apparent before I am fairly started reading, yet which is so logically developed that I can, when the story is finished, look back and see that each signpost points straight to the author's solution as the inevitable one. "Blue Murder" is such a story.

In "A Gossip on Romance," by R. L. Stevenson, in the April GOLDEN BOOK, are these lines: "This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics." "Blue Murder" does all of this. It is of the stuff that makes literature and yet is not "highbrow." That is why I like it and why I name it as my favorite story.

—N. W. FREDERICK, Atascadero, California.

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE is unquestionably one of the American writers contributing most to the art of the modern short story, and we are delighted to be able to accompany the prize essay above with the "favorite" story of his which it names. It is a happy chance that the first prize essay in our contest (see page 83) should have as its subject a story which we had not already run.

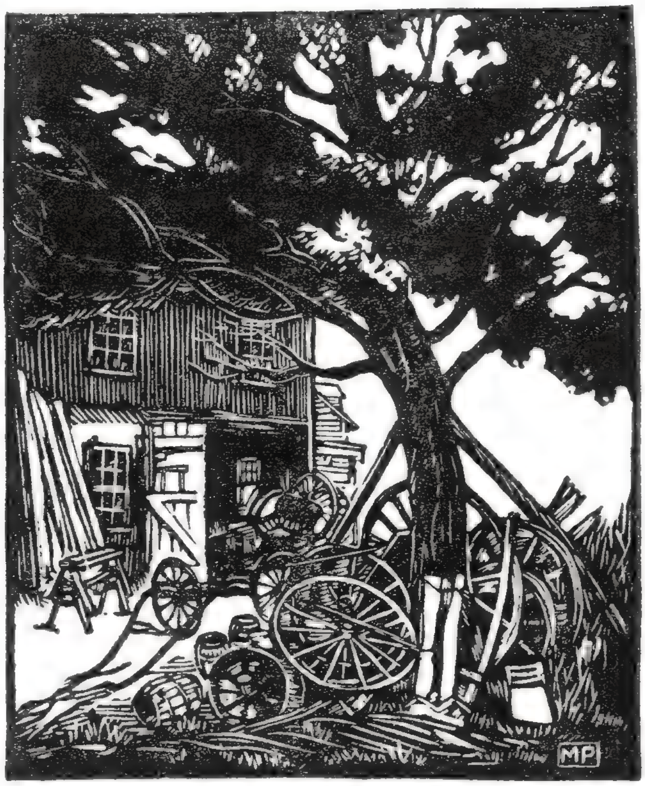
Concerning himself, Mr. Steele has to say as follows: "There is so little of 'human interest' about me. I seem to be pretty much the common or garden variety of person, anxious about the well-being of my family (wife and two boys), always losing everything, and having difficulty with my income tax returns. My main desire is to have the moon.

"There are, of course, data. Born in Greensboro, N. C. (O. Henry's birth-place, which has nothing to do with the question), in 1886, I went to kindergarten in Berlin and finished my formal education in Denver, graduating from the University of Denver (where my father is a professor of Biblical literature) in 1907. All my forebears having been connected with the ministry of the Gospel in the Methodist Episcopal faith, I was from my earliest youth reared to be a painter; accordingly, having worked in summer- and night-classes in a Denver art school while in college, I came east in 1907 to pursue my studies in the Museum School in that city. The most important thing I got there was a wife, whom I married some time later (1913). In 1908-9 I was in Paris, at the Académie Julien, and in Florence and Venice, etching.

"It was during that winter that I began to write short stories, playing hooky from the Académie to do it—and they were pretty awful stuff. The following summer I drifted to Provincetown, Mass., and have been there, with longer or shorter hiatuses, ever since. The hiatuses, the more important ones, have taken me to the West Indies, to the coasts of Ireland, England, and France, as naval correspondent, to Bermuda and to North Africa, France, and England."

Blue Murder

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



Mabel Pugh

At Mill Crossing it was already past sunset. The rays, redder for what autumn leaves were left, still laid fire along the woods crowning the stony slopes of Jim Bluedge's pastures; but then the line of the dusk began and from that level it filled the valley, washing with transparent blue the buildings scattered about the bridge, Jim's house and horse sheds and hay barns, Frank's store, and Camden's blacksmith shop.

The mill had been gone fifty years, but the falls which had turned its wheel still poured in the bottom of the valley, and when the wind came from the Footstool way, their mist wet the smithy, built of the old stone on the old foundations, and their pouring drowned the clink of Camden's hammer.

Just now they couldn't drown Camden's hammer, for he wasn't in the smithy; he was at his brother's farm. Standing inside the smaller of the horse paddocks behind the sheds he drove in stakes, one after another, cut green from saplings, and so disposed as to cover the more glaring of the weaknesses in the five-foot fence. From time to time, when one was done and another to do, he rested the head of his sledge in the pocket of his leather apron (he was never without it; it was as though it had grown on him, lumpy with odds and ends of his trade—bolts and nails and rusty pliers and old horseshoes) and, standing so, he mopped the sweat from his face and looked up at the mountain.

Of the three brothers he was the dumb one. He seldom had anything to say. It was providential (folks said) that of the three enterprises at the Crossing one was a smithy; for while he was a strong, big, hungry-muscled fellow, he never would have had the shrewdness to run the store or the farm. He was better at pounding—pounding while the fire reddened and the sparks flew, and thinking, and letting other people wonder what he was thinking of.

Blossom Bluedge, his brother's wife, sat perched on the top bar of the paddock gate, holding her skirts around her ankles with a trifle too much care to be quite unconscious, and watched him work. When he looked at the mountain he was looking at the mares, half a mile up the slope, grazing in a line as straight as soldiers, their heads all one way. But Blossom thought it was the receding light he was thinking of, and her own sense of misgiving returned and deepened.

"You'd have thought Jim would be home before this, wouldn't you, Cam?"

Her brother-in-law said nothing.

"Cam, look at me!"

It was nervousness, but it wasn't all nervousness—she was the prettiest girl in the valley; a small part of it was mingled coquetry and pique.

The smith began to drive another stake, swinging the hammer from high overhead, his muscles playing in fine big rhythmical convulsions under the skin of his arms and chest, covered with short blond down. Studying him cornerwise, Blossom muttered, "Well, *don't* look at me then!"

He was too dumb for any use. He was as dumb as this: when all three of the Bluedge boys were after her a year ago, Frank, the storekeeper, had brought her candy: chocolates wrapped in silver foil in a two-pound Boston box. Jim had laid before her the Bluedge farm and with it the dominance of the valley. And Camden! To the daughter of Ed Beck, the apple grower, Camden had brought *a box of apples!*—and been bewildered too, when, for all she could help it, she had had to clap a hand over her mouth and run into the house to have her giggle.

A LITTLE MORE than just bewildered, perhaps. Had she, or any of them, ever speculated about that? . . . He had been dumb enough before; but that was when he had started being as dumb as he was now.

Well, if he wanted to be dumb let him be dumb. Pouting her pretty lips and arching her fine brows, she forgot the unimaginative fellow and turned to the ridge again. And now, seeing the sun was quite gone, all the day's vague worries and dreads—held off by this and that—could not be held off longer. For weeks there had been so much talk, so much gossip and doubt.

"Camden," she reverted suddenly. "Did you hear——"

She stopped there. Some people were coming into the kitchen yard, dark forms in the growing darkness. Most of them lingered at the porch, sitting on the steps and lighting their pipes. The one that came out was Frank, the second of her brothers-in-law. She was glad. Frank wasn't like Camden; he would talk. Turning and taking care of her skirts, she gave him a bright and sisterly smile.

"Well, Frankie, what's the crowd?"

Far from avoiding the smile, as Camden's habit was, the storekeeper returned it with a brotherly wink for good measure. "Oh, they're tired of waiting down the road, so they come up here to see the grand arrival." He was something of a man of the world; in his calling he had acquired a fine turn for skepticism. "Don't want to miss being on hand to see what flaws they can pick in 'Jim's five hundred dollars' wuth of expiriment.'"

"Frank, ain't you the least worried over Jim?"

"Don't see why."

"All the same, I wish either you or Cam could've gone with him."

"Don't see why. Had all the men from Perry's stable there in Twinshead to help him get the animal off the freight, and he took an extra rope and the log chain and the heavy wagon, so I guess no matter how wild and woolly the devil is he'll scarcely be climbing in over the tailboard. Besides, them Western horses ain't such a big breed; even a stallion."

"All the same—(look the other way, Frankie)." Flipping her ankles over the rail, Blossom jumped down beside him. "Listen, Frank, tell me something; did you hear—did you hear the reason Jim's getting him cheap was because he killed a man out West there."

Frank was taking off his sleeve protectors, the pins in his mouth. It was Camden, at the bars, speaking in his deep rough way, "Who the hell told you that?"

Frank got the pins out of his mouth. "I guess what it is, Blossie, what's mixed you up is his having that name, 'Blue Murder.'"

"No, sir! I got some sense and some ears. You don't go fooling me."

Frank laughed indulgently and struck her shoulder with a light hand.

"Don't you worry. Between two horsemen like Jim and Cam——"

"Don't *Cam* me! He's none of *my* horse. I told Jim once——" Breaking off, Camden hoisted his weight over the fence and stood outside, his feet spread and his hammer in both hands, an attitude that would have looked ludicrous had anyone been watching him.

Jim had arrived. With a clatter of hoofs and a rattle of wheels he was in the yard and came to a standstill, calling aloud as he threw the lines over the team, "Well, friends, here we are."

The curious began to edge around, closing a cautious circle. The dusk had deepened so that it was hard to make anything at any distance of Jim's "expiriment" but a blurry silhouette anchored at the wagon's tail. The farmer put an end to it, crying from his eminence, "Now, now, clear out and don't worry him; give him some peace tonight, for Lord's sake! Git!" He jumped to the ground and began to whack his arms, chilled with driving, only to have them pinioned by Blossom's without warning.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you come. I been so worried; gi' me a kiss!"

The farmer reddened, eying the cloud of witnesses. He felt awkward and wished she could have waited. "Get along, didn't I tell you fellows?" he cried with a trace of the Bluedge temper. "Go wait in the kitchen then; I'll tell you all about everything soon's I come in. . . . Well now—wife——"

"What's the matter?" she laughed, an eye over her shoulder. "Nobody's looking that matters. I'm sure Frank don't mind. And as for Camden——"

Camden wasn't looking at them. Still standing with his hammer two-fisted and his legs spread, his chin down and his thoughts to himself (the dumb head) he was looking at Blue Murder, staring at that other dumb head, which, raised high on the motionless column of the stallion's neck, seemed hearkening with an exile's doubt to the sounds of this new universe, tasting with wide nostrils the taint in the wind of equine strangers, and studying with eyes accustomed to far horizons these pastures that went up in the air.

Whatever the smith's cogitations, presently he let the hammer down and said aloud, "So you're him, eh?"

Jim had put Blossom aside, saying, "Got supper ready? I'm hungry!" Excited by the act of kissing and the sense of witnesses to it, she fussed her hair and started kitchenward as he turned to his brothers.

"Well, what do you make of him?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Frank. "However, it's your money."

Camden was shorter. "Better put him in."

"All right; let them bars down while I and Frank lead him around."

"No, thanks!" The storekeeper kept his hands in his pockets. "I just cleaned up, thanks. Cam's the boy for horses."

"He's none o' my horses!" Camden wet his lips, shook his shoulders, and scowled. "Be damned, no!" He never had the right words, and it made him mad. Hadn't he told Jim from the beginning that he washed his hands of this fool Agricultural College squandering, "and a man killer to the bargain"?

"Unless," Frank put in slyly, "unless Cam's scared."

"Oh, is Cam scared?"

"Scared?" And still, to the brothers' enduring wonder, the big dense fellow would rise to that boyhood bait. "Scared? The hell I'm scared of any horse ever wore a shoe! Come on, I'll show you!"

"Well, be gentle with him, boys; he may be brittle." As Frank sauntered off he whistled the latest tune.

In the warmth and light of the kitchen he began to fool with his pretty sister-in-law, feigning princely impatience and growling, with a wink at the assembled neighbors, "When do we eat?"

But she protested, "Land, I had everything ready since five, ain't I? And now if it ain't you it's them to wait for. I declare for men!"

At last one of the gossips got in a word.

"What you make of Jim's purchase, Frank?"

"Well, it's Jim's money, Darred. If *I* had the running of this farm——" Frank began drawing up chairs noisily, leaving it at that.

Darred persisted. "Don't look to me much like an animal for women and children to handle, not yet."

"Cowboys han'les 'em, pa." That was Darred's ten-year-old, big-eyed.

Blossom put the kettle back, protesting, "Leave off, or you'll get me worried to death; all your talk . . . I declare, where are those bad boys?" Opening the door she called, "Jim! Cam! Land's sake!"

Subdued by distance and the intervening sheds, she could hear them at their business—sounds muffled and fragmentary, soft thunder of hoofs, snorts, puffings, and the short words of men in action: "Aw, leave him be in the paddock tonight." . . . "With them mares there, you damn fool?" . . . "Damn fool, eh? Try getting him in at that door and see who's the damn fool!" . . . "Come on, don't be so scared." . . . "Scared, eh? Scared?" . . .

Why was it she always felt that curious tightening of all her powers of attention when Camden Bluedge spoke? Probably because he spoke so rarely, and then so roughly, as if his own thickness made him mad. Never mind.

"Last call for supper in the dining car, boys!" she called and closed the door. Turning back to the stove, she was about to replace the tea water for the third time when, straightening up, she said, "What's that?"

No one else had heard anything. They looked at one another.

"Frank, go—go see what—tell the boys to come in."

Frank hesitated, then went to the door.

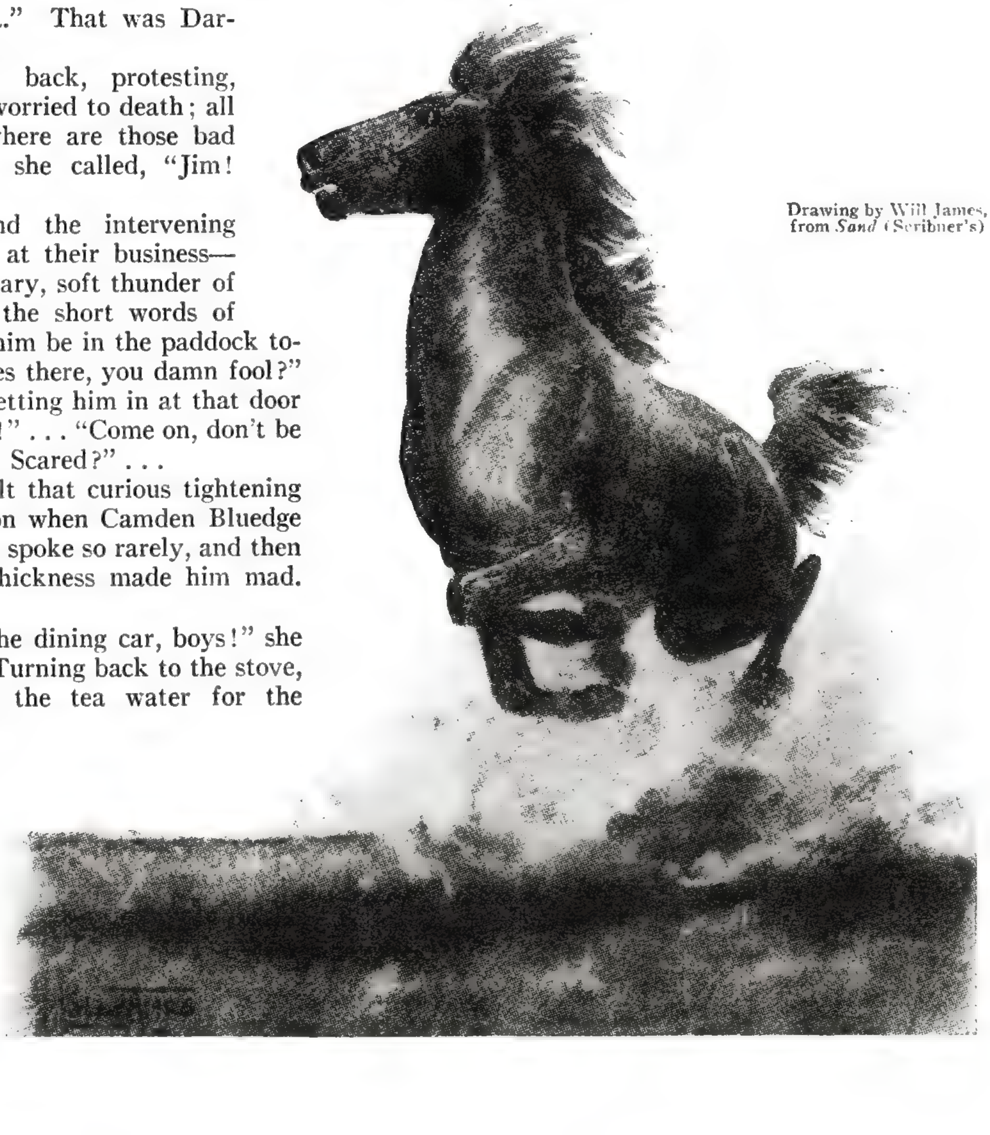
Then everyone in the room was out of his chair.

There were three sounds. The first was human and incoherent. The second was incoherent too, but it wasn't human. The third was a crash, a ripping and splintering of wood.

When they got to the paddock they found Camden crawling from beneath the wreckage of the fence where a gap was opened on the pasture side. He must have received a blow on the head, for he seemed dazed. He didn't seem to know they were there. At a precarious balance—one hand at the back of his neck—he stood facing up the hill, gaping after the diminuendo of floundering hoofs, invisible above.

So seconds passed. Again the beast gave tongue, a high wild horning note, and on the black of the stony hill to the right of it a faint shower of sparks blew like fireflies where the herding mares wheeled. It seemed to awaken the dazed smith. He opened his mouth: "Almighty God!" Swinging, he flung his arms toward the shed. "There! There!"

At last someone brought a lantern. They found Jim Bluedge lying on his back in the corner of the paddock near the door to the shed. In the lantern light, and still better in the kitchen when they had carried him in, they read the record of the thing which Camden, dumb in good earnest now, seemed unable to tell them with anything but his strange unfocused stare.



Drawing by Will James, from *Sand* (Scribner's)

The bloody offense to the skull would have been enough to kill the man, but it was the second, full on the chest above the heart, that told the tale. On the caved grating of the ribs, already turning blue under the yellowish down, the iron shoe had left its mark; and when, laying back the rag of shirt, they saw that the toe of the shoe was upward and the cutting calk-ends down, they knew all they wanted to know of that swift, black, crushing episode.

NO OUTLASH HERE of heels in fright. Here was a forefoot. An attack aimed and frontal; an onslaught reared, erect; beast turned biped; red eyes mad to white eyes aghast. . . . And only afterward, when it was done, the blood-fright that serves the horse for conscience; the blind rush across the inclosure; the fence gone down. . . . No one had much to say. No one seemed to know what to do.

As for Camden, he was no help. He simply stood propped on top of his logs of legs where someone had left him. From the instant when with his "Almighty God!" he had been brought back to memory, instead of easing its hold as the minutes passed, the event to which he remained the only living human witness seemed minute by minute to tighten its grip. It set its sweat-beaded stamp on his face, distorted his eyes, and tied his tongue. He was no good to anyone.

As for Blossom, even now—perhaps more than ever now—her dependence on physical touch was the thing that ruled her. Down on her knees beside the lamp they had set on the floor, she plucked at one of the dead man's shoes monotonously, and as it were idly, swaying the toe like an inverted pendulum from side to side. That was all. Not a word. And when Frank, the only one of the three with any sense, got her up and led her away to her room, she clung to *him*.

It was lucky that Frank was a man of affairs. His brother was dead, and frightfully dead, but there was tomorrow for grief. Just now there were many things to do. There were people to be got rid of. With short words and angry gestures he cleared them out, all but Darred and a man named White, and to these he said, "Now first thing, Jim can't stay here." He ran and got a blanket from a closet. "Give me a hand and we'll lay him in the ice house overnight. Don't sound good, but it's best, poor fellow. Cam, come along!"

He waited a moment, and as he studied the wooden fool the blood poured back into his face. "Wake up, Cam! You great big scared stiff, you!"

Camden brought his eyes out of nothingness and looked at his brother. A twinge passed over his face, convulsing the mouth muscles. "'Scared?"

"Yes, you're scared!" Frank's lip lifted, showing the tips of his teeth. "And I'll warrant you something: if you wasn't the scared stiff you was, this hellish damn thing wouldn't have happened, maybe. Scared! You, a blacksmith! Scared of a horse!"

"*Horse!*" Again that convulsion of the mouth muscles, something between irony and an idiot craft. "Why don't you go catch 'im?"

"Hush it! Don't waste time by going loony now, for God's sake. Come!"

"My advice to anybody——" Camden looked crazier than ever, knotting his brows. "My advice to anybody is to let somebody else go catch that—that——" Opening the door he faced out into the night, his head sunk between his shoulders and the fingers working at the ends of his hanging arms; and before they knew it he began to swear. They could hardly hear because his teeth were locked and his breath soft. There were all the vile words he had ever heard in his life, curses and threats and abominations, vindictive, violent, obscene. He stopped only when at a sharp word from Frank he was made aware that Blossom had come back into the room. Even then he didn't seem to comprehend her return, but stood blinking at her, and at the rifle she carried, with distraught bloodshot eyes.

Frank comprehended. Hysteria had followed the girl's blankness. Stepping between her and the body on the floor, he spoke in a persuasive, unhurried way. "What you doing with that gun, Blossie? Now, now, you don't want that gun, you know you don't."

It worked. Her rigidity lessened. Confusion gained.

"Well, but—oh, Frank—well, but when we going to shoot him?"

"Yes, yes, Blossie—now, yes—only you best give me that gun; that's the girlie." When he had got the weapon he put an arm around her shoulders. "Yes, yes, course we're going to shoot him; what you think? Don't want an animal like that running round. Now first thing in the morning——"

Hysteria returned. With its strength she resisted his leading.

"No, now! *Now!* He's gone and killed Jim! Killed my husband! I won't have him left alive another minute I won't! *Now!* No, sir, I'm going myself, I am! Frank, I am! *Cam!*"

At his name, appealed to in that queer screeching way, the man in the doorway shivered all over, wet his lips, and walked out into the dark.

"There, you see?" Frank was quick to capitalize anything. "Cam's gone to do it. Cam's gone, Blossie! . . . Here, one of you—Darred, take this gun and run give it to Camden, that's the boy."

"You sure he'll kill him, Frank? You *sure?*"

"Sure as daylight. Now you come along back to your room like a good girl and get some rest. Come, I'll go with you."

When Frank returned to the kitchen ten minutes later, Darred was back.

"Well, now, let's get at it and carry out poor Jim; he can't lay here. . . . Where's Cam *now* damn him!"

"Cam? Why, he's gone and went."

"Went where?"

"Up the pasture, like you said."

"Like I——" Frank went an odd color. He walked to the door. Between the light on the sill and the beginnings of the stars where the woods crowned the mountain was all one blackness. One stillness too. He turned on Darred. "But look, you never gave him that gun, even."

"He didn't want it."

"Lord's sake; what did he say?"

"Said nothing. He'd got the log chain out of the wagon and when I caught him he was up hunting his hammer in under that wreck at the fence. Once he found it he started off up. 'Cam,' says I, 'here's a gun;

want it?' He seem not to. Just went on walking up."

"How'd he look?"

"Look same's you seen him looking. Sick."

"The damned fool!" . . .

Poor dead Jim! Poor fool Camden! As the storekeeper went about his business and afterward when, the ice house door closed on its tragic tenant and White and Darred gone off home, he roamed the yard, driven here and there, soft-footed, waiting, hearkening—his mind was for a time not his own property but the plaything of thoughts diverse and wayward. Jim, his brother, so suddenly and so violently gone. The stallion. That beast that had kicked him to death. With anger and hate and pitiless impatience of time he thought of the morrow, when they would catch him and take their revenge with guns and clubs. Behind these speculations, covering the background of his consciousness and stringing his nerves to endless vigil, spread the wall of the mountain: silent from instant to instant but devising under its black silence (who-could-know-what instant to come) a neigh, a yell, a spark-line of iron hoofs on rolling flints, a groan. And still behind that and deeper into the borders of the unconscious, the storekeeper thought of the farm that had lost its master, the rich bottoms, the broad well-stocked pastures, the fat barns, and the comfortable house whose chimneys and gable ends fell into changing shapes of perspective against the stars as he wandered here and there. . . .

Jim gone. . . . And Camden, at any moment. . . .

His face grew hot. An impulse carried him a dozen steps. "I ought to go up. Ought to take the gun and go up." But there shrewd sanity put on the brakes. "Where's the use? Couldn't find him in this dark. Besides, I oughtn't to leave Blossom here alone."

With that he went round toward the kitchen, thinking to go in. But the sight of the lantern, left burning out near the sheds, sent his ideas off on another course. At any rate it would give his muscles and nerves something to work on. Taking the lantern and entering the paddock, he fell to patching the gap into the pasture, using broken boards from the wreck. As he worked his eyes chanced to fall on footprints in the dung-mixed earth—Camden's footprints leading away beyond the little ring of light. And beside them, taking off from the landing place of that prodigious leap, he discerned the trail of the stallion. After a moment he got down on his knees where the earth was softest, holding the lantern so that its light fell full.

He gave over his fence building. Returning to the house his gait was no longer that of the roamer; his face, caught by the periodic flare of the swinging lantern, was the face of another man. In its expression there was a kind of fright and a kind of calculating eagerness. He looked at the clock on the kitchen shelf, shook it, and read it again. He went to the telephone and fumbled at the receiver. He waited till his hand quit shaking, then removed it from the hook.

"Listen, Darred," he said, when he had got the farmer at last, "get White and whatever others you can and come over first thing it's light. Come a-riding and bring your guns. No, Cam ain't back."

He heard Blossom calling. Outside her door he passed one hand down over his face, as he might have passed a wash rag, to wipe off what was there. Then he went in.

"What's the matter with Blossie? Can't sleep?"

"No, I can't sleep. Can't think. Can't sleep. Oh Frankie!"

He sat down beside the bed.

"Oh, Frankie, Frankie, *hold my hand!*"

She looked almost homely, her face bleached out and her hair in a mess on the pillow. But she would get over that. And the short sleeve of the nightgown on the arm he held was edged with pretty lace.

"Got your watch here?" he asked. She gave it to him from under the pillow. This too he shook as if he couldn't believe it was going.

Pretty Blossom Beck. Here for a wonder, he sat in her bedroom and held her hand. One brother was dead and the other was on the mountain.

But little by little, as he sat and dreamed so, nightmare crept over his brain. He had to arouse and shake himself. He had to set his thoughts resolutely in other roads. . . . Perhaps there would be even the smithy. The smithy, the store, the farm. Complete. The farm, the farmhouse, the room in the farmhouse, the bed in the room, the wife in the bed. Complete beyond belief. If . . . Worth dodging horror for. If . . .

"Frank, has Cam come back?"

"Cam? Don't you worry about Cam. . . . Where's that watch again?" . . .

FAR FROM ROUNDING up their quarry in the early hours after dawn, it took the riders, five of them, till almost noon simply to make certain that he wasn't to be found—not in any of the pastures. Then when they discovered the hole in the fence far up in the woods beyond the crest where Blue Murder had led the mares in a break for the open country of hills to the south, they were only at the beginning.

The farmers had left their work undone at home and, as the afternoon lengthened and with it the shadows in the hollow places, they began to eye one another behind their leader's back. Yet they couldn't say it; there was something in the storekeeper's air today, something zealous and pitiless and fanatical, that shut them up and pulled them plodding on.

Frank did the trailing. Hopeless of getting anywhere before sundown in that unkempt wilderness of a hundred square miles of scrub, his companions slouched in their saddles and rode more and more mechanically, knee to knee, and it was he who made the casts to recover the lost trail and, dismounting to read the dust, cried back, "He's still with 'em," and with gestures of imperious excitement urged them on.

"Which you mean?" Darred asked him once. "Cam, or the horse?"

Frank wheeled his beast and spurred back at the speaker. It was extraordinary. "You don't know what you're talking about!" he cried, with a causelessness and a disordered vehemence which set them first staring, then speculating. "Come on, you dumbheads; don't talk—*ride!*"

By the following day, when it was being told in all the farmhouses, the story might vary in details and more and more as the tellings multiplied, but in its fundamentals it remained the same. In one thing they certainly all agreed: they used the same expression—"It was like Frank was drove. Drove in a race against something, and not sparing the whip."

They were a good six miles to the south of the fence. Already the road back home would have to be followed three parts in the dark.

Darred was the spokesman. "Frank, I'm going to call it a day."

The others reined up with him but the man ahead rode on. He didn't seem to hear. Darred lifted his voice. "Come on, call it a day, Frank. Tomorrow, maybe. But you see we've run it out and they're not here."

"Wait," said Frank over his shoulder, still riding on into the pocket.

White's mount—a mare—laid back her ears, shied, and stood trembling. After a moment she whinnied.

It was as if she had whinnied for a dozen. A crashing in the woods above them to the left and the avalanche came—down streaming, erupting, wheeling, wheeling away with volleying snorts, a dark route.

Darred, reining his horse, began to shout, "Here they go this way, Frank!" But Frank was yelling, "Up here, boys! This way, quick!"

It was the same note, excited, feverish, disordered, breaking like a child's. When they neared him they saw he was off his horse, rifle in hand, and down on his knees to study the ground where the woods began. By the time they reached his animal the impetuous fellow had started up into the cover, his voice trailing, "Come on; spread out and come on!"

One of the farmers got down. When he saw the other three keeping their saddles he swung up again.

White spoke this time. "Be darned if I do!" He lifted a protesting hail, "Come back here, Frank! You're crazy! It's getting dark!"

It was Frank's own fault. They told him plainly to come back and he wouldn't listen.

Darred ran a sleeve over his face and swung down. "God alive, boys!" It was the silence. All agreed there—the silence and the deepening dusk.

The first they heard was the shot. No voice. Just the one report. Then after five breaths of another silence a crashing of growth, a charge in the darkness under the withered scrub, continuous and diminishing.

They shouted, "Frank!" No answer. They called, *"Frank Bluedge!"*

NOW, SINCE they had to, they did. Keeping contact by word, and guided partly by directional memory, and mostly by luck, they found the storekeeper in a brake of ferns, lying across his gun.

They got him down to the open, watching behind them all the while. Only then, by the flares of successive matches, under the noses of the snorting horses, did they look for the damage done.

They remembered the stillness and the gloom: it must have been quite black in there. The attack had come from behind—equine and pantherine at once, and planned and cunning. A deliberate lunge with a forefoot again: the shoe which had crushed the backbone between the shoulder blades was a fore shoe; that much they saw by the match flares in the red wreck.

They took no longer getting home than they had to, but it was longer than they would have wished. With Frank across his own saddle, walking their horses and with one or another ahead to pick the road (it was going to rain, and even the stars were lost), they made no more than a creeping speed.

None of them had much to say on the journey. Finding the break in the boundary fence and feeling through the last of the woods, the lights of their farms began to show in the pool of blackness below, and Darred uttered a part of what had lain in the minds of them all during the return:

"Well, that leaves Cam."

None followed it up. None cared to go any closer than he was to the real question. Something new, alien, menacing and pitiless had come into the valley of their lives with that beast they had never really seen; they felt its oppression, and kept the real question back in their minds: *"Does* it leave Cam?"

It answered itself. Camden was at home when they got there.

He had come in a little before them, empty-handed. Empty-headed too. When Blossom, who had waited all day, part of the time with neighbor women who had come in and part of the time alone to the point of going mad—when she saw him coming down the pasture, his feet stumbling and his shoulders dejected, her first feeling was relief. Her first words, however, were, "Did you get him, Cam?" And all he would answer was, "Gi'me something to eat, can't you? Gi'me a few hours' sleep, can't you? Then wait!"

He looked as if he would need more than a few hours' sleep. Propped on his elbows over his plate, it seemed as though his eyes would close before his mouth would open.

His skin was scored by thorns and his shirt was in ribbons under the straps of his iron-sagged apron; but it was not by these marks that his twenty-odd hours showed: it was by his face. While yet his eyes were open and his wits still half awake, his face surrendered. The flesh relaxed into lines of stupor, a putty-formed, putty-colored mask of sleep.

Once he let himself be aroused. This was when, to an abstracted query as to Frank's whereabouts, Blossom told him Frank had been out with four others since dawn. He heaved clear of the table and opened his eyes at her, showing the red around the rims.

He spoke with the thick tongue of a drunkard. "If anybody but me lays hand on that stallion I'll kill him. I'll wring his neck."

Then he relapsed into his stupidity, and not even the arrival of the party bringing his brother's body seemed able to shake him so far clear of it again.

At first, when they had laid Frank on the floor where on the night before they had laid Jim, he seemed hardly to comprehend.

"What's wrong with Frank?"

"Some more of Jim's 'expiriment'."

"Frank see him? He's scared, Frank is. Look at his face there."

"He's dead, Cam."

"Dead, you say? Frank dead? Dead of fright; is that it?"

Even when, rolling the body over they showed him what was what, he appeared incapable of comprehension, of amazement, of passion, or of any added grief. He looked at them all with a kind of befuddled protest. Returning to his chair and his plate, he grumbled, "Le'me eat first, can't you? Can't you gi'me a little time to sleep?"

"Well, you wouldn't do much tonight anyway, I guess."

At White's words Blossom opened her mouth for the first time.

"No, nothing tonight, Cam. Cam! Say! Promise!"

"And then tomorrow, Cam, what we'll do is to get every last man in the valley, and we'll go at this right. We'll lay hand on that devil——"

Camden swallowed his mouthful of cold steak with difficulty. His obsession touched, he showed them the rims of his eyes again.

"You do and I'll wring your necks. The man that touches that animal before I do gets his neck wrang. That's all you need to remember."

"Yes, yes—no—that is ——" Poor Blossom. "Yes, Mr. White, thanks; no, Cam's not going out tonight. . . . No, Cam, nobody's going to interfere—nor nothing. Don't you worry there. . . ."

Again poor Blossom! Disaster piled too swiftly on disaster; no discipline but instinct left. Caught in fire and flood and earthquake and not knowing what to come, and no creed but "save him who can!"—by hook or crook of wile or smile. With the valley of her life emptied out, and its emptiness repeopled monstrously and pressing down black on the roof under which (now that Frank was gone to the ice house too and the farmers back home) one brother was left of three—she would tread softly, she would talk or she would be dumb, as her sidelong glimpses of the awake-asleep man's face above the table told her was the instant's need; or if he would eat, she would magic out of nothing something, anything; or if he would sleep, he could sleep, so long as he slept in that house where she could know he was sleeping.

Only one thing. If she could touch him. If she could touch and cling.

Lightning filled the windows. After a moment the thunder came avalanching down the pasture and brought up against the clapboards of the house. At this she was behind his chair. She put out a hand. She touched his shoulder. The shoulder was bare, the shirt ripped away; it was caked with sweat and with the blackening smears of scratches, but for all its exhaustion and dirt it was flesh alive—a living man to touch.

Camden blundered up. "What the hell!" He started off two steps and wheeled on her. "Why don't you get off to bed for Goll sake!"

"Yes, Cam, yes—right off, yes."

"Well, *I'm* going, I can tell you. For Goll sake, I need some sleep!"

"Yes, that's right, yes, Cam, good night, Cam—only promise you won't go out—nowheres."

"Go *out?* Not likely I won't! Get along."

It took her no time to get along then—quick and quiet as a mouse.

Camden lingered to stand at one of the windows where the lightning came again, throwing the black barns and paddocks at him from the white sweep of the pastures crowned by woods.

As it had taken her no time to go, it took Blossom no time to undress and get in bed. When Camden was on his way to his room he heard her calling, "Cam! Just a second, Cam!"

In the dark outside her door he drew one hand down over his face, wiping off whatever might be there. Then he entered.

"Yes? What?"

"Cam, set by me a minute, won't you? And Cam, oh Cam, hold my hand."

As HE SLOUCHED DOWN, his fist inclosing her fingers, thoughts awakened and fastened on things. They fastened, tentatively at first, upon the farm. Jim gone. Frank gone. The smithy, the store, and the farm. The trinity. The three in one. . . .

"Tight, Cam, for pity's sake! Hold it tight!"

His eyes, falling to his fist, strayed up along the arm it held. The sleeve, rumpled near the shoulder, was trimmed with pretty lace. . . .

"Tighter, Cam!"

A box of apples. That memory hidden away in the cellar of his mind. Hidden away, clamped down in the dark, till the noxious vapors, the murderous vapors of its rotting had filled the shut-up house he was. . . . A box of red apples for the apple-grower's girl . . . the girl who sniggered and ran away to laugh at him. . . .

And here, by the unfolding of a devious destiny, he sat in that girl's bedroom, holding that girl's hand. Jim who had got her, Frank who had wanted her, lay side by side out there in the ice house under the lightning. While he, the "dumb one"—the last to be thought of with anything but amusement and the last to be feared—his big hot fist inclosing her imprecating hand now, and his eyes on the pretty lace at her shoulder—he jumped up with a gulp and a clatter of iron.

"What the ——" He flung her hand away. "What the—hell!" He swallowed. "Damn you, Blossie Beck!" He stared at her with repugnance and mortal fright. "Why, you—you—you——"

He moderated his voice with an effort, wiping his brow, "Good night. You must excuse me, Blossie; I wasn't meaning—I mean—I hope you sleep good. *I* shall. . . . Good night!"

In his own brain was the one word, "Hurry!"

She lay and listened to his boots going along the hall and heard the closing of his door. She ought to have put out the lamp. But even with the shades drawn, the lightning around the edges of the window unnerved her; in the dark alone it would have been more than she could bear.

She lay so till she felt herself nearing exhaustion from the sustained rigidity of her limbs. Rain came and with the rain, wind. Around the eaves it neighed like wild stallions; down the chimneys it moaned like men. Slipping out of bed and pulling on a bathrobe she ran from her room, barefooted, and along the hall to Camden's door.

"Cam!" she called. "Oh, Cam!" she begged. "Please, please!"

And now he wouldn't answer her.

New lightning, diffused through all the sky by the blown rain, ran at her along the corridor. She pushed the door open. The lamp was burning on the bureau but the room was empty and the bed untouched.

Taking the lamp she skittered down to the kitchen. No one there. . . .

"Hurry!"

Camden had reached the woods when the rain came. Lighting the lantern he had brought, he made his way on to the boundary fence. There, about a mile to the east of the path the others had taken that day, he pulled the rails down and tumbled the stones together in a pile. Then he proceeded another hundred yards, holding the lantern high and peering through the streaming crystals of the rain.

Blue Murder was there. Neither the chain nor the sapling had given way. The lantern and, better than the lantern, a globe of lightning, showed the tethered stallion glistening and quivering, his eyes all whites at the man's approach.

"Gentle, boy; steady, boy!" Talking all the while in the way he had with horses, Camden put a hand on the taut chain and bore with a gradually progressive weight, bringing the dark head nearer. "Steady, boy; gentle there, damn you; gentle!"

Was he afraid of horses? Who was it said he was afraid of horses?

The beast's head was against the man's chest, held there by an arm thrown over the bowed neck. As he smoothed the forehead and fingered the nose with false caresses, Camden's "horse talk" ran on—the cadence one thing, the words another.

"Steady, Goll damn you; you're going to get yours. Cheer up, cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Come now! Come easy! Come along!"

When he had unloosed the chain, he felt for and found with his free hand his hammer hidden behind the tree. Throwing the lantern into the brush, where it flared for an instant before dying, he led the stallion back as far as the break he had made in the fence. Taking a turn with the chain around the animal's nose, like an improvised hackamore, he swung from the stone pile to the slippery back. A moment's shying, a sliding caracole of amazement and distrust, a crushing of knees, a lash of the chain end, and that was all there was to that. Blue Murder had been ridden before. . . .

IN THE SMITHY, chambered in the roaring of the falls and the swish and shock of the storm, Camden sang as he pumped his bellows, filling the cave beneath the rafters with red. The air was nothing, the words were mumbo-jumbo, but they swelled his chest. His eyes, cast from time to time at his wheeling prisoner, had lost their look of helplessness and surly distraction.

Scared? He? No, no, no! Now that he wasn't any longer afraid of time, he wasn't afraid of anything.

"Shy, you devil!" He wagged his exalted head. "Whicker, you hellion! Whicker all you want to, stud horse! Tomorrow they're going to get you, the numb fools! Tomorrow they can have you. *I* got you *tonight!*"

He was more than other men; he was enormous. Fishing an iron shoe from that inseparable apron pocket of his, he thrust it into the coals and blew and blew. He tried it and it was burning red. He tried it again and it was searing white. Taking it out on the anvil he began to beat it, swinging his hammer one-handed, gigantic. So in the crimson light, irradiating iron sparks, he was at his greatest. Pounding, pounding. A man in the dark of night with a hammer about him can do wonders; with a horseshoe about him he can cover up a sin. And if the dark of night in a paddock won't hold it, then the dark of undergrowth on a mountain side will. . . .

Pounding, pounding; thinking, thinking, in a great halo of hot stars. Feeding his hungry, his insatiable muscles.

"Steady now, you blue bastard! Steady, boy!"

What he did not realize in his feverish exaltation was that his muscles were not insatiable. In the thirty-odd hours past they had had a feast spread before them and they had had their fill. . . . More than their fill.

As with the scorching iron in his tongs he approached the stallion, he had to step over the nail box he had stepped over five thousand times in the routine of every day.

A box of apples, eh? Apples to snigger at, eh? But whose girl are you now? . . . Scared, eh?

His foot was heavier of a sudden than it should have been. This five thousand and first time, by the drag of the tenth of an inch, the heel caught the lip of the nail box.

He tried to save himself from stumbling. At the same time, instinctively, he held the iron flame in his tongs away.

There was a scream out of a horse's throat; a whiff of hair and burnt flesh.

There was a lash of something in the red shadows. There was another sound and another wisp of stench. . . .

When, guided by the stallion's whinnying, they found the smith next day, they saw by the cant of his head that his neck was broken, and they perceived that he too had on him the mark of a shoe. It lay up one side of his throat and the broad of a cheek. It wasn't blue this time, however—it was red. It took them some instants in the sunshine pouring through the wide door to comprehend this phenomenon. It wasn't sunk in by a blow this time; it was burned in, a brand.

Darred called them to look at the stallion, chained behind the forge.

"Almighty God!" The words sounded funny in his mouth. They sounded the funnier in that they were the same ones the blundering smith had uttered when, staring uphill from his clever wreckage of the paddock fence, he had seen the mares striking sparks from the stones where the stallion struck none. And he, of all men, a smith!

"Almighty God!" called Darred. "What you make of these here feet?"

One fore hoof was freshly pared for shoeing; the other three hoofs were as virgin as any yearling's on the plains. Blue Murder had never yet been shod. . . .

Facts and Fables about the Origins
of some Everyday Phrases

What Started These?

White Elephant	The King of Siam used to present a white elephant to the courtiers whom he wished to ruin. As the white elephant was sacred, it could not be disposed of in any way, and the expense of keeping it usually proved sufficiently disastrous.
Sub rosa	The rose—with which Cupid bribed Harpocrates not to betray the amours of Venus—became during the middle ages the emblem of silence. It was sculptured on the ceilings of council-rooms and banquet halls, and over confessionals.
A 1	In Lloyd's Register of Shipping, the character of the ship's hull is designated by letters, and that of the ship's fittings by numerals. A1 means hull first-rate, fittings first-rate. A2, hull first-rate, but anchors, cables, or stores second-rate.
Let the cat out of the bag	It was formerly a trick among country folk to substitute a cat for a suckling pig and to bring it in a bag to market. If any greenhorn chose to buy a "pig in a poke" without examination, all very well, but if he opened the sack, the trick was disclosed.
Turncoat	A certain Duke whose domains lay between France and Saxony designed for himself a reversible coat, blue on one side and white on the other. When it was convenient to be thought an ardent French supporter, he wore the white side out; when he sought Saxon favors, he wore the blue.
Assassins	A sect of Oriental fanatics, founded in 1090 by the Old Man of the Mountain, took their name from the intoxicating *Haschisch* which they drank in order to heighten the fury of their orgies of massacre. For two centuries, entrenched in their stronghold on Mount Lebanon, they terrorized their world.
Take the cake	The prize for the negro cake-walk is virtually a cake. The couples walk around the cake, and umpires decide which pair walk the most gracefully.
Show the white feather	In the cock-pit, no game cock has a white feather. It indicates a cross-breed in birds.
Forlorn hope	The Dutch phrase, *verloren hoop,* from which this expression is taken, has nothing to do with our words "forlorn" or "hope." It means the lost troop, a picked body of men sent in front to begin an attack.
Quiz	Fable thus accounts for this word, which was not found prior to 1780: Mr. Daly, manager of a Dublin theater, laid a wager that he could introduce a new word, with no meaning, into the language within twenty-four hours. Accordingly, on every wall these four mystic letters were chalked up, and over night all Dublin was inquiring what they meant. The wager was won, and the word remains current in the language.

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

The Lust of Conquest

By RAFAEL SABATINI

THE HOUR of Cesare Borgia's power and glory was that of full noontide. He had made an end of the treacherous condottieri who had dared to rise against him and for a moment to hold him in check, threatened not only to arrest his conquering progress, but to undo all that he had done. He had limed a springe for them at Sinigaglia, and—in the words of the Florentine Secretary, Machiavelli—he had lured them thither by the sweetness of his whistling. They came the more readily in that they mistook their rôles, conceiving themselves the fowlers, and him the victim. He quickly disabused their minds on that score; and having taken them he wrung their necks with no more compunction than had they been so many capons. Their considerable forces he partly destroyed and partly dispersed, partly assimilated into his own vast army, whereafter he swept southward and homeward to Rome by way of Umbria.

In Perugia his sometime captain, Gianpaolo Baglioni, one of the more fortunate rebels who had escaped him, was arming to resist him, and making big talk of the reckoning he would present to Cesare Borgia. But when, from the high-perched eyrie of his ancient Etruscan stronghold, Gianpaolo caught afar the first gleam of arms in the white January sunshine, he talked no more. He packed instead and fled discreetly, intent to reach Siena and take shelter with Petrucci.

And no sooner was he gone than Perugia—which for generations had been weary of his blood-smeared family—sent ambassadors with messages of welcome to the Duke.

Gianpaolo heard of this in Assisi, and his rage was a prodigy even for a Baglioni. He was a black-browed, powerful man, built like an ape with a long body and short legs, a fine soldier, as well the world knows, endowed with a reckless courage and a persuasive tongue that lured men to follow him. In quitting Perugia he had listened for once to the voice of discretion, urged by the cold and calculating quality of his hatred of the Borgia, and by the hope that in alliance with Petrucci he might stir up Tuscany and so return in force against the Duke.

But now that he had word of how cravenly—as he accounted it—his city of Perugia had not only bent her neck to the yoke of the conqueror, which was perhaps inevitable, but had further bent the knee in homage and held out her arms in welcome, he repented his departure and was blinded to reason by his rage.

He was so mad as to attempt to induce Assisi to resist the advancing Duke. But the city of Saint Francis bade the belligerent Gianpaolo go with God ere the Duke arrived; for the Duke was already on his way, and did he find Gianpaolo there the latter would share the fate which had visited his fellow-rebels.

Baglioni angrily took his departure, to pursue his road to Siena. But some three miles to the south of Assisi he drew rein and lifted his eyes to the stronghold of Solignola, poised, gaunt and gray, upon a projecting crag of the Subasian hills. It was the lair of that indomitable old wolf, Count Guido degli Speranzoni, whose pride was as the pride of Lucifer, whose fierceness was as the fierceness of the Baglioni—to which family he claimed kinship through his mother—whose defiance of the Pope was as the defiance of an infidel.

Gianpaolo sat his horse under the drizzling rain, and considered Solignola a while, with pursed lips. Tonight, he reflected, Cesare would lie at Assisi, which was as ready as a strumpet for surrender. Tomorrow his envoys would wait upon the Lord of Solignola, and surely, if he knew the old warrior, Count Guido's answer would be a haughty refusal to receive the Duke.

He took his resolve. He would ride up, and seek out Speranzoni. If the Count were, indeed, prepared for resistance, Gianpaolo had that to say that should encourage him. If his resoluteness had not been weakened, as had most men's, by the mere approach of Cesare Borgia, then it might yet come to pass that

The First of
Three Parts

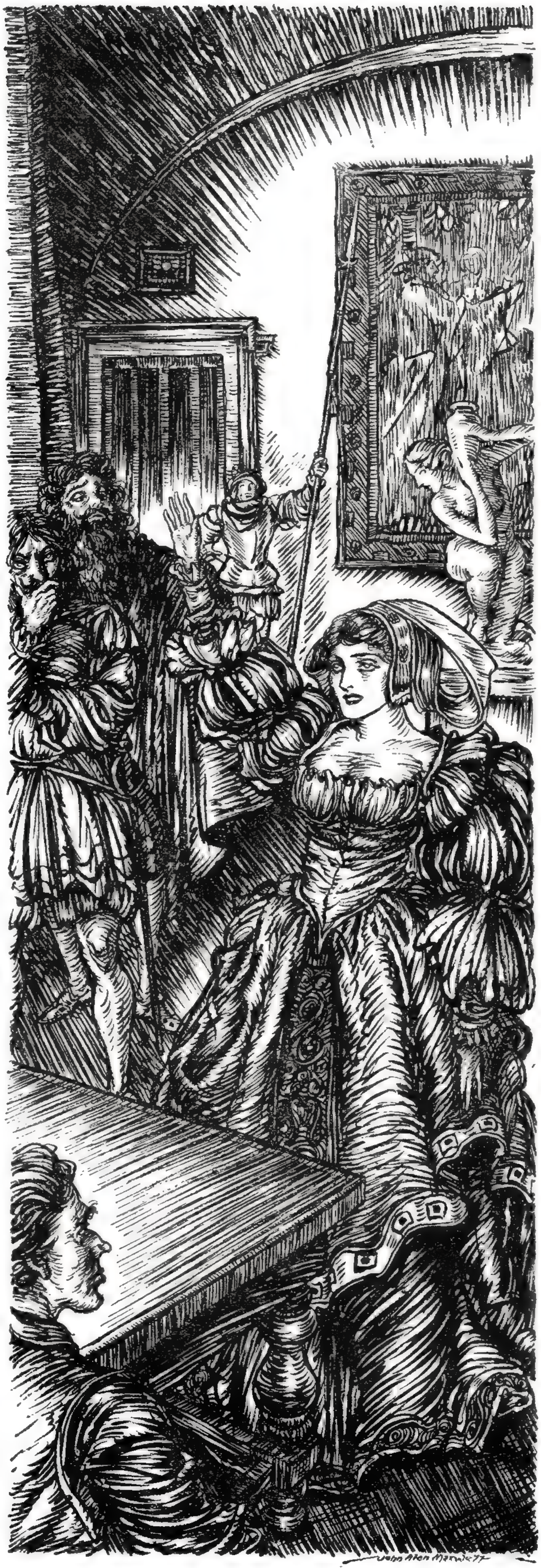
CESARE BORGIA *was young, handsome and inclined toward murder. He knew men's thoughts before they spoke them. Panthasilea, true daughter of 15th century Italy, sets out to match her guile against his own. But she had not known that he was handsome.*

here they should do the thing that at Sinigaglia had so grievously miscarried. Thus should his strangled comrades be avenged, and thus should Italy be rid of this scourge. Of that same scourge, as he now dubbed the Lord Cesare Borgia, he had himself but lately been one of the thongs. But Gianpaolo was not subtle.

He turned to his armored followers—a score or so of men-at-arms who remained faithful to him in this hour of general defection—and made known his intention to ride up to Solignola. Then, by a winding mountain path, he led the way thither.

As they ascended from the vast plain of Umbria, so leafless, gray, and desolate under that leaden, wintry sky, they perceived through a gap in the hills the cluster of little townships and hamlets, on the slopes and in the eastern valley, which formed the territory and dominion of Solignola. These lay practically without defences, and they must fall an easy prey to the Duke. But Baglioni knew that the fierce old Count was not the man to allow any considerations to weaken his resolve to resist the Borgia, and to that resolve Gianpaolo hoped to spur him.

Dusk was descending when the little company of


"Pietro Varano and I were to have wed this spring. And Pietro was strangled three months ago by Borgia justice."

Perugians reached the northern gate of Solignola, and the bells of the Duomo were ringing the Angelus—the evening prayer in honor of the Blessed Mother of Chastity revived in Italy by the unchaste Borgia Pope. Baglioni's party clattered over the bridge spanning a chasm in the rocks in the depths of which a foaming mountain torrent, swollen and umber-tinted by the recent rains, hurled itself down its headlong course to join the Tiber in the valley.

Having satisfied the guard, they rode forward into the city and up the steep long street to the Rocca, regarded with awe by the burghers, who looked upon them as the harbingers of this invasion which they knew to be sweeping towards them from the north.

Thus they came to the mighty citadel and thudded over the drawbridge into the great courtyard, where they were instantly hemmed about by a swarm of men-at-arms who demanded of them not only an account of themselves, but news as well of Cesare Borgia's army. Gianpaolo satisfied them briefly, announced his name, and demanded to see Count Guido.

The Lord of Solignola sat in council in the Sala degli Angioli—a chamber so known from the fresco which Luini had painted on the ceiling, representing the opening heavens and a vision of angels beyond the parted clouds. With the Count sat Messer del Campo, the President of the Council of Anziani; Messer Pino Paviano, the Master of the Artificers' Guild; two gentlemen from the valley—the lords of Aldi and Barbero; a gentleman of Assisi—Messer Gianluca della Pieve; and the Count's two principal officers, the Seneschal of Solignola and the condottiero Santafiora.

They sat about a long, quadrangular oak table in the thickening gloom, with no other light but that of the log fire that roared under the wide-cowled chimney; and with them, at the foot of the table, facing the Count, odd member of his warlike council, sat a woman—the Lady Panthasilea degli Speranzoni, Count Guido's daughter. In years she was little more than a girl; in form and face she showed a glorious maturity of womanhood; in mind and character she was a very man. To describe her the scholarly Cerbone had already, a year ago, made use of the term "virago"—not in its perverted, but its literal and original meaning, signifying a woman who in intellect and spirit is a man.

IT WAS BY VIRTUE of these endowments, as much as because she was Count Guido's only child and heir, that she attended now this council, and listened gravely to all that was urged in this matter of the Borgia invasion. She was magnificently tall, and very regal in her bearing and in the carriage of her glorious head. Her eyes were large, dark and lustrous; her hair of a glowing copper; and her tint of the delicate fairness that is attributed to the daughters of the North. The rich color of her sensitive lips told of the warm blood that flowed in her; their set and shape bore witness to her courage and her will.

Into this assembly, which rose eagerly to receive him, was ushered the Lord Gianpaolo Baglioni. He clanked into the room upon his muscular bowed legs, a sinister figure as seen in the gloom with the firelight playing ruddily upon his armor and his swarthy, black-bearded face.

Count Guido advanced to embrace him and to greet him with words of very cordial welcome, which at once told the crafty Baglioni all that he most desired to know. The Count presented him to the company, and invited him to join their council, since his arrival was so timely, and since, no doubt, he would be able to offer them advice of which they stood most sorely in need, that they might determine upon their course of action.

He thanked them for the honor, and dropped with a rattle of metal into the proffered chair. Count Guido called for lights, and when these were fetched they revealed the haggard air of Messer Gianpaolo, which was accentuated by the splashed harness in which he came amongst them, just as he had ridden. His smoldering eyes traveled round the board, and when they found the Assisian gentleman, Gianluca della Pieve, he smiled somberly.

"Hard though I have ridden," said he, "it seems that another is before me with news of Assisi."

Della Pieve answered him. "I arrived three hours ago, and I bore the news that Assisi had thrown up her gates to receive and harbor the invader. The Communal Palace is being prepared for him; it is expected that he will remain a while in the city, making it a center whence he can conduct such operations as he intends against such strongholds as may resist him."

"And is Solignola to be reckoned among these?" inquired Gianpaolo bluntly, his eyes upon Count Guido.

The old Lord of Solignola met his glance calmly, his shaven, hawk face inscrutable, his almost lipless mouth tight and firm. It was a face at once handsome, strong and crafty—the face of one who never would yield lightly.

"That," he answered slowly, "is what we are assembled to determine. Have you anything to add to the information afforded us by Della Pieve?"

"I have not. This gentleman has told you all that is known to me."

"None the less your coming is most timely. Our deliberations make no progress, and we do not seem likely to agree. You, perhaps, may guide us with your counsel."

"You see, Messer Baglioni," put in the Lord of Barbero, a red-faced, jovial gentleman of middle age, "our interests are different, and we are naturally governed by our interests."

"Naturally, as you say," agreed Baglioni with imperceptible sarcasm.

"Now, we of the valley—and my friend Francisco d'Aldi, there, cannot deny it—we of the valley lie open to attack; we are defenceless; the few townships that have walls at all have not such walls as will resist bombardment. It is a fine thing for Count Guido and the folk of Solignola itself to talk of resistance. Solignola is all but impregnable. And well-provisioned and well-garrisoned as the city is, Count Guido may, if it please him, resist long enough to enforce advantageous terms. But what in the meanwhile will be our fate down yonder? Cesare Borgia will avenge upon us the stubbornness of the capital. Therefore do we urge His Excellency—and we have in this the suffrage also of the Master of the Artificers' Guild—to follow the example of Assisi and your own Perugia" (Gianpaolo winced) "and send his ambassadors to the Duke with offers of submission."

Gianpaolo shook his great head. "It is not the Duke's way to avenge upon dependencies the resistance of a capital. He is too guileful, believe me. Whom he subjects he conciliates. There will be no such fire and sword as you fear for your townships of the valley. Solignola's resistance—if she resist—will be visited upon Solignola alone. That much I can say from my knowledge gained in service with the Duke. Let me remind you of Faenza. What harm was suffered by the folk of the Val di Lamone? Why, none. The strongholds surrendered, and knew no violence, although Faenza herself resisted stubbornly."

"But to little purpose," put in Paviano—the Guildmaster—sourly.

"That," said Count Guido, "is beside the point. And Faenza had not the natural strength of Solignola."

"Yet, ultimately," protested Barbero, "surrender you must. You cannot resist an army of ten thousand men forever."

"They cannot besiege us forever," snapped Santafiora, the condottiero, rearing his cropped bullet-head.

Baglioni sat back in his chair, and listened to the hot debate that followed now. He was as one who has tossed down a ball into a field of players, and, having done so, watches it being flung back and forth in the course of the ensuing game.

Count Guido, too, took little part in the discussion, but listened silently, his eyes passing from speaker to speaker, his countenance a mask. Facing him, his daughter was sitting forward, her elbows on the table, her chin in her cupped palms, intent upon every word that was uttered, her eyes now glowing with enthusiasm, now coldly scornful, as the argument turned for or against resistance. But it was all inconclusive, and at the end of a half-hour's wrangling they were no nearer a decision than when Gianpaolo had arrived.

It was at this stage that Count Guido turned again to the Perugian, and, profiting by a momentary silence, following a vigorous plea for resistance from Santafiora, invited him to speak.

"It may be that I can help you," said Gianpaolo slowly, "for it happens that my proposal supports neither one side nor the other of the discussion to which I have listened. My suggestion concerns a middle course; and since something of the sort seems to be needed here if you are not to spend your days in talk, perhaps your courtesy will give attention to what I have to say."

The company stirred expectantly, and settled into an attentive silence. Panthasilea's eyes turned with the others upon the grim face of the speaker, and never left it while he was delivering his message.

"Sirs," he said, "here has been talk of resistance and of surrender. Of attack, of assuming the offensive, it seems not one of you has thought."

"To what purpose?" quoth Santafiora, scowling. "We have a bare five hundred men."

But Baglioni imperiously waved the condottiero into silence. "Hear me out before you judge me, and do not outrun me by conclusions of your own. You may know—or you may not, for Italy is full of lies upon the subject—of the business in which those gallant gentlemen, who were my friends, came by their deaths in Sinigaglia—a death which I, myself, have very narrowly escaped by the infinite mercy of God." And he crossed himself piously. "It had been planned, sirs, to take this Duke, and make an end of him. An arbalester was to have shot him as he rode into the town. But he is the fiend. He came forewarned. *Præmonitus est præmunitus.* He turned the trap about and took in it those who had plotted to take him. The rest you know." He leaned forward, and his blood-injected eyes ran over the assembled company. "Sirs," he concluded in a thick, concentrated voice, "that which failed in Sinigaglia might succeed in Assisi."

There was a stir, breaking the rapt silence in which he had been heard. He looked at them with challenge in his glance. "Need more be said?" he asked.

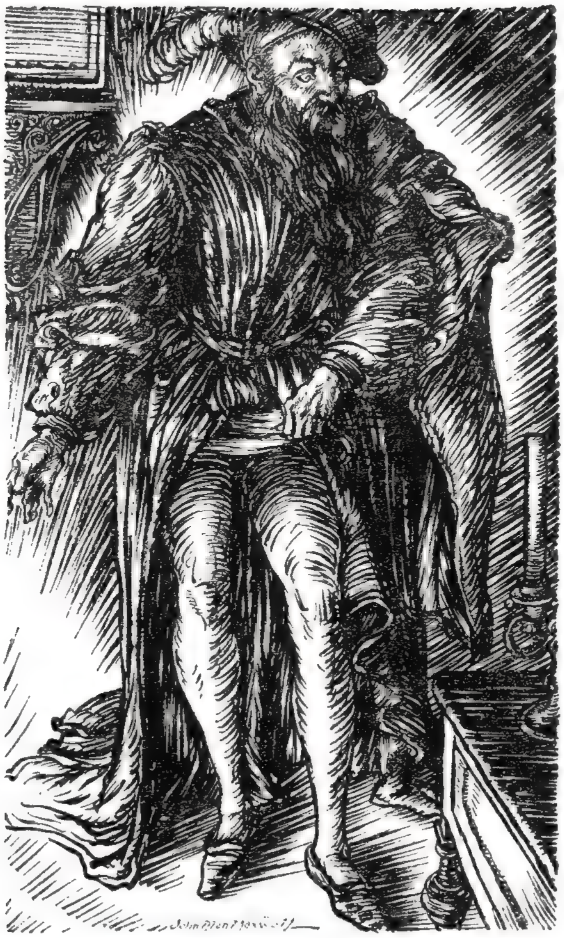
"Aye," cried Paviano, "the how and the when, the ways and the means."

"Why, that, of course. But first——" He turned to Count Guido. "Have you a mind to follow such a course; to rid Italy of this scourge at a single stroke; to save your dominions and the dominions of others from being ravished by this insatiable devourer? Destroy Cesare Borgia, and you will have destroyed the head and brain of the Pontifical forces; thus there will be an end to this conquest of the Romagna, which presently will spread into a conquest of middle Italy; for if he lives he will not rest until he is King of Tuscany. He is not easy of access, and since Sinigaglia

OUR AGE has admitted few new story tellers into the select brotherhood of its best-loved romancers. Pre-eminent is Sabatini, who has—for our day at least—taken his place with Dumas, Scott and Stevenson. His tales, incomparably swashbuckling, are full of love and life and humor—and good writing.

"I began to write not at first with any notion of publication," says Sabatini. "I wrote because I wanted to write. I found there was more enjoyment to be derived from creating stories for myself than from reading those invented by others."

Sabatini is half-Italian, half-English. Born in Jesi, Central Italy, 55 years ago, he was educated in Switzerland and Portugal and started his career as a merchant in England, where he still lives. He speaks a half-dozen languages perfectly, but chooses to write in English.



"Permit, sirs, that I withdraw."

he uses all precautions. Yet while he is resting in Assisi should be your opportunity if you have a mind to seize it."

Count Guido sat thoughtful and frowning, while eagerness glowed on several faces, positive fierceness of concurrence on one or two. But one dissentient there was in old Del Campo.

"It is murder you are proposing," he said in tones of chill reproof.

"And what then? Shall a mere word set up a barrier for grown men?" demanded the fierce Baglioni.

"It would not for one woman that I know of," said the clear, boyish voice of Monna Panthasilea, and so drew upon herself, with those first words she had ventured to utter in that council, the gaze of all. There was a feverish light in her dark eyes, a feverish glow in her fair cheeks. Meeting their glances she addressed them: "What my Lord Gianpaolo has said is true. While Cesare Borgia lives there is no peace for middle Italy. And there is one thing, and one thing only, that can save Solignola—the death of Cesare Borgia."

A roar of acclamation was the answer to those words—words uttered already by Baglioni—now that they fell from her red lips. It was her beauty and her glorious womanhood that swayed them—as men ever will be swayed even against reason, against honor and against knowledge.

But old Del Campo remained untouched by the subtle magnetism of sex. He rose as the acclamations died down. He turned a calm, impassive face upon Count Guido.

"My lord," he asked, his voice ice-cold, "does this receive your countenance?"

The white face of the old Count was set and hard, as his voice was hard when, after a moment's thought, he spoke. "Upon what grounds, Messer del Campo, would you urge that it should not?—for that is clearly what you would urge."

The President of the Anziani steadily met the Count's steely glance. He bowed a thought ironically. "I am answered," he said. He thrust back his chair, and stepped from the table. "Permit, my lord, and you, sirs, that I withdraw before you go further in a matter in which I will have no part."

He bowed again to all, drew his furred robes about him, and proudly left the chamber in the ensuing silence, leaving a chill behind him.

Scarce had the door closed after him than Gianpaolo was on his feet, his face pale with excitement.

"Sir Count," he cried, "that man must not leave the citadel: Our lives may hang upon it. Too many such schemes have miscarried through less than this. Cesare Borgia's spies are everywhere. They will be in Solignola now, and should Del Campo utter a word of what has passed here, the Duke may hear of it tomorrow."

There was a moment's silence. Count Guido's eyes seemed to ask Gianpaolo a question.

"There is no dungeon in your castle too deep for Messer del Campo until this thing is done," said he; and he added almost under his breath: "Indeed, I doubt if there be any deep enough."

The Count turned to Santafiora. "See to it," he said in a low voice, and Santafiora rose and departed on his errand.

Madonna Panthasilea's face grew very white; her eyes dilated. She feared the worst for old Del Campo, who had been her own and her father's faithful friend for many a year. Yet she saw the necessity for the measure, and so crushed down the womanly weakness that rose in her and spoke no word for him.

PRESENTLY THE COUNT solemnly addressed the company.

"Sirs," he said, "you have plainly signified your agreement with the proposal made by Messer Gianpaolo."

"A thought occurs to me," put in Francesco d'Aldi, and at once he claimed their attention. He was a scholar, a patron of the arts, a man of natural shrewdness and much worldly experience, who had dwelt much in courts and for a season had been the Orator of Solignola at the Vatican. "A doubt occurs to me as to the wisdom of my Lord Baglioni's proposal as it stands."

Angry glances, a snort or two of impatience, and a short, contemptuous laugh from Baglioni were his answers. But he fronted the disapproval calmly, and in that moment of his pause Santafiora reëntered.

"Give me your patience, sirs," said Messer Francesco, and he almost smiled. "I do not wish to bear Del Campo company in his dungeon."

Santafiora smiled grimly as he resumed his seat. That and his silence told the company all that it could have asked the condottiero.

"Say on," the Count bade the Lord of Aldi. "We all know your worth, Francesco."

Messer Francesco bowed, and cleared his throat. "Messer Gianpaolo has told us what would result from the death of Cesare Borgia—enough to justify the slaying of him so far as the ultimate consequences are at issue. But we, here in Solignola, have also to consider the immediate consequences of this act; for those immediate consequences would touch ourselves."

"Sacrifice for the State's weal is the duty of the individual," said Gianpaolo harshly.

"Since Messer Gianpaolo proposes to seek safety for himself in Siena, it is easy for him to utter these beautiful sentiments," said d'Aldi tartly.

Some laughed, Baglioni spluttered an angry oath, and Count Guido intervened to soothe him.

"Myself," proceeded Francesco d'Aldi, "I oppose the sacrifice of the individual where it is not necessary, and in this case I hold that it is not. We are to consider that with Cesare Borgia are several condottieri who are devoted to him. Such men as Corella, Scipione, Della Volpe, and others would never allow his death to go unavenged. And the measure of revenge they would exact is such as no man may calmly contemplate. Solignola would cease to exist; not a town, not a hamlet would be left standing—no man, woman, or child would they spare in their devastating fury. Can you envisage that, sirs?" he inquired, and was answered by gloomy looks and silence. "But I have an alternative proposal," he continued, "which should more effectively meet our needs, and lead to the same result for us—for Solignola, Assisi, and Perugia.

"It is that we take the Duke of Valentinois alive, and hold him as a hostage, threatening to hang him if we are beset. That should keep his condottieri in check, and meanwhile we send our envoys to the Pope. We offer His Holiness his son's life and liberty in exchange for our own lives and our own liberties, in exchange for a Bull of perpetual franchisement from the States of the Church; and to quicken His Holiness' penmanship we add a threat that if the Bull is not in our hands within a given term we will proceed to hang the Lord Cesare Borgia."

"Most shrewd!" Baglioni cried, and others echoed the applause.

"But there is a difficulty," said Francesco. "It lies in the Duke's capture."

"Indeed, yes," agreed Paviano gloomily.

"But surely by guile," urged Count Guido, "he might be lured into some—some trap."

"We should need such guile as Cesare Borgia's own," said Santafiora.

And now for a while they talked to no purpose, and first one offered a suggestion, then another; but these suggestions were all as obvious to propose as they were impossible to execute. A half-hour was spent, and they were no nearer a solution; some, indeed, were beginning to despair, when Monna Panthasilea rose slowly.

She stood at the table's end, her hands resting lightly upon the board, her tall, lithe body in its russet gown inclining slightly forward, her bosom rising and falling, and the pallor of excitement on her face, the sparkle of excitement in her liquid eyes.

"It is most fitting," she said slowly, her voice steady and composed, "that Solignola's future mistress should be Solignola's savior in this hour. Thus shall I prove my right to rule here when the time comes—and please God it may lie very distant yet."

The silence of utter amazement that followed her words was broken at length by her father.

"You, Panthasilea? What can you do?"

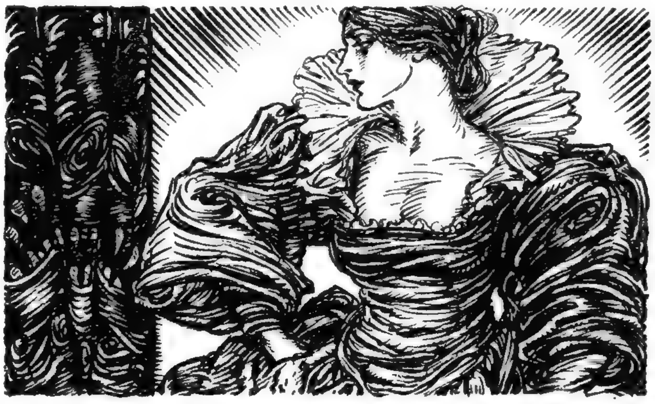
"What no man of you all could do. For here is a matter that may best be fought with woman's weapons."

Against this they protested clamorously, some in horror, some in anger, all excited, save only Baglioni, who cared not how the thing were done so that it was done. She raised a hand for silence and obtained it.

"There is between the Borgia and me this matter of saving Solignola. That alone were matter enough to spur me. But there is more." She grew deathly white and swayed a moment with closed eyes. Then, recovering herself, she continued: "Pietro Varano and I were to have wed this spring. And Pietro Varano was strangled three months ago in the market-place of Pesaro by Borgia justice. That, too, lies between me and the Duke of Valentinois; and vengeance should give me strength in this enterprise, which must be approached by such ways as only a woman's feet may tread."

"But the danger of it!" cried Count Guido.

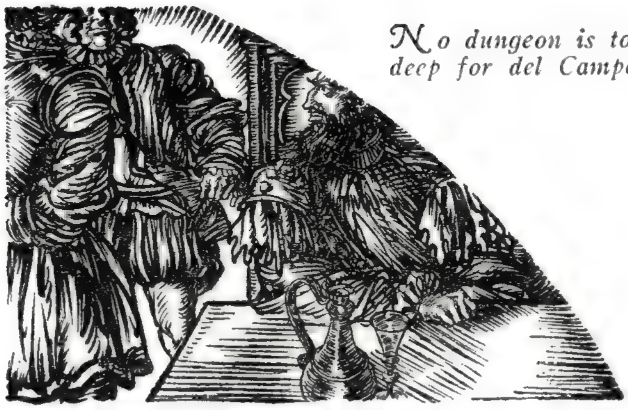
"Think not of that. What danger shall I run? I am not known in Assisi, where I have not been since I was a little child. I am scarce known in Solignola itself, where I have been seen but little since my return from Mantua. And I shall be careful how I show myself in Assisi. Sirs, you must not gainsay me in this. I set my hand to the task to preserve our State's independence, to save thousands of lives. As Messer Gianpaolo has said, sacrifice for the State's weal is the duty of the individual. Yet here so much can scarcely be required."


The Lady Panthasilea degli Speranzoni.

Men muttered, and looked at her father. The Count took his head in his hands and sat in thought.

"What—what is your plan?" quoth Gianluca della Pieve thickly.

Her ready answer showed how fully already she had considered the matter. "I shall go down to Assisi,



No dungeon is too deep for del Campo.

taking with me a dozen men of Santafiora's condotta, disguised as peasants and lackeys. And while Solignola defies Cesare Borgia, and so detains him in Assisi, I shall find ways to lure him into a snare, bind him hand and foot and bear him off to Siena, where Messer Gianpaolo will await me. For my purpose, Messer della Pieve, your house in Assisi will be necessary to me. You will lend it to me."

"Lend it you?" quoth he in horror. "Lend it to be a mouse-trap in which you—your matchless womanhood—shall be the cheese? Is that your meaning?"

She lowered her eyes; a crimson flush overspread her face.

"Solignola," she replied, "is in danger of being conquered. In the valley thousands of women and little children are in danger of homelessness, of death and worse than death. Shall one woman hesitate"—and now she raised her eyes again and flashed them defiantly upon the company—"shall one woman hesitate to endure a little insult when at the price of it she can buy so much?"

It was her father who returned the answer that none other dared return. He uncovered a face that had become gray and haggard.

"She is right," he said, and—odd argument for an Italian of the cinquecento—"it is her sacred duty to the people she was born to rule," he informed them. "Since there offers no way by which a man's strength may prevail against Valentinois, Della Pieve, you will lend your house; you, Santafiora, the men that she requires."

ASSISI, CONQUERED without bloodshed, all trace of conquest sedulously removed as was the way of Cesare Borgia, was settling down to its workaday aspect, which the Duke's occupation had scarcely ruffled.

Though princes perish, thrones crumble in ruin, and dynasties be supplanted, citizens must eat and live and go about their business. Thus, while some remained in Assisi who scowled as Cesare Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, went abroad, the greater portion bared their heads and bowed their duty to the conqueror, the great captain who had made it his life's task to reconsolidate into one powerful State these petty tyrannies of the Romagna.

The half of Cesare's army was encamped in the surrounding country. The other half, under Michele da Corella, had advanced to lay siege to Solignola, which had returned a defiant answer to Cesare's envoys when these had gone to invite Count Guido to surrender.

It was a difficult place to take, and Cesare was too wise a captain to be in haste where haste must prove expensive. Assisi afforded him pleasant quarters, and was a convenient center for the transaction of such business as he had with Florence and Siena, and so he sat down very patiently to await the result of certain operations which he had indicated to Corella.

The chief feature of these was the preparation of a mine under the walls on the southern side of the city, almost under the very citadel itself at the point where it was flanked by the hill. Between the difficulties of access to the place, and the vigilance and continual sorties of the defenders, it became apparent at the end of a week that at the present rate of operations it would take Corella a month to effect a breach. Cesare began to consider the wisdom of opening a bombardment, deterred, however, by the difficulty there would be in effectively mounting a park of artillery upon those rocky slopes.

The matter of this obstinate but futile resistance offered by Solignola, intrigued His Highness of Valentinois, and he was assured that some explanation for it must exist that was not obvious. That explanation he sought on every hand, for the Sinigaglia affair had rendered him doubly wary and alert.

One fair morning in early February, on which the deeper golden of the sunlight told of approaching spring, Cesare rode down the steep borgo from the market-place, the center of a brilliant group of horsemen—captains in steel, couriers in silk and, beside him, upon a snow-white mule, the handsome scarlet figure of Cardinal Remolino, the Papal legate *a latere.*

It was a joyous cavalcade, most of its members being as young as the young Duke himself; and gay talk and laughter leaped from them as they rode forward to visit Corella's camp under Solignola.

In the open space before the Convent of Santa Chiara their progress was arrested for a moment by a mule litter that struck across their course towards one of the streets that led to San Rufino. It was attended by two footmen, and a very elegant cavalier on a big roan horse who rode on the litter's farther side.

The Cardinal-legate was speaking to Cesare, and Cesare was allowing his eyes to stray, as do the eyes of a man not over-interested in what he is being told. They chanced to fall upon the litter, and what he saw there caught his roving glance and held it.

The curtain had been drawn aside, and at the very moment that he looked, the cavalier was—or so it seemed to him—stooping to point him out to the lady who sat within. It was this lady's splendid beauty that now engrossed his gaze; and in that instant her eyes, large and solemn as a child's, were raised to his.

Their glances met across the little intervening space, and Cesare saw her lips part as in surprise, saw the color perish in her cheeks, leaving them ivory white. In homage—not to the woman, but to the beauty that was hers, for like all of his race he accounted beauty the most cardinal of all the virtues—the conqueror doffed his hat and bowed to the very withers of his horse.

The Cardinal, checked in full flow of argument, scowled at this proof of inattention, and scowled more darkly still when, to reveal the full extent of it, Cesare asked him softly:

"Who is that lady, do you know?"

The prelate, who had a famous eye for feminine beauty, followed Cesare's indication promptly. But the curtain fell again, thus baffling his eager glance.

Cesare, a smile on his lips, uttered a slight sigh, and then fell very pensive, intrigued by the element of abnormality, slight as it was, that the incident had offered. He had been pointed out to her, and at sight of him she had turned pale. What was the reason? He could not recollect that he had ever seen her before; and had he seen her, hers was not a face he had forgot. Why, then, did the sight of him affect her in so odd a manner? Men enough had turned pale before him, aye, and women, too. But there had ever been a reason. What was the reason here?

The litter and its attendants vanished into the by-street. But still Cesare was not done with it. He turned in his saddle to an Assisian who rode behind.

"Did you mark the cavalier who accompanied that litter?" quoth he, and added the question: "Is he of Assisi?"

"Why, yes, Excellency," was the answer. "That is Messer Gianluca della Pieve."

"Della Pieve?" said Cesare, thoughtful. "That is the member of the Council who was absent when the oath was taken. Ha! We should have more knowledge of this gentleman and his motives for that absence." He rose in his stirrups as his horse moved forward, and called over the heads of some others: "Scipione!"

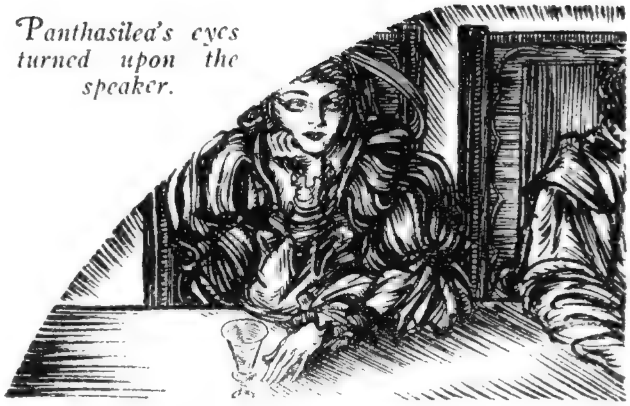
One of the steel captains pushed forward instantly.

"You saw the litter and the cavalier," said Cesare. "He is Messer Gianluca della Pieve. You will follow them, and bring me word where the lady resides, and at the same time you will bring me Messer della Pieve. Let him await my return at the palace. Should it be necessary you will use constraint. But bring him. Away with you. Forward, sirs."

Baldassare Scipione backed away, wheeled his charger and departed in discreet pursuit of the litter.

Cesare pushed on, his cavaliers about him; but he went thoughtful, still pondering that question: "Why did she turn pale?"

The reason, had he known it, might have flattered him. Madonna Panthasilea had come to Assisi to destroy by guile one whom she had never heard described save as an odious monster, the devastator of all Italy. She had looked to see some horror of a man, malformed, prematurely aged and ravaged by disease and the wrath of Heaven. Instead she found a youthful cavalier, resplendent of raiment, superb of shape and beautiful of countenance beyond all men that she had ever seen. The glory of his eyes when she had found them full upon her own, seeming to grope into her very soul, had turned her faint and dizzy. Nor did she recover until the curtain fell again, and she remembered that, however noble and gallant his presence, he was the enemy of her race, the man whose destruction it was her high mission to encompass.


Panthasilea's eyes turned upon the speaker.

Reclining in her litter as it moved forward, she half-closed her eyes. and smiled to herself as she remembered how avid had been his gaze. It was well.

The litter curtain was slightly lifted from without. "Madonna, we are followed," murmured Gianluca.

Her smile grew broader, more content. The affair was speeding as it should. She said so to her cavalier.

Her smile and her words caused an anger to flare out in Gianluca—an anger that for a moment had manifested itself that night when she had committed herself to this task, and which had been smoldering ever since.

"Madonna," he cried in a voice that was hoarse, "this is a Delilah's work to which you are committed."

She stared at him and paled a little to hear this brutally true description of the task; then she took refuge in haughtiness.

"You are presumptuous, sir," she told him and so lashed him with that answer that he lost his head.

"Presumptuous enough to love you, Madonna," he replied almost fiercely, yet muttering, that her attendants should not overhear him. "This is why I abhor to see you wedded to a task so infamous; making a lure of your matchless beauty, a base——"

"Stop!" she commanded him so sternly that he obeyed her despite himself.

She paused as one who chooses words, nor looked at him again after that first imperious glance.

"You are singularly daring," she said, and her voice was pitiless. "We will forget what you have said, Messer Gianluca—all of it. As long as I am in Assisi I must continue under your roof, since my mission demands it. But I trust, sir, that you will relieve me of your attendance, thus sparing me the memory of your offence, and yourself the sight of one whom you condemn so harshly."

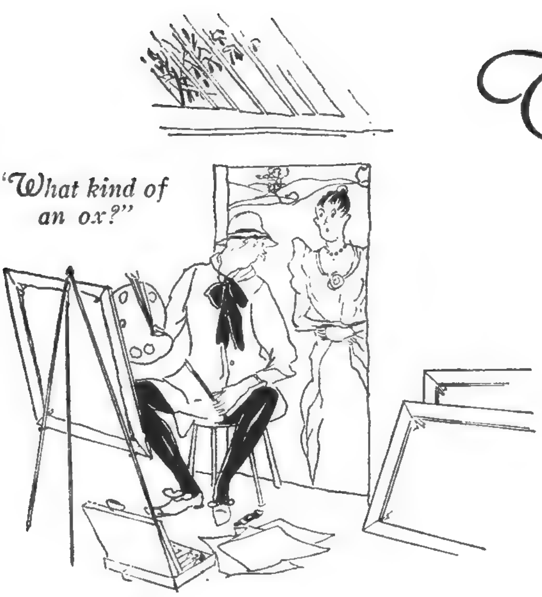
"Madonna," he cried, "forgive me. I meant not as you think."

"Messer della Pieve," she answered, with a little cruel laugh of scorn, "I care not greatly what you meant. But I beg that you will respect my wishes."

"Depend upon it that I will, Madonna," he answered bitterly, "and suffer me to take my leave of you."

He let the curtain fall, and even as he did so the litter came to a halt before the portals of his house—one of the handsomest palaces in Assisi, standing by the Duomo of San Rufino.

Continued in our July issue



"What kind of an ox?"

The Stalled Ox

By H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI")

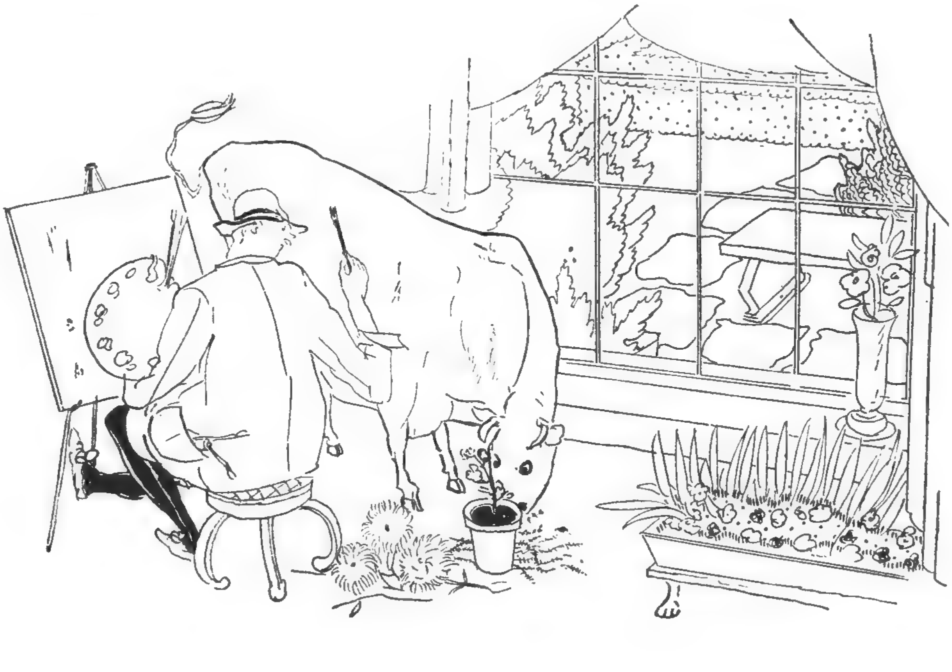
Theophil Eshley was an artist by profession, a cattle painter by force of environment. It is not to be supposed that he lived on a ranch or a dairy farm, in an atmosphere pervaded with horn and hoof, milking-stool, and branding-iron. His home was in a park-like, villa-dotted district that only just escaped the reproach of being suburban. On one side of his garden there abutted a small, picturesque meadow, in which an enterprising neighbor pastured some small, picturesque cows of the Channel Island persuasion. At noonday in summertime the cows stood knee-deep in tall meadow-grass under the shade of a group of walnut trees, with the sunlight falling in dappled patches on their mouse-sleek coats. Eshley had conceived and executed a dainty picture of two reposeful milch-cows in a setting of walnut-tree and meadow-grass and filtered sunbeam, and the Royal Academy had duly exposed the same on the walls of its Summer Exhibition. The Royal Academy encourages orderly, methodical habits in its children. Eshley had painted a successful and acceptable picture of cattle drowsing picturesquely under walnut trees, and as he had begun, so, of necessity, he went on. His "Noontide Peace," a study of two dun cows under a walnut tree, was followed by "A Mid-day Sanctuary," a study of a walnut tree, with two dun cows under it. In due succession there came "Where the Gad-Flies Cease from Troubling," "The Haven of the Herd," and "A Dream in Dairyland," studies of walnut trees and dun cows. His two attempts to break away from his own tradition were signal failures: "Turtle Doves alarmed by Sparrow-hawk" and "Wolves on the Roman Campagna" came back to his studio in the guise of abominable heresies, and Eshley climbed back into grace and the public gaze with "A Shaded Nook where Drowsy Milkers Dream."

On a fine afternoon in late autumn he was putting some finishing touches to a study of meadow weeds when his neighbor, Adela Pingsford, assailed the outer door of his studio with loud peremptory knockings.

"There is an ox in my garden," she announced, in explanation of the tempestuous intrusion.

"An ox," said Eshley blankly, and rather fatuously; "what kind of ox?"

"Oh, I don't know what kind," snapped the lady. "A common or garden ox, to use the slang expression. It is the garden part of it that I object to. My garden has just been put straight for the winter, and an ox roaming about in it won't improve matters. Besides, there are the chrysanthemums just coming into flower."

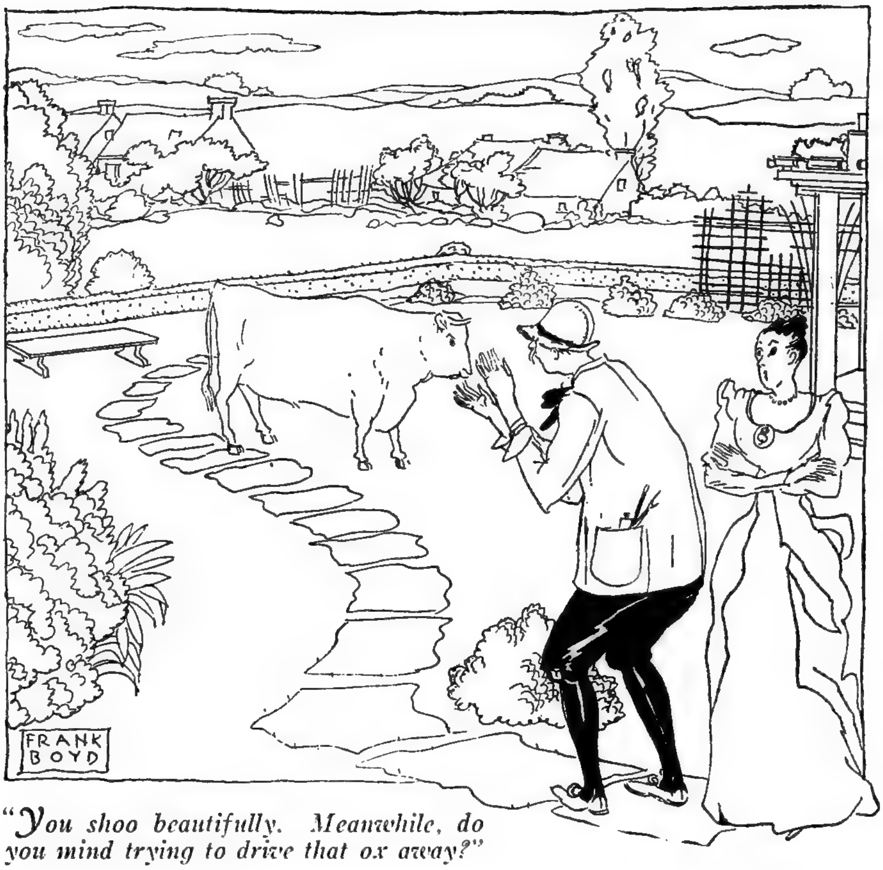


"Do you mean to say that you're going to paint that brute while it's destroying my morning room?"

A. A. Milne says:

"How refreshing it was when some intellectually blown-up stranger said 'Do you ever read Saki?' to reply, with the same pronunciation and even greater condescension: 'Saki! He has been my favorite author for years.'"

Hector Hugh Munro (Saki) has become the cult of a steadily increasing number of enthusiasts. He was a gay and polished satirist, journalist and cosmopolite, author of a half-dozen collections of tales. He was born in Burmah in 1870, and died in action in 1916.



"You shoo beautifully. Meanwhile, do you mind trying to drive that ox away?"

"How did it get into the garden?" asked Eshley.

"I imagine it came in by the gate," said the lady impatiently; "it couldn't have climbed the walls, and I don't suppose anyone dropped it from an airplane as a Bovril advertisement. The immediately important question is not how it got in, but how to get it out."

"Won't it go?" said Eshley.

"If it was anxious to go," said Adela Pingsford rather angrily, "I should not have come here to chat with you about it. I'm practically all alone; the housemaid is having her afternoon out and the cook is lying down with an attack of neuralgia. Anything that I may have learned at school or in after life about how to remove a large ox from a small garden seems to have escaped from my memory now. All I could think of was that you were a near neighbor and a cattle painter, presumably more or less familiar with the subjects that you painted, and that you might be of some slight assistance. Possibly I was mistaken."

"I paint dairy cows, certainly," admitted Eshley, "but I cannot claim to have had any experience in rounding up stray oxen. I've seen it done on a cinema film, of course, but there were always horses and lots of other accessories; besides, one never knows how much of those pictures are faked."

Adela Pingsford said nothing, but led the way to her garden. It was normally a fair-sized garden, but it looked small in comparison with the ox, a huge mottled brute, dull red about the head and shoulders, passing to dirty white on the flanks and hind-quarters, with shaggy ears and large blood-shot eyes. It bore about as much resemblance to the dainty paddock heifers that Eshley was accustomed to paint as the chief of a Kurdish nomad clan would to a Japanese tea-shop girl. Eshley stood very near the gate while he studied the animal's appearance and demeanor. Adela Pingsford continued to say nothing.

"It's eating a chrysanthemum," said Eshley at last, when the silence had become unbearable.

"How observant you are," said Adela bitterly. "You seem to notice everything. As a matter of fact, it has got six chrysanthemums in its mouth at the present moment."

The necessity for doing something was becoming imperative. Eshley took a step or two in the direction of the animal, clapped his hands, and made noises of the "Hish" and "Shoo" variety. If the ox heard them it gave no outward indication of the fact.

"If any hens should ever stray into my garden," said Adela, "I should certainly send for you to frighten them out. You 'shoo' beautifully. Meanwhile, do you mind trying to drive that ox away? That is a *Mademoiselle Louise Bichot* that he's begun on now," she added in icy calm, as a glowing orange head was crushed into the huge munching mouth.

"Since you have been so frank about the variety of the chrysanthemum," said Eshley, "I don't mind telling you that this is an Ayrshire ox."

The icy calm broke down; Adela Pingsford used language that sent the artist instinctively a few feet nearer to the ox. He picked up a pea-stick and flung it with some determination against the animal's mottled flanks. The operation of mashing *Mademoiselle Louise Bichot* into a petal salad was suspended while the ox gazed with concentrated inquiry for a moment at the stick-thrower. Adela gazed with equal concentration and more obvious hostility at the same focus. As the beast neither lowered its head nor stamped its feet Eshley ventured on another javelin exercise with another pea-stick. The ox seemed to realize at once that it was to go; it gave a hurried final pluck at the bed where the chrysanthemums had been, and strode swiftly up the garden. Eshley ran to head it towards the gate, but succeeded only in quickening its pace from a walk to a lumbering trot. With an air of inquiry, but with no real hesitation, it crossed the tiny strip of turf that the charitable called the croquet lawn, and pushed its way through the open French window into the morning-room. Some chrysanthemums and other autumn herbage stood about the room in vases, and the animal resumed its browsing operations; all the same, Eshley fancied that the beginnings of a hunted look had come into its eyes, a look that counseled respect. He discontinued his attempt to interfere with its choice of surroundings.

"Mr. Eshley," said Adela in a shaking voice, "I asked you to drive that beast out of my garden, but I did not ask you to drive it into my house. If I must have it anywhere on the premises I prefer the garden to the morning-room."

"Cattle drives are not in my line," said Eshley; "if I remember I told you so at the outset."

"I quite agree," retorted the lady, "painting pretty pictures of pretty little cows is what you're suited for. Perhaps you'd like to do a nice sketch of that ox making itself at home in my morning-room?"

This time it seemed as if the worm had turned; Eshley began striding away.

"Where are you going?" screamed Adela.

"To fetch implements," was the answer.

"Implements? I won't have you use a lasso. The room will be wrecked if there's a struggle."

But the artist marched out of the garden. In a couple of minutes he returned, laden with easel, sketching-stool, and painting materials.

"Do you mean to say that you're going to sit quietly down and paint that brute while it's destroying my morning-room?" gasped Adela.

"It was your suggestion," said Eshley, setting his canvas in position.

"I forbid it; I absolutely forbid it!" stormed Adela.

"I don't see what standing you have in the matter," said the artist; "you can hardly pretend that it's your ox, even by adoption."

"You seem to forget that it's in my morning-room, eating my flowers," came the raging retort.

"You seem to forget that the cook has neuralgia," said Eshley; "she may be just dozing off into a merciful sleep and your outcry will waken her. Consideration for others should be the guiding principle of people in our station of life."

"The man is mad!" exclaimed Adela tragically. A moment later it was Adela herself who appeared to go mad. The ox had finished the vase-flowers and the cover of "Israel Kalisch," and appeared to be thinking of leaving its rather restricted quarters. Eshley noticed its restlessness and promptly flung it some bunches of Virginia creeper leaves as an inducement to continue the sitting.

"I forget how the proverb runs," he observed; "something about 'better a dinner of herbs than a stalled ox where hate is.' We seem to have all the ingredients for the proverb ready to hand."

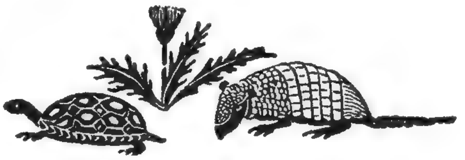
"I shall go to the Public Library and get them to telephone for the police," announced Adela, and, raging audibly, she departed.

Some minutes later the ox, awakening probably to the suspicion that oil cake and chopped mangold was waiting for it in some appointed byre, stepped with much precaution out of the morning-room, stared with grave inquiry at the no longer obtrusive and pea-stick-throwing human, and then lumbered heavily but swiftly out of the garden. Eshley packed up his tools and followed the animal's example and "Larkdene" was left to neuralgia and the cook.

The episode was the turning-point in Eshley's artistic career. His remarkable picture, "Ox in a morning-room, late autumn," was one of the sensations and successes of the next Paris Salon, and when it was subsequently exhibited at Munich it was bought by the Bavarian Government, in the teeth of the spirited bidding of three meat-extract firms. From that moment his success was continuous and assured, and the Royal Academy was thankful, two years later, to give a conspicuous position on its walls to his large canvas "Barbary Apes Wrecking a Boudoir."

Eshley presented Adela Pingsford with a new copy of "Israel Kalisch," and a couple of finely flowering plants of *Madame André Blusset,* but nothing like a real reconciliation has taken place between them.

The Tortoise and the Armadillo



A tortoise and an armadillo, having quarreled, repaired to a secluded spot to vindicate their honor by an appeal to arms.

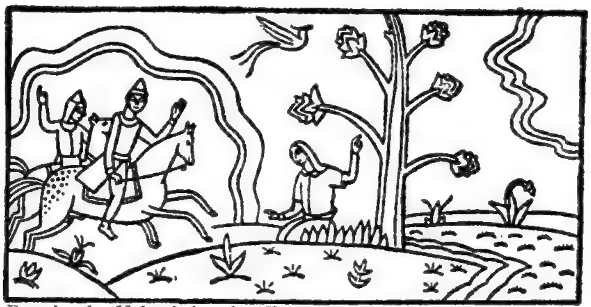
"Now, then," shouted the Tortoise shrinking into the innermost recesses of his shell, "come on!"

"Very well," assented the Armadillo, coiling up tightly in his coat of mail, "I am ready for you!"

An historian of the period obscurely alludes to the incident as foreshadowing the naval engagement of the future.

—Ambrose Bierce.

Drawing by
Louise Thoron



Drawing by Valenti Angelo. From *Zadig* (Remington & Hooper).

The Dog and the Horse

By VOLTAIRE

¶ *François Marie Arouet devised the name "Voltaire" for himself while a temporary resident of the Bastille, having made fun of royalty. Thirty years later in 1746 he wrote* Zadig *during another enforced absence from society because of other politically indiscreet remarks.*

Voltaire is the most pungent figure of 18th Century France. Even in this taste of his writings he transfers his own impatient liberality of mind to the reader: as we read, prejudice and irrationality seem as grotesque to us as they did to this witty and wizened master of reason.

ZADIG FOUND by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the book of Zend, is the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was some time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleased; and he then sought for happiness in the study of nature.

"No man," said he, "can be happier than a philosopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he discovers are his own; he nourishes and exalts his soul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender spouse will not come to cut off his nose."

Possessed of these ideas, he retired to a country house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himself in calculating how many inches of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running toward him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value.

"Young man," said the first eunuch, "hast thou seen the queen's dog?"

"It is a bitch," replied Zadig, with great modesty, "and not a dog."

"Thou art in the right," returned the first eunuch.

"It is a very small she-spaniel," added Zadig; "she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears."

"Thou hast seen her," said the first eunuch, quite out of breath.

"No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the other officers, ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the first eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the king's horse passing by.

"He is the fleetest horse in the king's stable," replied Zadig; "he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and an half in length; the studs on his bit are gold, of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven pennyweights."

"Where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman.

"I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the assembly of the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia. Hardly was the sentence passed, when the horse and the bitch were both found. The judges were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of reversing their sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which, he was permitted to plead his cause before the council of the grand desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

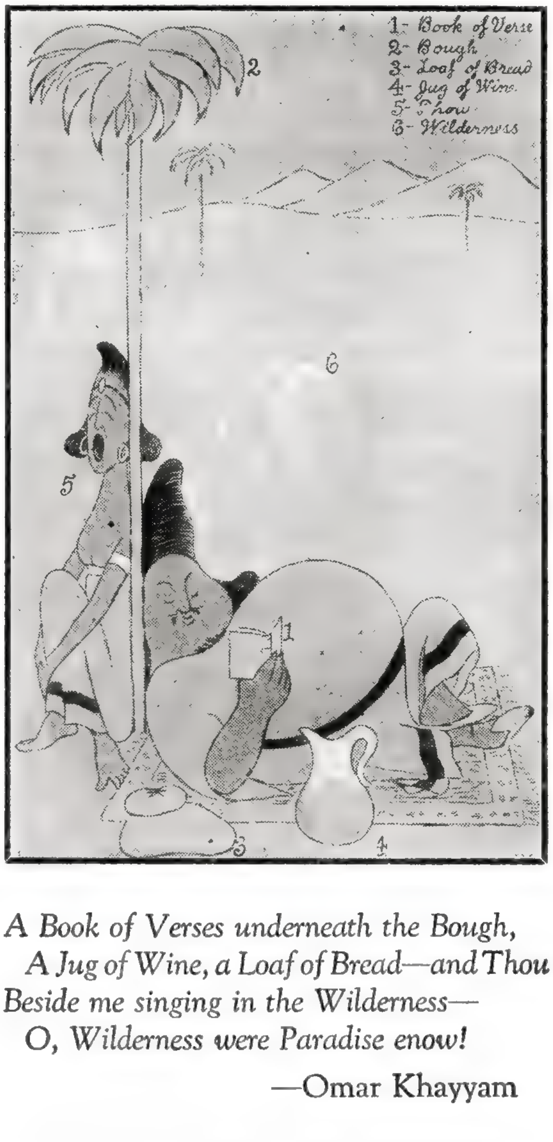
"Ye stars of justice, abyss of sciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the splendor of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold; since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Oromazes, that I have never seen the queen's respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. The truth of the matter is as follows: I was walking toward the little wood, where I afterward met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that therefore she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand near the marks of the fore-feet, showed me that she had very long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our august queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression. With regard to the horse of the king of kings, you will be pleased to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a horse's shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide, was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which, being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees that formed an arbor five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen, from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. In a word, from a mark made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with silver eleven derniers fine."

All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment. The news of this speech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a sorcerer, the king ordered his officers to restore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The register, the attorneys, and bailiffs, went to his house with great formality to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They retained only three hundred and ninety-eight of them to defray the expenses of justice; and then their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how extremely dangerous it sometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore resolved, that on the next occasion he would not tell what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon offered. A prisoner of state made his escape and passed under the windows of Zadig's house. Zadig was examined and made no answer. But it was proved that he had looked at the prisoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite custom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence.

"Great God!" said he to himself, "what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horse have passed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!"



A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

—Omar Khayyam

● An Interpretation by Max Beerbohm ●

Notes from a Northern Cottage

By

HUGH WALPOLE

My first Spring day in this Northern country. Often it is earlier here than anyone would suppose and I see that on this same day last year I rowed over the lake to the island where the daffodils are famous for their strength and splendor so that they are like a pale mist against the water. The room in the library of which I spoke last month has not even its walls ready, much less its books. There is a hole packed with sunshine where all the series of English men of letters and the group of modern essayists used to stand. Three purple crocuses look in over the bricks. . . .

Five thousand books are piled together in the spare bedroom. I went in there, plunged my hand in at random and brought out Godwin's *St. Leon,* a selection of Swinburne's Poems, a volume of Plutarch, Henry James' *Notes on Novelists,* and some of Edmund Gosse's *Essays.* Plutarch, Godwin, James, Gosse, and Swinburne—and the deadliest of these is Godwin. . . .

Among my Walter Scott letters I have two from Godwin in his old age, pleading abject poverty and actually asking Scott to put his name to one of Godwin's works, that it might sell the better. I have not Scott's replies to Godwin but I can fancy what they would be!

. . . At the other end of the wand Henry James' *Notes on Novelists* and Gosse's *Essays.* They were both marvelously kind to me in the days of my youth. James I dearly loved; his warmth of heart, his odd chuckling humor, his courtesy, something of Sir Roger de Coverley and something of Renan. . . .

Gosse on the other hand was kindly with a feline scratch, but there will never again be for me so entertaining a companion. I was never with him without receiving a slap for my naïvetés, but I was never with him without hearing something miraculous about George Eliot or Swinburne or Gissing. As I look through these essays and read their titles—"Wine and Mr. Saintsbury," "A First Sight of Tennyson," "Orion Horne"—I realize what we have lost.

There is no one either in England or America who can do now what he did then. That is the worst of it! While a writer lives you see his faults, you complain of his repetitions, you implore him to do something new, but when he is gone you realize that he, and he alone, had the trick of it, that in his very faults and weaknesses the color of his personality was hidden. To think that I read so carelessly those articles as they appeared Sunday after Sunday! To think that I went so casually to those Sunday suppers in Regent's Park!

At one of those same suppers I listened one evening to Thomas Hardy, George Moore, and Yeats discuss for an hour and a half their favorite foods—listened and forgot to record!

I remember now only that Hardy liked eggs and bacon, but could not get them properly cooked in London. He shook his head grumpily over London. That was the night perhaps when I wore George Moore's hat home instead of my own. I received a polite note at my lodging next day inquiring after it and intimating that *my* hat had proved too big—"Otherwise a nice enough hat. . . ." No, it isn't Swinburne that I have got here, but W. D. Howells' "Venetian" book. . . .

I went with Henry James and Howells once to a detective play in London. At the end James rose in his stall and stamping on the floor indignantly with his cane cried out: "Rot! Rot! Rot!" Howells and I followed him submissively into the street, but there Howells caught my arm and whispered "But *we* enjoyed it, didn't we?"

The evening has come and the room is dark and the Five Thousand books, hating their incongruous juxtaposition, wait scornfully their resurrection. . . .

Hugh Walpole

The Last March

By CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

¶ FOR DREARY MONTHS *Captain Scott had been waiting on the Antarctic shore for the coming of the South Polar spring. Three hundred miles east, Amundsen and his men also awaited favorable weather for the dash to the unconquered South Pole. The two parties, one British and one Norwegian, unknown to one another, set out at almost the same time.*

Before Scott, when he started on November 1, 1911, lay a journey of some 1600 miles of icy desolation—800 miles to the Pole, and back. Supporting parties, with two crude motor sledges and dog teams, went ahead. Scott and the main party followed with pony-drawn sledges carrying food, clothing, fodder, camp equipment, and scientific instruments.

The trip before them was divided roughly into three parts: first, across the Ross ice barrier, really the surface of the Antarctic Sea, continually frozen solid and covered with snow; then the long pull through the mountains, up the crevassed surface of Beardmore Glacier; and finally the dreary stretch across the polar plateau, at an elevation of 9000 and 10,000 feet.

The motor sledges soon broke down. The ponies, on which chief reliance had been placed, reminded Scott of "a somewhat disorganized fleet with ships of very unequal speed." They suffered greatly from blizzard, wind, and soft surface, taking longer for the barrier journey than had been planned, and thus contributing to the tragedy that followed. When their somewhat doubtful usefulness was ended, they were shot and fed to the dogs. These, and men themselves pulling sledges, continued with loads for the depots which had to be established along the entire route against the return journey.

At the foot of the glacier the dog teams were sent back, and three sledge parties of men toiled up alone. At the top one sledge, with the weakest men, was sent back; and half way from there to the pole a second party was turned home. Scott went on with his four hardiest companions: Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers, Dr. Wilson, and Petty Officer Evans.

The head wind hindered them by causing extreme discomfort, and by making useless the sails rigged on their sledge. The sastrugi*—snowdrifts which were literally waves of crusted snow—made pulling almost impossible. Their* hoosh *was a thick soup with a basis of pemmican or dried beef. The* finnesko *which wore out were fur boots. The* primus *for which they needed oil so bitterly was a portable stove, on which they melted snow for the only drinking water they had.*

Captain Scott's diary printed here takes up the story two and a half months after the start of the trip, when the final sledge party was within a few miles of the Pole. Thought of their Norwegian rival, Amundsen, spurs them on.

IT IS WONDERFUL to think that two long marches would land us at the Pole. We left our depot today with nine days' provisions, so that it ought to be a certain thing now, and the only appalling possibility the sight of the Norwegian flag forestalling ours. Little Bowers continues his indefatigable efforts to get good sights, and it is wonderful how he works them up in his sleeping-bag in our congested tent. (Minimum for night —27.5°.) Only 27 miles from the Pole. We ought to do it now.

Tuesday, January 16.—Camp 68. Height 9760. T.—23.5°. The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. We marched well in the morning and covered 7½ miles. Noon sight showed us in Lat. 89° 42′ S., and we started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that tomorrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but argued that it must be a sastrugus. Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on, found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; near by, the remains of a camp; sledge tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come and much discussion have we had. Tomorrow we must march on to the Pole and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return. We are descending in altitude—certainly also, the Norwegians found an easy way up.

Wednesday, January 17.—Camp 69. T.—22° at start. Night—21°. The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected. We have had a horrible day—add to our disappointment a head wind 4 to 5, with a temperature—22°, and companions laboring on with cold feet and hands.

We started at 7.30, none of us having slept much after the shock of our discovery. We followed the Norwegian sledge tracks for some way; as far as we

IN these closing pages of Captain Scott's diary is the most tragic story in all exploration, and one of the great true adventure stories of all time.

make out there are only two men. In about three miles we passed two small cairns. Then the weather overcast, and the tracks being increasingly drifted up and obviously going too far to the west, we decided to make straight for the Pole according to our calculation. At 12.30 Evans had such cold hands we camped for lunch—an excellent "week-end one." We had marched 7.4 miles. Lat. sight gave 89° 53′ 37″. We started out and did 6½ miles due south. Tonight little Bowers is laying himself out to get sights in terribly difficult circumstances; the wind is blowing hard, T.—21°, and there is that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chilled one to the bone in no time. We have been descending again, I think, but there looks to be a rise ahead; otherwise there is very little that is different from the awful monotony of past days. Great God! this is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have labored to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend tomorrow. We have had a fat Polar hoosh in spite of our chagrin, and feel comfortable inside—added a small stick of chocolate and the queer taste of a cigarette brought by Wilson. Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it.

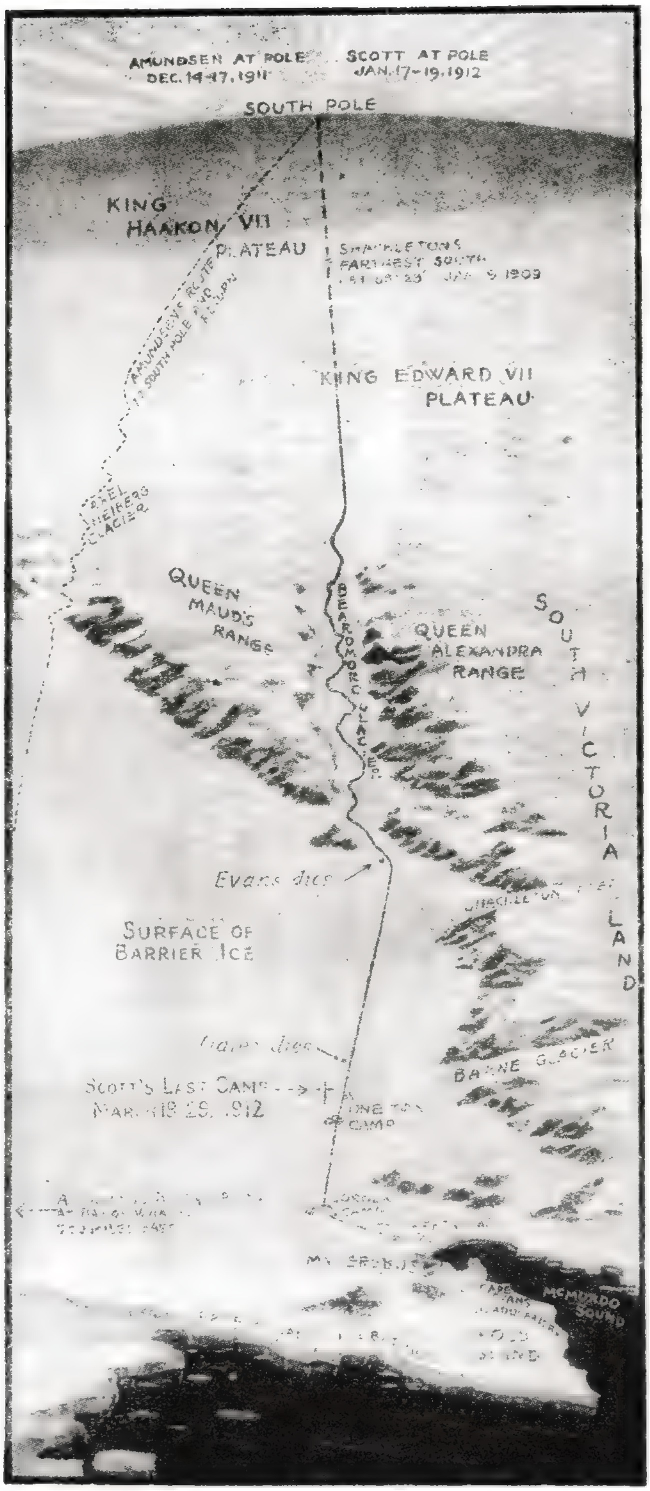
Thursday morning, January 18.—Decided after summing up all observations that we were 3.5 miles away from the Pole—one mile beyond it and 3 to the right. More or less in this direction Bowers saw a cairn or tent.

We have just arrived at this tent, 2 miles from our camp, therefore about 1½ miles from the Pole. In the tent we find a record of five Norwegians having been here, as follows:

"Roald Amundsen
Olav Olavson Bjaaland
Hilmer Hanssen
Sverre H. Hassel
Oscar Wisting. 16 Dec. 1911."

The tent is fine—a small compact affair supported by a single bamboo. A note from Amundsen, which I keep, asks me to forward a letter to King Haakon!

The following articles have been left in the tent: 3 half bags of reindeer containing a miscellaneous


AMUNDSEN AT POLE
DEC. 14-17, 1911
SCOTT AT POLE
JAN. 17-19, 1912
SOUTH POLE
KING HAAKON VII PLATEAU
SHACKLETON'S FARTHEST SOUTH
JAN. 9 1909
AMUNDSEN'S ROUTE TO SOUTH POLE AND RETURN
KING EDWARD VII PLATEAU
AXEL HEIBERG GLACIER
QUEEN MAUD'S RANGE
BEARDMORE GLACIER
QUEEN ALEXANDRA RANGE
SOUTH VICTORIA LAND
Evans dies
SURFACE OF BARRIER ICE
Oates dies
BARNE GLACIER
SCOTT'S LAST CAMP
MAR. 19-29, 1912
ONE TON CAMP
MT. EREBUS
CAPE EVANS
McMURDO SOUND

From *Everybody's*

¶ *A picture map of Captain Scott's polar trip. The English reached their goal after two and one-half months of terrible effort only to find that Amundsen had beaten them. Weakened by disappointment, cold, and lack of food, they began the long march northward. Unprecedented blizzards hindered and finally halted them eleven miles from One Ton Camp—almost within sight of safety. The rescue party—eight months later—read the tragic story printed here in the diary found on Scott's body.*

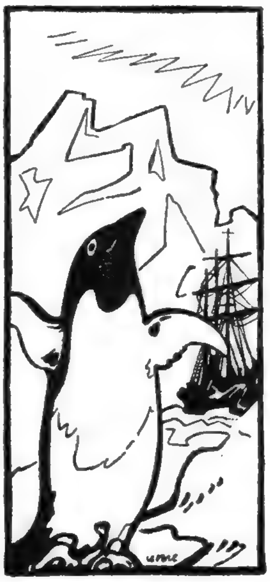
assortment of mits and sleeping socks, very various in description, a sextant, a Norwegian artificial horizon and a hypsometer without boiling-point thermometers, a sextant and hypsometer of English make.

Left a note to say I had visited the tent with companions. Bowers photographing and Wilson sketching. Since lunch we have marched 6.2 miles S.S.E. by compass (*i. e.,* northwards). Sights at lunch gave us ½ to ¾ of a mile from the Pole, so we call it the Pole Camp. (Temp. Lunch—21°.) We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work all of it—less than ½ a mile south we saw stuck up an old underrunner of a sledge. This we commandeered as a yard for a floorcloth sail. I imagine it was intended to mark the exact spot at the Pole as near as the Norwegians could fix it. (Height 9500.) A note attached talked of the tent as being 2 miles from the Pole. Wilson keeps the note. There is no doubt that our predecessors have made thoroughly sure of their mark and fully carried out their program. I think the Pole is about 9500 feet in height; this is remarkable, considering that in Lat. 88° we were about 10,500.

We carried the Union Jack about ¾ of a mile north with us and left it on a piece of stick as near as we could fix it. I fancy the Norwegians arrived at the Pole on the 15th Dec. and I left on the 17th, ahead of a date quoted by me in London as ideal, viz., Dec. 22. It looks as though the Norwegian party expected colder weather on the summit than they got; it could scarcely be otherwise from Shackleton's account. Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and goodby to most of the day-dreams!

* * *

Saturday, January 27.—R. 10. Temp.—16° (lunch) —14.3° (evening). Minimum—19°. Height 9900. Barometer low. Called the hands half an hour late, but we got away in good time. The forenoon march was over the belt of storm-tossed sastrugi; it looked like a rough sea. Wilson and I pulled in front on ski, the remainder on foot. It was very tricky work following the track, which pretty constantly disappeared, and in fact only showed itself by faint signs anywhere—a foot or two of raised sledge-track, a dozen yards of the trail of the sledge-meter wheel, or a spatter of hard snow-flicks where feet had trodden. Sometimes none of these were distinct, but one got an impression of lines which guided. The trouble was that on the outward track one had to shape course constantly to avoid the heaviest mounds, and consequently there were many zig-zags. We lost a good deal over a mile by these halts, in which we unharnessed and went on the search for signs. However, by hook or crook, we managed to stick on the old track. Came on the cairn quite suddenly, marched past it, and camped for lunch at 7 miles. In the afternoon the sastrugi gradually diminished in size and now we are on fairly level ground today, the obstruction practically at an end, and, to our joy, the tracks showing up much plainer again. For the last two hours we had no difficulty at all in following them. There had been a nice helpful southerly breeze all day, a clear sky and comparatively warm temperature. The air is dry again, so that tents and equipment are gradually losing their icy condition imposed by the blizzard conditions of the past week.



Our sleeping-bags are slowly but surely getting wetter and I'm afraid it will take a lot of this weather to put them right. However, we all sleep well enough in them, the hours allowed being now on the short side. We are slowly getting more hungry, and it would be an advantage to have a little more food, especially for lunch. If we get to the next depot in a few marches (it is now less than 60 miles and we have a full week's food) we ought to be able to open out a little, but we can't look for a real feed till we get to the pony food depot. A long way to go, and, by Jove, this is tremendous labor.

* * *

Thursday, February 1.—R. 15. 9778. Lunch. Temp.—20°, Supper Temp.—19.8°. Heavy collar work most of the day. Wind light. Did 8 miles, 4¾ hours. Started well in the afternoon and came down a steep slope in quick time; then the surface turned real bad—sandy drifts—very heavy pulling. Working on past 8 P. M. we just fetched a lunch cairn of December 29, when we were only a week out from the depot. It ought to be easy to get in with a margin, having 8 days' food in hand (full feeding). We have opened out on the 1-7th increase and it makes a lot of difference. Wilson's leg much better. Evans' fingers now very bad, two nails coming off, blisters burst.

* * *

Saturday, February 17.—A very terrible day. Evans looked a little better after a good sleep, and declared, as he always did, that he was quite well. He started in his place on the traces, but half an hour later worked his ski shoes adrift, and had to leave the sledge. The surface was awful, the soft, recently fallen snow clogging the ski and runners at every step, the sledge groaning, the sky overcast, and the land hazy. We stopped after about one hour, and Evans came up again, but very slowly. Half an hour later he dropped out again on the same plea. He asked Bowers to lend him a piece of string. I cautioned him to come on as quickly as he could, and he answered cheerfully as I thought. We had to push on, and the remainder of us were forced to pull very hard, sweating heavily. Abreast the Monument Rock we stopped, and seeing Evans a long way astern, I camped for lunch. There was no alarm at first, and we prepared tea and our own meal, consuming the latter. After lunch, and Evans still not appearing, we looked out, to see him still afar off. By this time we were alarmed, and all four started back on ski. I was first to reach the poor man and shocked at his appearance; he was on his knees with clothing disarranged, hands uncovered and frostbitten, and a wild look in his eyes. Asked what was the matter, he replied with a slow speech that he didn't know, but thought he must have fainted. We got him on his feet, but after two or three steps he sank down again. He showed every sign of complete collapse. Wilson, Bowers, and I went back for the sledge, while Oates remained with him. When we returned he was practically unconscious, and when we got him into the tent quite comatose. He died quietly at 12.30 A. M. On discussing the symptoms we think he began to get weaker just before we reached the Pole, and that his downward path was accelerated first by the shock of his frostbitten fingers, and later by falls during rough traveling on the glacier, further by his loss of all confidence in himself. Wilson thinks it certain he must have injured his brain by a fall. It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week. Discussion of the situation at lunch yesterday shows us what a desperate pass we were in with a sick man on our hands at such a distance from home.

At 1 A. M. we packed up and came down over the pressure ridges, finding our depot easily.

Sunday, February 18.—R. 32. Temp.—5.5°. At Shambles Camp. We gave ourselves 5 hours' sleep at the lower glacier depot after the horrible night, and came on at about 3 today to this camp, coming fairly easily over the divide. Here, with plenty of horsemeat, we have had a fine supper, to be followed by others such, and so continue a more plentiful era if we can keep good marches up. New life seems to come with greater food almost immediately, but I am anxious about the Barrier surfaces.

Monday, February 19.—Lunch T.—16°. It was late (past noon) before we got away today, as I gave nearly 8 hours sleep, and much camp work was done shifting sledges and fitting up new one with mast, etc., packing horsemeat and personal effects. The surface was every bit as bad as I expected, the sun shining brightly on it and its covering of soft loose sandy snow. We have come out about 2′ on the old tracks. Perhaps lucky to have a fine day for this and our camp work, but we shall want wind or change of sliding conditions to do anything on such a surface as we have. I fear there will not be much change for 3 or 4 days.

R. 33. Temp.—17°. We have struggled out 4.6 miles in a short day over a really terrible surface—it has been like pulling over desert sand, not the least glide in the world. If this goes on we shall have a bad time, but I sincerely trust it is only the result of this windless area close to the coast and that, as we are making steadily outwards, we shall shortly escape it. It is perhaps premature to be anxious about covering distance. In all other respects things are improving. We have our sleeping bags spread on the sledge and they are drying, but, above all, we have our full measure of food again. Tonight we had a sort of stew fry of pemmican and horseflesh, and voted it the best hoosh we had ever had on a sledge journey. The absence of poor Evans is a help to the commissariat, but if he had been here in a fit state we might have got along faster. I wonder what is in store for us, with some little alarm at the lateness of the season.

Monday, February 20.—R. 34. Lunch Temp.—13°; Supper Temp.—15°. Same terrible surface; four hours' hard plodding in morning brought us to our Desolation Camp, where we had the four-day blizzard. We looked for more pony meat, but found none. After lunch we took to ski with some improvement of comfort. Total mileage for day 7—the ski tracks pretty plain and easily followed this afternoon. We have left another cairn behind. Terribly slow progress, but we hope for better things as we clear the land. There is a tendency to cloud over in the S.E. tonight, which may turn to our advantage. At present our sledge and ski leave deeply ploughed tracks which can be seen winding for miles behind. It is distressing, but as usual trials are forgotten when we camp, and good food is our lot. Pray God we get better traveling as we are not fit as we were, and the season is advancing apace.

Wednesday, February 22.—R. 36. Supper Temp.—2°. There is little doubt we are in for a rotten critical time going home, and the lateness of the season may make it really serious. Shortly after starting today the wind grew very fresh from the S.E. with strong surface drift. We lost the faint track immediately, though covering ground fairly rapidly. Lunch came without sight of the cairn we had hoped to pass. In the afternoon, Bowers being sure we were too far to the west, steered out. Result, we have passed another pony camp without seeing it. Looking at the map tonight there is no doubt we are too far to the east. With clear weather we ought to be able to correct the mistake, but will the weather get clear? It's a gloomy position, more especially as one sees the same difficulty returning even when we have corrected the error. The wind is dying down tonight and the sky clearing in the south, which is hopeful. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to note that such untoward events fail to damp the spirit of the party. Tonight we had a pony hoosh so excellent and filling that one feels really strong and vigorous again. . . .

Night camp. R. 38. Temp.—17°. A little despondent again. We had a really terrible surface this afternoon and only covered 4 miles. We are on the track just beyond a lunch cairn. It really will be a bad business if we are to have this pulling all through. I don't know what to think, but the rapid closing of the season is ominous. It is great luck having the horsemeat to add to our ration. Tonight we have had a real fine hoosh. It is a race between the season and hard conditions and our fitness and good food.

Saturday, February 25.—Lunch Temp.—12°. Managed just 6 miles this morning. Started somewhat despondent; not relieved when pulling seemed to show no improvement. Bit by bit surface grew better, less sastrugi, more glide, slight following wind for a time. Then we began to travel a little faster. But the pulling is still *very* hard; undulations disappearing but inequalities remain.

* * *

Sunday, February 26.—Very cold nights now and cold feet starting march, as day footgear doesn't dry at all. We are doing well on our food, but we ought to have yet more. I hope the next depot, now only 50 miles, will find us with enough surplus to open out. The fuel shortage still an anxiety.

R. 40. Temp.—21°. Nine hours' solid marching has given us 11½ miles. Only 43 miles from the next depot. Wonderfully fine weather but cold, very cold. Nothing dries and we get our feet cold too often. We want more food yet and especially more fat. Fuel is wofully short. We can scarcely hope to get a better surface at this season, but I wish we could have some help from the wind, though it might shake us badly if the temp. didn't rise. . . .

Tuesday, February 28.—Lunch. Thermometer went below—40° last night; it was desperately cold for us, but we had a fair night. I decided to slightly increase food; the effect is undoubtedly good. Started marching in—32° with a slight northwesterly breeze—blighting. Many cold feet this morning; long time over footgear, but we are earlier. Shall camp earlier and get the chance of a good night, if not the reality. Things must be critical till we reach the depot, and the more I think of matters, the more I anticipate their remaining so after that event. Only 24½ miles from the depot. The sun shines brightly, but there is little warmth in it. There is no doubt the middle of the Barrier is a pretty awful locality.

Camp 42. Splendid pony hoosh sent us to bed and sleep happily after a horrid day, wind continuing; did 11½ miles. Temp. not quite so low, but expect we are in for cold night (Temp.—27°).

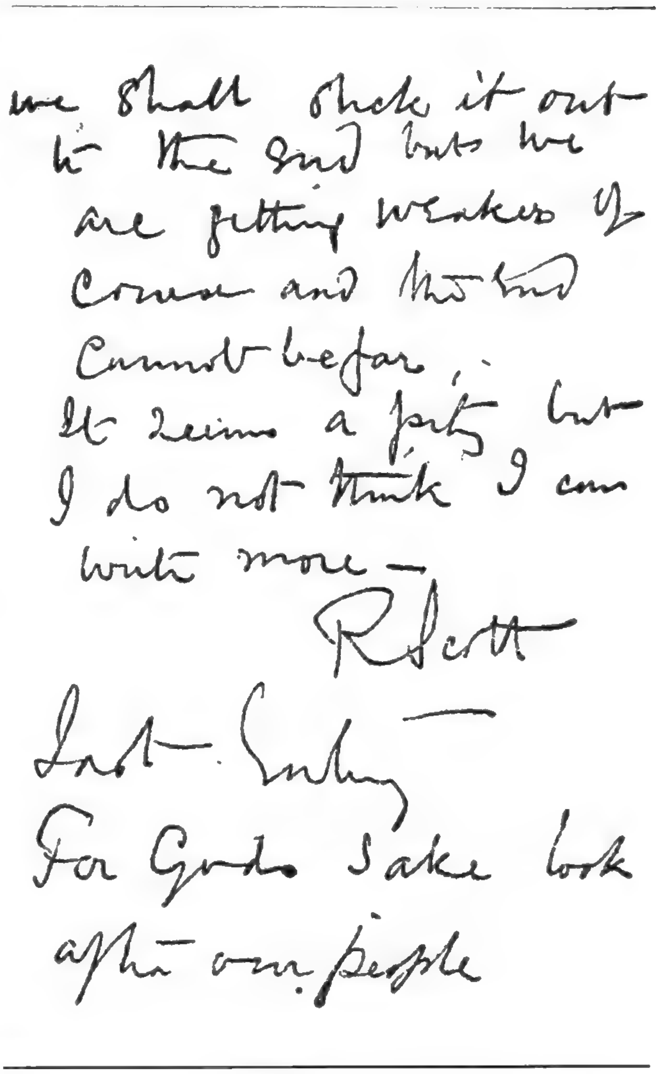
Wednesday, February 29.—Lunch. Cold night. Minimum Temp.—37.5°—30° with northwest wind, force 4, when we got up. Frightfully cold starting; luckily Bowers and Oates in their last new finnesko; keeping my old ones for present. Expected awful march and for first hour got it. Then things improved and we camped after 5½ hours marching close to lunch camp—22½°. Next camp is our depot and it is exactly 13 miles. It ought not to take more than 1½ days; we pray for another fine one. The oil will just about spin out in that event, and we arrive 3 clear days' food in hand. The increase of ration has had an enormously beneficial result. Mountains now looking small. Wind still very light from West—cannot understand this wind. . . .

Friday, March 2.—Lunch. Misfortunes rarely come singly. We marched to the (Middle Barrier) depot fairly easily yesterday afternoon, and since that have suffered three distinct blows which have placed us in a bad position. First we found a shortage of oil; with most rigid economy it can scarce carry us to the next depot on this surface (71 miles away). Second, Titus Oates disclosed his feet, the toes showing very bad indeed, evidently bitten by the late temperatures. The third blow came in the night, when the wind, which we had hailed with some joy, brought dark overcast weather. It fell below—40° in the night, and this morning it took 1½ hours to get our footgear on, but we got away before eight. We lost cairn and tracks together and made as steady as we could N. by W., but have seen nothing. Worse was to come—the surface is simply awful. In spite of strong wind and full sail we have done only 5½ miles. We are in a *very* queer street since there is no doubt we cannot do the extra marches and feel the cold horribly.

Saturday, March 3.—Lunch. We picked up the track again yesterday, finding ourselves to the eastward. Did close on 10 miles and things looked a trifle better; but this morning the outlook is blacker than ever. Started well and with good breeze; for an hour made good headway; then the surface grew awful beyond words. The wind drew forward; every circumstance was against us. After 4¼ hours things so bad that we camped, having covered 4½ miles. (R. 46.) One cannot consider this a fault of our own—certainly we were pulling hard this morning—it was more than three parts surface which held us back—the wind at strongest, powerless to move the sledge. When the light is good it is easy to see the reason. The surface, lately a very good hard one, is coated with a thin layer of woolly crystals, formed by radiation no doubt. These are too firmly fixed to be removed by the wind and cause impossible friction on the runners. God help us, we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess. Pulling on footgear in the morning is getting slower and slower, therefore every day more dangerous.

Sunday, March 4.—Lunch. Things looking *very* black indeed. As usual we forgot our trouble last night, got into our bags, slept splendidly on good hoosh, woke and had another, and started marching. Sun shining brightly, tracks clear, but surface covered with sandy frostrime. All the morning we had to pull with all our strength, and in 4½ hours we covered 3½ miles. Last night it was overcast and thick, surface bad; this morning sun shining and surface as bad as ever. One has little to hope for except perhaps strong dry wind—an unlikely contingency at this time of year. Under the immediate surface crystals is a hard sastruga surface, which must have been excellent for pulling a week or two ago. We are about 42 miles from the next depot and have a week's food, but only about 3 to 4 days' fuel—we are as economical of the latter as one can possibly be, and we cannot afford to save food and pull as we are pulling. We are in a very tight place indeed, but none of us despondent *yet,* or at least we preserve every semblance of good cheer, but one's heart sinks as the sledge stops dead at some sastrugi behind which the surface sand lies thickly heaped. For the moment the temperature is on the —20°—an improvement which makes us much more comfortable, but a colder snap is bound to come again soon. I fear that Oates at least will weather such an event very poorly. Providence to our aid! We can expect little from man now except the possibility of extra food at the next depot. It will be real bad if we get there and find the same shortage of oil. Shall we get there? Such a short distance it would have appeared to us on the summit! I don't know what I should do if Wilson and Bowers weren't so determinedly cheerful over things.

Monday, March 5.—Lunch. Regret to say going from bad to worse. We got a slant of wind yesterday afternoon, and going on 5 hours we converted our wretched morning run of 3½ miles into something over 9. We went to bed on a cup of cocoa and pemmican solid with the chill off. (R. 47.) The result is telling on all, but mainly on Oates, whose feet are in a wretched condition. One swelled up tremendously last night, and he is very lame this morning. We started march on tea and pemmican as last night—we pretend to prefer the pemmican this way. Marched for 5 hours this morning over a slightly better surface covered with high moundy sastrugi. Sledge capsized twice; we pulled on foot, covering about 5½ miles. We are two pony marches and 4 miles from our depot. Our fuel dreadfully low and the poor Soldier nearly done. It is pathetic enough because we can do nothing for him; more hot food might do a little, but only a little, I fear. We none of us expected these terribly low temperatures, and the rest of us Wilson is feeling them most; mainly, I fear, from his self-sacrificing devotion in doctoring Oates' feet. We cannot help each other, each has enough to do to take care of himself. We get cold on the march when the trudging is heavy, and the wind pierces our warm garments. The others, all of them, are unendingly cheerful when in the tent. We mean to see the game through with a proper spirit, but it's tough work to be pulling harder than we ever pulled in our lives for long hours, and to feel that the progress is so slow. One can only say "God help us!" and plod on our weary way, cold and very miserable, though outwardly cheerful. We talk of all sorts of subjects in the tent, not much of food now, since we decided to take the risk of running a full ration. We simply couldn't go hungry at this time.



we shall stick it out
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cannot be far.
It seems a pity but
I do not think I can
write more —
R Scott
Last Entry —
For Gods sake look
after our people

The last entry in Scott's diary

Tuesday, March 6.—Lunch. We did a little better with help of wind yesterday afternoon, finishing 9½ miles for the day, and 27 miles from depot. (R. 48.) But this morning things have been awful. It was warm in the night and for the first time during the journey I overslept myself by more than an hour; then we were slow with footgear; then, pulling with all our might (for our lives) we could scarcely advance at rate of a mile an hour; then it grew thick and three times we had to get out of harness to search for tracks. The result is something less than 3½ miles for the afternoon. The sun is shining now and the wind gone. Poor Oates is unable to pull, sits on the sledge when we are track-searching—he is wonderfully plucky, as his feet must be giving him great pain. He makes no complaint, but his spirits only come up in spurts now, and he grows more silent in the tent. We are making a spirit lamp to try and replace the primus when our oil is exhausted. It will be a very poor substitute and we've not got much spirit. If we could have kept up our 9-mile days we might have got within reasonable distance of the depot before running out, but nothing but a strong wind and good surface can help us now, and though we had quite a good breeze this morning, the sledge came as heavy as lead. If we were all fit I should have hopes of getting through, but the poor Soldier has become a terrible hindrance, though he does his utmost and suffers much I fear.

Wednesday, March 7.—A little worse I fear. One of Oates' feet *very* bad this morning; he is wonderfully brave. We still talk of what we will do together at home.

We only made 6½ miles yesterday. (R. 49.) This morning in 4½ hours we did just over 4 miles. We are 16 from our depot. If we only find the correct proportion of food there and this surface continues, we may get to the next depot (Mt. Hooper, 72 miles farther) but not to One Ton Camp. We hope against hope that the dogs have been to Mt. Hooper; then we might pull through. If there is a shortage of oil again we can have little hope. One feels that for poor Oates the crisis is near, but none of us are improving, though we are wonderfully fit considering the really excessive work we are doing. We are only kept going by good food. No wind this morning till a chill northerly air came ahead. Sun bright and cairns showing up well. I should like to keep the track to the end.

Thursday, March 8.—Lunch. Worse and worse in morning; poor Oates' left foot can never last out, and time over footgear something awful. Have to wait in night footgear for nearly an hour before I start changing, and then am generally first to be ready. Wilson's feet giving trouble now, but this mainly because he gives so much help to others. We did 4½ miles this morning and are now 8½ miles from the depot—a ridiculously small distance to feel in difficulties, yet on this surface we know we cannot equal half our old marches, and that for that effort we expend nearly double the energy. The great question is, What shall we find at the depot? If the dogs have visited it we may get along a good distance, but if there is another short allowance of fuel, God help us indeed. We are in a very bad way, I fear, in any case.

Saturday, March 10.—Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has none. Apart from him, if he went under now, I doubt whether we could get through. With great care we might have a dog's chance, but no more. The weather conditions are awful, and our gear gets steadily more icy and difficult to manage. At the same time of course poor Titus is the greatest handicap. He keeps us waiting in the morning until we have partly lost the warming effect of our good breakfast, when the only wise policy is to be up and away at once; again at lunch. Poor chap! It is too pathetic to watch him; one cannot but try to cheer him up.

Yesterday we marched up the depot, Mt. Hooper. Cold comfort. Shortage on our allowance all round. I don't know that any one is to blame. The dogs which would have been our salvation have evidently failed. Mears had a bad trip home I suppose.

This morning it was calm when we breakfasted, but the wind came from W.N.W. as we broke camp. It rapidly grew in strength. After traveling for half an hour I saw that none of us could go on facing such conditions. We were forced to camp and are spending the rest of the day in a comfortless blizzard camp, wind quite foul. (R. 52.)

Sunday, March 11.—Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave, fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. One satisfactory result to the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case. We have 30 opium tabloids apiece and he is left with a tube of morphine. So far the tragical side of our story. (R. 53.) . . .

Monday, March 12.—We did 6.9 miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are left much the same, Oates not pulling much, and now with hands as well as feet pretty well useless. We did 4 miles this morning in 4 hours 20 min.—we may hope for 3 this afternoon, 7x6=42. We shall be 47 miles from the depot. I doubt if we can possibly do it. The surface remains awful, the cold intense, and our physical condition running down. God help us! Not a breath of favorable wind for more than a week, and apparently liable to head winds at any moment.

Wednesday, March 14.—No doubt about the going downhill, but everything going wrong for us. Yesterday we woke to a strong northerly wind with temp. 37°. Couldn't face it, so remained in camp (R. 54) till 2, then did 5¼ miles. Wanted to march later, but party feeling the cold badly as the breeze (N.) never took off entirely, and as the sun sank the temp. fell. Long time getting supper in dark. (R. 55.)

This morning started with southerly breeze, set sail and passed another cairn at good speed; half-way, however, the wind shifted to W. by S. or W.S.W., blew through our wind clothes and into our mits. Poor Wilson horribly cold, could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. Then temp. now midday down—43° and the wind strong. We *must* go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end. Poor Oates got it again in the foot. I shudder to think what it will be like tomorrow. It is only with greatest pains rest of us keep off frostbites. No idea there could be temperatures like this at this time of year with such winds. Truly awful outside the tent. Must fight it out to the last biscuit, but can't reduce rations.

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17.—Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before, he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense—40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think any one of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and today we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolite, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request, will be found with us or on our sledge.

Sunday, March 18.—Today, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N.W., force 4, temp.—35°. No human being could face it, and we are worn out *nearly*.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes—two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican—it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through—or pretend to be—I don't know! We have the last *half* fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit—this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

Monday, March 19.—Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and a half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. Today we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance—the wind from N. to N.W. and 40° temp. today.

Wednesday, March 21.—Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. Today forlorn hope. Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23.—Blizzard bad as ever—Wilson and Bowers unable to start—tomorrow last chance—no fuel and only one or two of food left—must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural—we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

For God's sake look after our people.

* * *

[Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

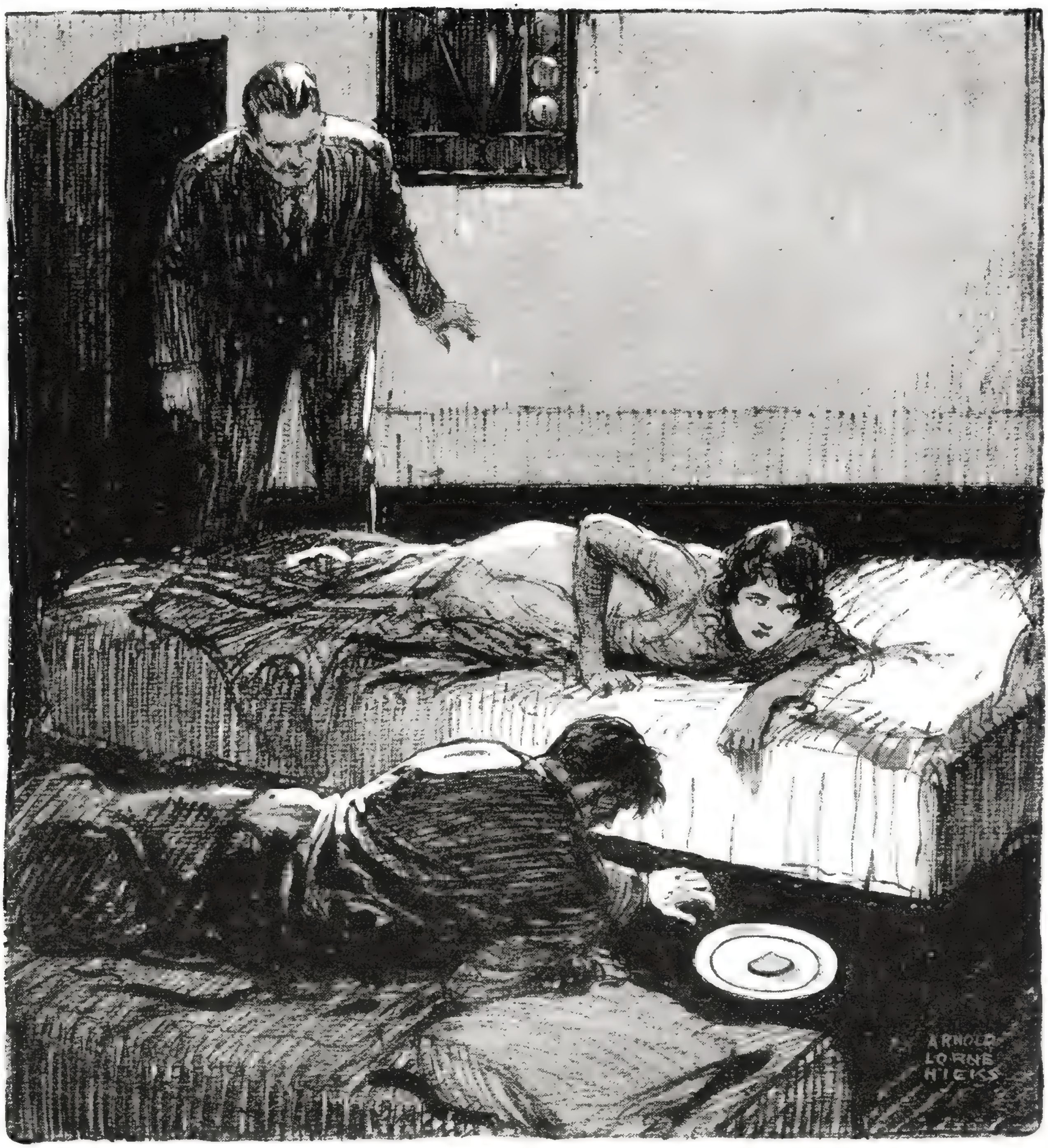
Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders and his arm flung across Wilson. So they were found eight months later.]

◆

Word Portraits of Famous People

MARK TWAIN Apparently he never had his hair cut; it fell in dark masses around his neck, and received his daily personal attention; in cold weather he wore a short coat of sealskin with the fur outside; in walking, he rolled widely to right and left, in the manner of a sailor in a musical comedy. He was distinguishable a hundred yards away, and people who happened to turn around, waited for him to pass, then remained as if hypnotized, staring after his slowly diminishing figure. . . . Later in life, his magnificent hair turned white and he wore garments to match, appearing in Washington drawing rooms in evening clothes the color of snow.—William Lyon Phelps.

SHAW How can one describe him? I have never in my life seen a man so immaculately, so utterly clean. Was there a male Aphrodite who rose fresh and gleaming from the foam of the sea? If indeed there was, Shaw was his name.—Judge Henry Neil. [Shaw attributes the school-girl clarity of his complexion to the fact that he never washes his face, and when Judge Neil begged to be enlightened as to what Mr. Shaw did, if anything, to keep his face so spotlessly clean, the well known Irishman replied: "I wet it occasionally."]



The Second of Two Parts

Elementals

The second day had been worse than this in some ways. The mere physical pain had been sharper. Now it was only constant; eternally constant, eternally heavy—a thick sort of nibbling like the continual but never violent gnawing of blunted iron teeth. But the second day, the giddiness had not really begun till toward the end. The giddiness was bad. It made your body feel light all over like cork, and fierce in intermittent spurts as if it were filled with burning air. It made your mind too babyishly pleased or irritated with small things like creases in the carpet.

He would go and see Catherine now. He could walk quite firmly if he tried though his legs felt queerly

By

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Illustrations by Arnold Lorne Hicks

¶ Is Love stronger than Hunger? Sherwood Latimer and Catherine Vane set out to prove that it is, to win a $10,000 wager made by the diabolical Slake.

For seven days they are to be shut up in adjoining rooms, without food. At the end of the week the door between the rooms is to be opened and a single crust of bread thrown in.

If they share it, they will receive the $10,000 which will enable them to get married. If they fight for it, Slake wins, and they must do whatever he wishes for ten years' time.

unsubstantial and brittle. Peanut-brittle legs. He chuckled weakly. He would go and see Catherine.

He started tapping like a woodpecker at his side of the double window of netted glass. The window was small and high up—you had to stand your height to look through it. Pretty soon you might not be able to stand—even now standing seemed to tire you immensely for some odd reason. He had not noticed the clever position of the window at first. But that was Slake.

Catherine was sitting in a low chair, reading. A shock of delight and relief ran over his heart like warm wind; that was what you did to yourself by sitting alone and brooding. Why, she was just the same—a little paler, perhaps, but then she had never been ruddy. She was just the same—she held her book just as he had seen her hold it a hundred times. She was standing it superbly. Only three more days! He tapped once more impatiently.

She turned her head, saw him, smiled beautifully. Darling, darling! She got up, left her book by the chair and went over to the table for another one. How slowly she walked! Then she was at the window.

They had fooled Slake in one respect, anyhow. Thanks to his giving them books they were able to talk to each other—though he had carefully taken away all writing materials. They had tried lip reading at first, but that was too hard; it really worked only with very simple sentences.

She held her copy of the Bible so that he could see. She pointed at a word on the page, "Good." She turned to another place, "Evening." To another, "Dear."

He smiled. How very like Catherine! Oh, Lord, if he could only get to her!

He had spent half an hour that afternoon looking for a sentence he knew must be somewhere. He grinned a little. Slake's experiment was an admirable training in Biblical exegesis, at least. Finally he found his sentence and pointed.

"The lions do lack and suffer hunger," it said.

She shook her head with mock dolefulness, then started turning leaves rapidly.

"Happy shalt thou be and it shall be well with thee." Her finger ran along the line. "Thy wife." Then it stopped and he knew that she had meant it for a signature.

He dived into Proverbs—they didn't trip you up with "begats" and unimportant details of the construction of Solomon's temple.

"The rich man's wealth is his strong city. The destruction of the poor is their poverty."

His fingernail underlined the passage bitterly. She responded with something on the same page.

"Love covereth all transgressions. Love," she pointed again.

"Oh, my dear!" he breathed. "My dear!"

Her mouth made a soundless "Darling." They stood there for a moment with their books forgotten.

Then her face seemed to change a trifle; her hand went hesitatingly to her side. But she smiled reassuringly.

"I—am—all—right," her mouth said, forming the syllables slowly. She pointed again:

"Yet a little sleep—a little slumber——"

"Yes, do lie down!" he said earnestly, forgetting she could not hear him. Then, and after a fashion he would have thought only foolishly romantic four days ago, he pressed his lips against the cold glass. She smiled elfishly, faint color coming to her cheeks.

She put the tips of her fingers against her mouth and blew a kiss to him like a child before it is carried upstairs to bed. Then—very slowly, this time—she was walking back to her chair. He saw her hand clutch an instant at the back of it before she sat down.

He realized that his knees were trembling. Silly! His head swam for a moment, too—he felt the floor begin to turn like a plate underneath his feet. He set his teeth and managed to get back to his chair.

King David, in his angrier moods, was an admirable tonic. He turned to the Psalms — the ones about "Break their teeth in their mouths, oh Lord! Break the jawbones of the lions!" expressed his own feelings in regard to John Slake to his utmost satisfaction. He would like to have somebody breaking the teeth in Slake's mouth; in fact he would very much like to do it himself. His fist balled up; it knew how those even teeth would give and splinter when knuckles crashed into them. He would like to see Slake waste away like a snail in the sun, consume like burning grass. He would like—he would like!

"Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog," he read idly. A wrench of blinding pain passed over his mind. "My darling from the power of the dog."

The light failed gradually in the room. When it was quite gone Latimer rose and felt his way to the electric switch. There was another dumbshow of talk with Catherine that left him tottery. Then he went back to his chair and sat there thinking.

After a while Slake came. The soft clink of a key in the door; Slake's head looking in rather cautiously.

"Good evening, Mr. Latimer."

"Good evening, Mr. Slake."

Latimer made his eyes lift and meet the probing intentness of those other eyes. A curious prickling thrill gripped his stomach for a moment; the man was so obviously, so damnably, so superbly well fed. He licked lips suddenly parched.

"Everything perfectly all right, I suppose, Mr. Latimer?"

"Everything—entirely—satisfactory—Mr. Slake."

Latimer forced the words. His eyes burned at the bulge of Slake's throat over his collar; at the ruddy shine on his cheeks that came from the quantity of good hot food he had just consumed.

"How—charming! You are admirable guests indeed, Mr. Latimer—you and Miss Vane. You make so little demand on one's hospitality."

He paused, smiling.

"I wished for you at dinner this evening—I really wished for you," he said smoothly. "The bisque had a trifle too much whipped cream in it for my personal taste, but the fish was perfection—baked bluefish, you know. And the roast——"

"Stop!" said Latimer suddenly and harshly through clenched teeth.

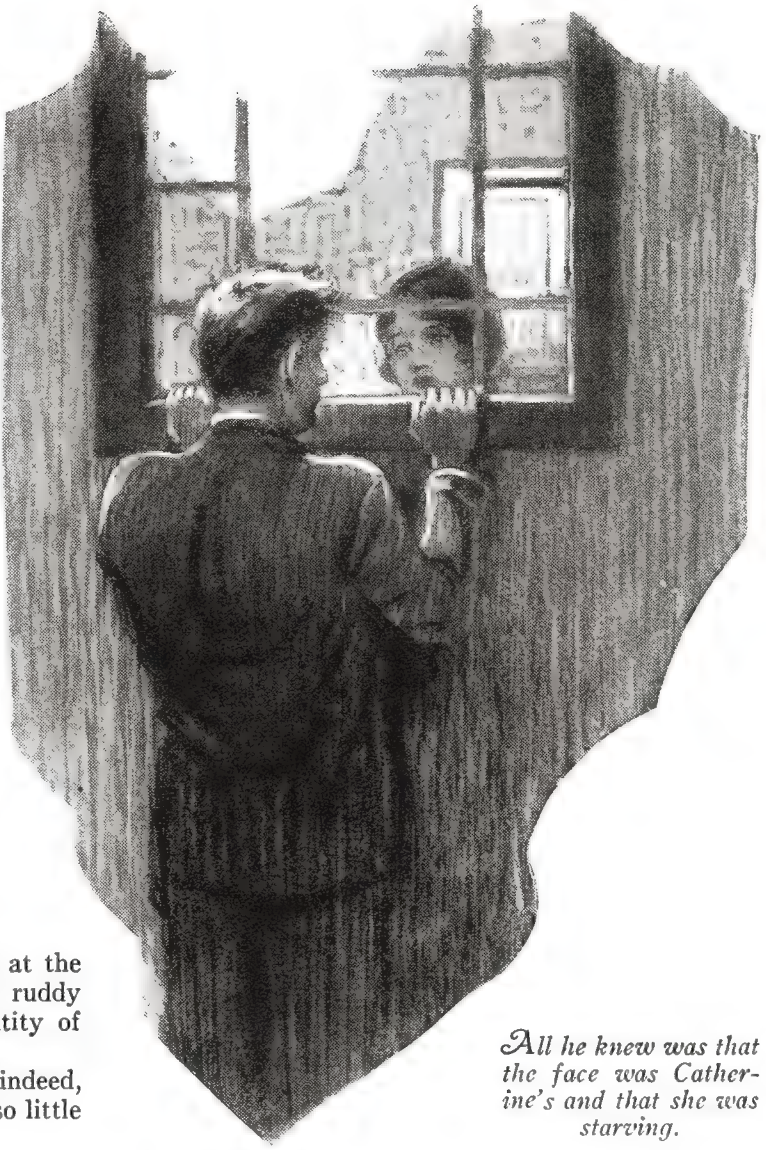
"Dear, dear, I forgot. My apologies." He gazed at Latimer with the curious dispassionateness of a scientist watching the ferment of life in a culture through the long eye of his microscope.

"So it has really begun to touch you—my elemental," he said amusedly.

"I have no complaints to make," said Latimer in a stifled voice. If he gripped his hands on the chair rim, they would not tremble. It was nothing—only the sudden steam and odor of roasting meat that had risen in his mind like perfume at Slake's words.

"No complaints? And Miss Vane has no complaints. Very well. Good night."

The door closed softly after him. The key clinked again. Latimer stared at his book for a long while, making no sense of the jumble of black-and-white signs on the page.



All he knew was that the face was Catherine's and that she was starving.

A tapping on the window aroused him. Catherine!

"I—am—going—to—bed."

"Good night, dear," as he watched her lips. "Try and sleep."

"Good night—oh, good night!"

Presently, Latimer thought, he would go to bed himself. "Who sleeps dines," the French said. Well—he would try.

Drowsiness came easily—sleep was harder. Drowsiness to lie and think of all the meals he had ever had, of all the different varieties of food that had ever existed—trooping through his mind like a restaurant keeper's nightmare. Winter breakfasts in the country—hot cakes, golden and puffy, a huge warm pile of them, drowned with yellow syrup. Little sausages sending a rich, sharp steam into the air, crammed to bursting with crumbs of hot meat and spice. Lunch—dinner—bacon frying over a wood-smoke fire—a great pan of frizzling bacon—chicken à la King—a roast of rare beef, the thick, good slices curling and bleeding away from the knife. All food—any food—burnt chops—cold mashed potato—if he had a dish of cold mashed potato here beside him he wouldn't care about forks or spoons—he would put his mouth to it as if he were tasting wine, and when the last good, good bit of it was gone he would lick the dish all over with his tongue.

The day before his mind had planned unconsciously a series of perfect meals—Lucullan feasts in which everything from the first roll to the final demi-tasse should be as composed and harmonized and unified as the tones of an April sunset or the scheme of a perfect concerto. Now his mind started stripping these visions of their unnecessary trappings, one by one. Rolls, for instance—rolls were only a filip; and there were only one or two sorts of soup that one could really call substantial; hors d'œuvres were mere byplay—tantalizing your appetite; and things like napkins and waiters wholly unessential. Food, that was it, just food! Meat, cooked meat—and no finicking around about how done it was or wasn't—meat that sent its rich, perfect smell up into your brain until you wanted to pick it up in your hands and worry it like an enemy—meat——

He lay back on his pillow, almost trembling with the violence of his wish for a piece of meat. But after a while he managed to fall asleep.

It was light again. He looked in the mirror as he was dressing. He seemed to be having a great deal of trouble with his clothes this morning—they had too many buttons—they were hard to put on. A four days' beard had not improved his appearance, certainly—even shaving soap had been barred by Slake. But otherwise he seemed to himself to be much as usual. The cheeks were a little hollower perhaps; the beard made it hard to tell. His eyes, too—they seemed larger, somehow, and as if they were in fever. Only two days more!

When he was dressed, he got to his chair on legs that seemed yards from his body, sank into it and fell asleep again.

He was wakened from a dream in which the walls of the room had turned to meat. He ate and ate, but as soon as he swallowed a morsel it seemed to vanish into air; it never reached his stomach. Slake's voice:

"Good morning, Mr. Latimer."

The usual questions and answers. "I am perfectly satisfied." The key in the door. Ten hours till Slake came again.

Again he dreamed, and this time there was a long table like the buffet table of a club directly in front of him. Slake was at his shoulder, purring. "There is your dinner, Mr. Latimer. You are quite at liberty to choose anything you like." But Latimer's hands were tied behind him, and though he bent his neck forward till it seemed as if it would break, the food was always an inch beyond his lips. "Dinner is served, Mr. Latimer," and multitudes of people came and took food from the table, deliberately, boredly, gluttonously. They took it away. He could see them eating it; he could hear the munching of jaws, the tinkle of silver on china. "Not bad, the cold lobster—really, not bad at all." Saliva poured into his mouth; all the things that had ever been food since the beginning of time lay there in front of him, and he could not touch a morsel of it; he could not, though he strove with the last ache of his strength.

He woke and went for a drink of water. How useless water was. You could pour the flimsy stuff down your throat in gallons and it didn't help at all.

Catherine didn't get up till late today, he noticed—not until about the time when lunch would have ended—if there ever had been such a thing as lunch. She was wholly without color now, her face had the pallor of wax, but her eyes were indomitable. They gave him strength for a little. Only now neither could stay at the window for more than a few minutes at a time; they were both too weak.

He was counting those infernal birds on the wall again, some time in the afternoon; he didn't know what time. This time there were twenty-two on the wall that faced him. He counted them over and over. Twenty-two.

It was a good deal later. What was this stuff he had in his mouth—this thing you could chew and chew without ever getting sustenance? Oh, yes, he remembered now! In sieges—eating grass. Fooling your stomach by putting almost anything in it; that made it hurt less. But there wasn't any grass here, of course, so he had tried paper—a flyleaf out of the Koran. Disgusting. And then pieces of towel—it was probably towel he had now. But it didn't help.

It was night now. Slake had come in and taken away the books.

"I had forgotten that they might be—misapplied," he had said. That was probably because he had noticed the teeth-marks on the leather binding of the Hindu book.

Pain. Pain that was as much a part of him as the tick of his heart. Pain that took him up in its soft,

Stephen Vincent Benét

In 1785, Esteban Benét, sea captain, came from the island of Minorca and settled in Florida. His great-great-grandson is Stephen Vincent Benét, who at thirty-two is a poet and writer of distinction, winner of the Pulitzer prize for his narrative poem, John Brown's Body.

Benét published his first writings in the St. Nicholas Magazine *at the age of twelve, and a book of poems at sixteen. He went to Yale, where he won the chief honors of the university, scholastic and social, and any number of outside prizes. At the outbreak of the war, by memorizing an eye-chart (he cannot see two feet from his nose without glasses) he managed to get into the army, and spent three days peeling potatoes before his deception was discovered and he was honorably discharged.*

During the next decade he wrote novels, stories and poems with steadily increasing power and success. In 1926 he was awarded the Guggenheim fellowship which enabled him to write John Brown's Body.

heavy hands and squeezed his body between them like a fruit. The line between actuality and those things that were only in the mind—the room in which he lived and those universes of hot food that swam before drowsy eyes like a succession of raw and gaudy lights—growing fainter and fainter like a line rubbed out of a drawing. Unspeakable weakness. Fever in the head. Bad dreams.

It had been dark for a while and now it was light again—real light, not electric light. Morning. Must get dressed before Slake came in for the morning. Slake had been in already—how many times? He didn't know.

He was sitting in his chair composedly when Slake entered. He must find out what day it was.

"Still no complaints, Mr. Latimer?"

"Still no complaints." He had let his eyelids droop a little—if Slake saw too close into his eyes, Slake would know.

"After all, Mr. Slake, it won't be for very much longer," he said in a voice that seemed to come thinly from a great distance.

"True," Slake was purring, "true. A mere question of hours, shall we say?" He was looking keenly at Latimer.

"Hours!" croaked Latimer avidly. "Hours! Yes."

"Or shall we say—days?" Slake dropped the last word into the silence like a leaden weight.

"Days, days. Is it days?"

"I'm afraid you will have to puzzle that out for yourself, Mr. Latimer."

The door closed.

LATIMER WAS GLAD that he had had the foresight to move his chair directly under the window yesterday. Even so it had taken him the strugglings of an ant with an overlarge pebble and the sweat had poured from his hands at the end. Today it would have been just impossible. Today. Why, today it had been a matter of meticulously planned effort and conquest to get from his bed to his chair; and even so it would have taken him years to manage it if it hadn't been for the table which offered a prop and resting place midway.

He dozed fitfully, tormented by visions of plenty. It must be afternoon.

There was a feeble sound going on somewhere near him—a sound like the noise of a moth beating itself against the glass of a lamp. He raised his head and listened. Catherine?

He dragged himself to his feet, gripping on the windowsill for support till the tips of his fingers were white. There was a face at the other side of the window—Catherine's face.

The face was trying to smile. How could it smile? It was trying to speak, but his mind was too blurred to read what it said with its soundless, moving lips. All he knew was that the face was Catherine's and that she was starving.

He fell back from the window and covered his face with his hands.

He did not know how long the fit of ugly weeping lasted that shook him so hysterically. But when it was over, his mind, in spite of the intermittent burnings of its fever, was quite composed. This couldn't go on. This was over. They had come to the end.

After an immense amount of time had passed, Slake came. Latimer heard his key and quieted himself with a straining effort. He must speak slowly, calmly.

"I'm afraid—I shall have to withdraw from the contest—Mr. Slake."

"Really?" Slake's eyes were duller than stone. "When only a few more hours would have brought us to the most interesting part?"

"Yes."

"And—may I ask you why?"

"Catherine," said Latimer weakly. He was ashamed of not saying more, but every word that he spoke seemed to take some of his life out with it as it left his mouth.

"I see," said Slake dubiously. "I see. And yet the young lady seems to be standing it very well—she is less plump, perhaps, but—well, I shall go and consult her." He turned away. In a short time he was back.

"I am sorry, Mr. Latimer, but Miss Vane refuses to consider any withdrawal on her part," he said, his eyes a-dance again. "And therefore, by the terms of our agreement——"

"Damn the agreement!" Latimer had risen now—he was moving toward Slake—moving with the tortuous cautiousness of the cripple—his right hand clenched.

"Damn the agreement—and you—and you—and you—you devil from hell!" and he suddenly snarled like a dog and sprang for Slake's throat.

"Oh, would you, Mr. Latimer, would you?"

Slake had put him aside like a doll; he was holding him off at arm's length; the slender, feminine fingers had tightened around his throat like strangling wire. Latimer did not speak, as speech is known to humanity; he made inarticulate gobbling sounds and beat with his hands, but his eyes glared into Slake's eyes with a passion that had gone beyond fear.

"What an exhibition of temper!" said Slake—the cut in his voice was as if he were speaking to some small biting sort of animal. "What a pitiful exhibition!" And then he flung Latimer from him as if the latter were made out of paper.

Latimer lay on the floor for a moment, whining and striving to crawl forward on incapable limbs. Then Slake had gone—but Latimer realized with a thin tinge of imbecile pride that he had backed his way to the door.

He was left alone with his hunger—and that last glimpse of Catherine's face.

Exactly what Latimer did and said and thought during the next twenty-four hours he was, fortunately, not to remember except in snatches. There was a great deal of noise all about him, for one thing—an endless drumming pulsation of sound that was somehow part of him and yet seemed to come from outside himself as well and fill the whole world as a shell is filled with the tumult of the sea. He was the skin of the drum—and the drummer that played a measure for dancing skeletons upon it—and the twitching drumsticks—and the ear that heard and the mind that recorded all.

There was a squawking voice—not his own—it couldn't be his own—his voice had never sounded like that—that kept talking to itself and cursing somebody called Slake in a high, recurrent gasp. There were colors that streaked before his eyes like blots of vivid light, piercing colors of sunset-orange and scarlet and bright green. These settled to the burning ruddiness of the heart like a furnace; and that ruddiness was within him also, oddly. It scorched at him as if he were the furnace itself and someone had lighted a fire that ate over his bones and flesh without consuming one cell of them, with only torment. There was a reeling phantasmagoria of dreams like the patterns a madman draws in the air: and at the end of it a collapse into broken peace, a peace so complete and sightless, that, he thought dully, he must have died.

Afoot and Light-Hearted

By WALT WHITMAN

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I myself am good-fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing.
Strong and content I travel the open road.

Then somebody was carrying him like a great shattered toy along a smooth, paneled corridor.

"Nurse," he giggled to himself insanely, his lips moving with little sound.

He was being put down on something that yielded and—was soft. For a long time it seemed to him, he lay there, delicately and easily, his body relaxed, as a man might lie in warm water.

After that measureless time he turned his head toward his left side. He was lying on a couch in a room which was not the room in which he had been tortured, he realized without surprise.

Three steps away from him, if he had been able to rise, there was another couch. A figure lay on the couch—a woman, by the dress. His eyes regarded her incuriously. Why was she there? His eyes went back to the ceiling. The ceiling was cool and white. It was nothing to do with pain.

After another time a faint prickling begun to work like yeast inside his body. It ran over him at first like the feet of a small and rapid animal. Then it settled to one place, as such an animal might settle, finding food. It begun to gnaw.

He was hungry. He opened his mouth, but no sounds came. When people were hungry, they asked. Then they were given food, he seemed to remember. Food.

"Food," he said faintly, his lips writhing back from his teeth.

A voice from somewhere distant; a smooth voice. He hated the voice; it made his flesh bristle as if he had stroked the fur of a cat the wrong way.

"There is food on the floor," said the voice. It waited. "There is food on the floor," it said again.

He raised himself on one arm with an immensity of effort. His eyes looked at the space between the two couches. There was something there on a plate, something white and solid. A slice of bread.

The figure on the other couch had stirred now, too. It had raised itself on an arm—its great eyes stared at the bread. Then its eyes left the bread and looked into his, without recognition. His muscles began to tense. That thing on the other couch had seen the food, too. That thing wanted the food as bitterly and wholly as he wanted it; he could tell that by its eyes.

For a long time they lay there, looking at each other suspiciously, like starving dogs across a bone. Then Latimer looked at the bread again, and his whole body seemed to grow thin with longing. It was such a little, little piece of bread.

Slowly, with the cautious movements of a thief, putting his hands in front of him like the paws of a cat, Latimer slid down from the couch. Then he rested on all fours for a moment, gazing at the woman. A vast wave of unspeakable relief passed through his body. She had not got down from her couch to meet him—to fight him for that food. She was not able. She could only lie there and stare at the bread with eyes that seemed to pierce it; most intent, most hopeless eyes.

His hand reached out and touched the bread. Shyly. He shivered, as a dog shivers on being stroked, at the exquisiteness of that touch. There was not very much of it—that piece of bread—but its surface was rough and pleasant. He knew to the last quarter-crumb of it how tinglingly rich and satisfying it would be. It was good bread. Good bread.

The woman on the couch had made a tiny despairing sound at seeing him touch the bread. For a moment, now that the bread was in his hands, he forgot about it, looking at her. Who was she, that strange gaunt woman who could not move to come down to take the bread away from him? His mind tried perplexedly to remember—for ages, it seemed.

It was pitiful to see her lying there, making no movement. After he had eaten the bread he might have strength enough to go over to her and find out who she was and what she wanted. Not now, though. Not now.

The lust for the bread possessed him until he shuddered. His fingers closed over it, grippingly, tenderly, possessively. In a moment he would feel the first sweet taste of it on his tongue. His hand began to go to his mouth—not very fast or he might drop the bread.

Somewhere in the room someone who was not the woman had laughed. He paused, hugging the bread to his breast, his eyes going furtively about him. They should not have that bread—it was his, his, his!

A frail whisper of sound came to his ears.

"Sherwood," it was saying. "Sherwood." He nodded. That was his name. He was Sherwood Latimer, the man who had bread at last.

"Sherry!" said the whisper, again, insistently, growing still stronger. "Oh, Sherry dear, my dear!"

The bread was very near his mouth now—his mouth that slavered at it unconsciously—but he did not look at it. He looked at the strange woman.

"Sherry, dear. Dear Sherry. Oh, Sherry, I'm so hungry!" the voice wailed thinly like a child.

And then there was a soft bright shock in his mind like the impact of a blunted arrow and the whole room seemed to right itself before him as if it had been swinging upside down in space. That was Catherine, that lean, worn image of fever on the couch. That was Catherine, Catherine, Catherine! And she was hungry. Sighing, he put the bread away from his lips. It was all very simple now.

Holding the hand with the bread in it in front of him as a dog holds out a hurt paw, he began the immense journey across the floor to the other couch. Catherine was hungry, so he must feed her; that was all. It was very lucky indeed, he thought dully, that somebody had left that piece of bread on the plate.

He reached her side and rose clumsily to his knees. He broke the bread into two pieces and laid one carefully on the floor. If she was as hungry as he was, it wouldn't be good for her to eat that whole slice of bread all at once—he remembered that now.

His arm went around her shoulders, the hand settled and was at rest in the soft curls of her hair. The other hand had crumbled a small piece of bread. Their eyes looked at each other deeply; this time they knew.

"Dear Sherry," she said with a gulp. Something burned behind his eyes like salt.

"Bread. Eat it," he said childishly, in a choking voice. His head sank on her breast. Even now, and though she was Catherine, he could hardly bear to see her take the bread. He waited agonizedly for her to be finished. When she was, in spite of everything, he would give her the rest.

Then he felt his hand at her mouth being pushed away by her weak hand. He raised his head.

"You first—you're—you're hungrier!" she whispered. His fingers relaxed. The bread fell to the floor.

"Time!" said a voice behind them, and then, "Time—all over!" And then, "Oh, pick it up, you babies, do you think I'm going to feed you?" in tones of outrageous disappointment. But they were not listening. They were holding each other close.

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Preface
to the
First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, 1623

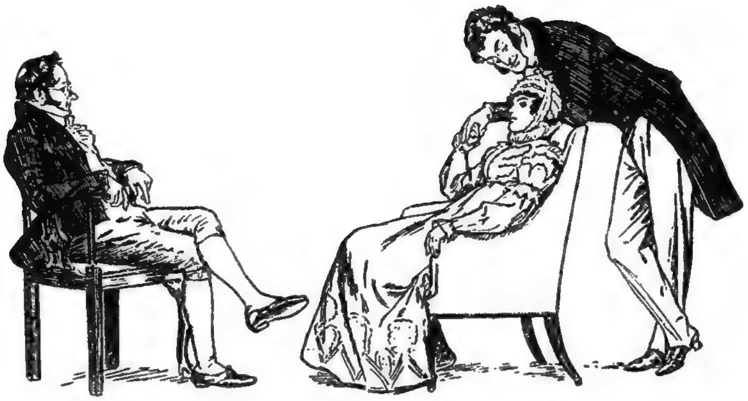
To the Great Variety of Readers

[*Seven years after Shakespeare's death, John Heminge and Henry Condell, two of his fellow-actors, brought out the first complete edition of his plays. Almost half of these plays had never been published, and they might have been lost to the world but for the enterprise of these two men who thus introduced perhaps the most important single book in the imaginative literature of the world.*]

FROM THE MOST ABLE, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; but since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE, HENRY CONDELL.



Drawings by
Charles E. Brock

A Bachelor's Complaint

of the Behavior of Married People

By CHARLES LAMB

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit is an error of quite a different description—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving either: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offense, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offense to them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he would not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact that, having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this a ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know that I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

1. They are too loving in public.
2. They give themselves excessive airs.
3. We must admire their children.
4. New wives censor old friendships.

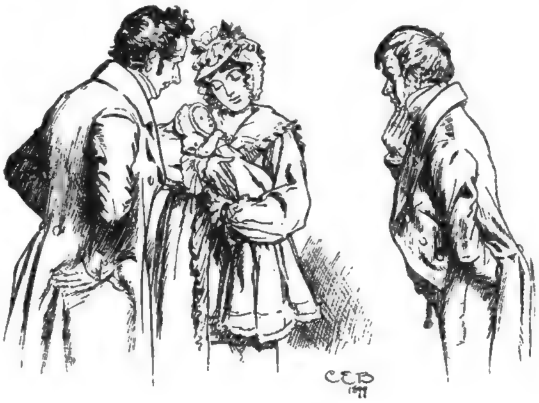
Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are—that every street and blind alley swarms with them—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common——

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we,* who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense—our tribute and homage of admiration—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed; they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. —— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.



I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se;* I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage—if you did not come in on the wife's side—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelve-month shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him—before they that are now man and wife ever met—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings.*

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity,* is one of the ways—they have a particular stare for the purpose—till at last the husband who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This is the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem—that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity. . . .

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at the houses of married people. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavor. . . .

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Paper Money *in* 1292

FOR HUNDREDS of years Marco Polo bore a distinguished title as the world's most delightful liar. Now, however, nearly all of the supposed flights of his imagination have been proved true—but none the less delightful.

Paper money was, of course, an unheard of and incredible commodity in the Europe of his day.

IN THIS CITY of Kanbalu is the mint of the Great Khan, who may truly be said to possess the secret of the alchemists, as he has the art of producing money by the following process.

He causes the bark to be stripped from those mulberry trees the leaves of which are used for feeding silkworms, and takes from it that thin inner rind which lies between the coarser bark and the wood of the tree. This being steeped, and afterwards pounded in a mortar until reduced to a pulp, is made into paper, resembling, in substance, that which is manufactured from cotton, but quite black. When ready for use, he has it cut into pieces of money of different sizes, nearly square, but somewhat longer than they are wide. Of these, the smallest pass for a half tournois; the next size for a Venetian silver groat; others for two, five, and ten groats; others for one, two, three, and as far as ten bezants of gold. The coinage of this paper money is authenticated with as much form and ceremony as if it were actually of pure gold or silver; for to each note a number of officers, specially appointed, not only subscribe their names, but affix their seals also. When this has been regularly done by the whole of them, the principal officer, appointed by his Majesty, having dipped into vermilion the royal seal committed to his custody, stamps with it the piece of paper, so that the form of the seal tinged with the vermilion remains impressed upon it. In this way it receives full authenticity as current money, and the act of counterfeiting it is punished as a capital offense.

When thus coined in large quantities, this paper currency is circulated in every part of the Great Khan's dominions; nor dares any person, at the peril of his life, refuse to accept it in payment. All his subjects receive it without hesitation, because, wherever their business may call them, they can dispose of it again in the purchase of merchandise they may require; such as pearls, jewels, gold, or silver. With it, in short, every article may be procured.*

Several times in the course of the year, large caravans of merchants arrive with such articles as have just been mentioned, together with gold tissues, which they lay before the Great Khan. He thereupon calls together twelve experienced and skilful persons, selected for this purpose, whom he commands to examine the articles with great care, and to fix the value at which they should be purchased. Upon the sum at which they have been thus conscientiously appraised he allows a reasonable profit, and immediately pays for them with this paper. To this the owners can have no objection, because it answers the purpose of their own disbursements.

When any persons happen to be possessed of paper money which from long use has become damaged, they carry it to the mint, where, upon the payment of only three per cent., they receive fresh notes in exchange. Should any be desirous of procuring gold or silver for the purposes of manufacture, such as of drinking-cups, girdles, or other articles wrought of these metals, they in like manner apply to the mint, and for their paper obtain the bullion they require.

All his Majesty's armies are paid with this currency, which is to them of the same value as if it were gold or silver. Upon these grounds, it may certainly be affirmed that the Great Khan has a more extensive command of treasure than any other sovereign in the universe.

—*The Travels of Marco Polo.*

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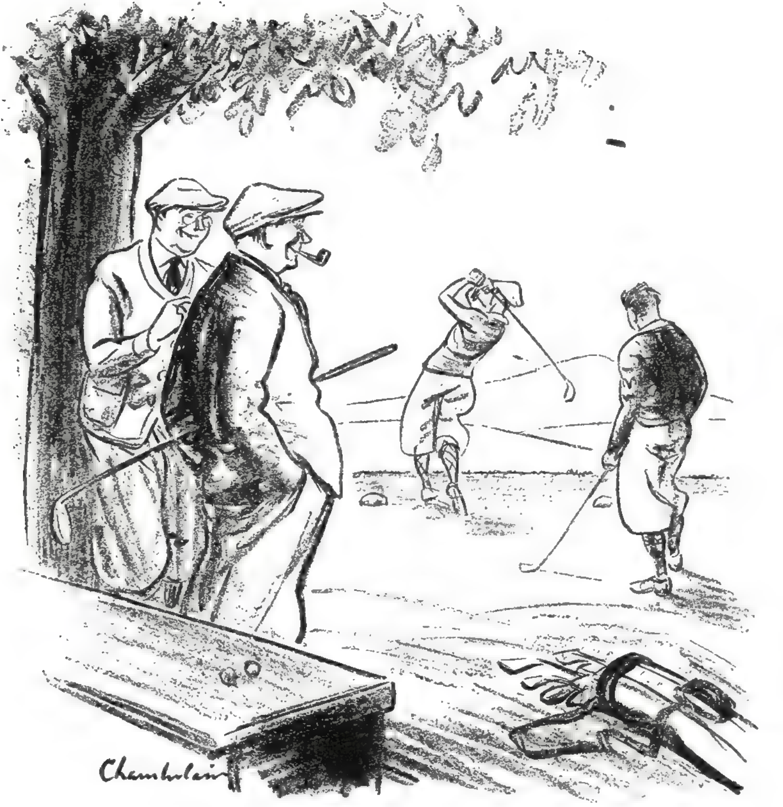
*"Early in the ninth century, bills of exchange came into use; and from the middle of the twelfth century paper money became quite common, and is still in general use all over China, notes being issued in some places for amounts less even than a shilling." Giles, *The Civilization of China.*

Even Threes



Each time . . . a murmuring may be heard: "Even Threes."

Ever since the historic day when a visiting clergyman accomplished the feat of pulling a ball from the tenth tee at an angle of two hundred and twenty-five degrees into the river that is the rightful receptacle for the eighth tee, the Stockbridge golf-course has had seventeen out of eighteen holes that are punctuated with water hazards. The charming course itself lies in the flat of the sunken meadows which the Housatonic, in the few thousand years which are necessary for the proper preparation of a golf-course, has obligingly eaten out of the high, accompanying bluffs. The river, which goes wriggling on its way as though convulsed with merriment, is garnished with luxurious elms and willows, which occasionally deflect to the difficult putting-greens the random slices of certain notorious amateurs.

From the spectacular bluffs of the educated village of Stockbridge nothing can be imagined more charming than the panorama that the course presents on a busy day. Across the soft, green stretches, diminutive caddies may be seen scampering with long buckling-nets, while from the river-banks numerous recklessly exposed legs wave in the air as the more socially presentable portions hang frantically over the swirling current. Occasionally an enthusiastic golfer, driving from the eighth or ninth tees, may be seen to start immediately in headlong pursuit of a diverted ball, the swing of the club and the intuitive leap of the legs forward forming so continuous a movement that the main purpose of the game often becomes obscured to the mere spectator. Nearer, in the numerous languid swales that nature has generously provided to protect the interests of the manufacturers, or in the rippling patches of unmown grass that in the later hours will be populated by enthusiastic caddies, desperate groups linger in botanizing attitudes.

Every morning lawyers who are neglecting their clients, doctors who have forgotten their patients, business men who have sacrificed their affairs, even ministers of the gospel who have forsaken their churches, gather in the noisy dressing-room and listen with servile attention while some unscrubbed boy who goes around under eighty imparts a little of his miraculous knowledge.

Two hours later, for every ten that have gone out so blithely, two return crushed and despondent, denouncing and renouncing the game, once and for all, absolutely and finally, until the afternoon, when they return like thieves in the night and venture out in a desperate hope; two more come stamping back in even more offensive enthusiasm; and the remainder straggle

Chamberlain

Grantland Rice chose this story for us

America's foremost sports writer thinks this story of every golfer's dream is the best golf story he knows.

By OWEN JOHNSON

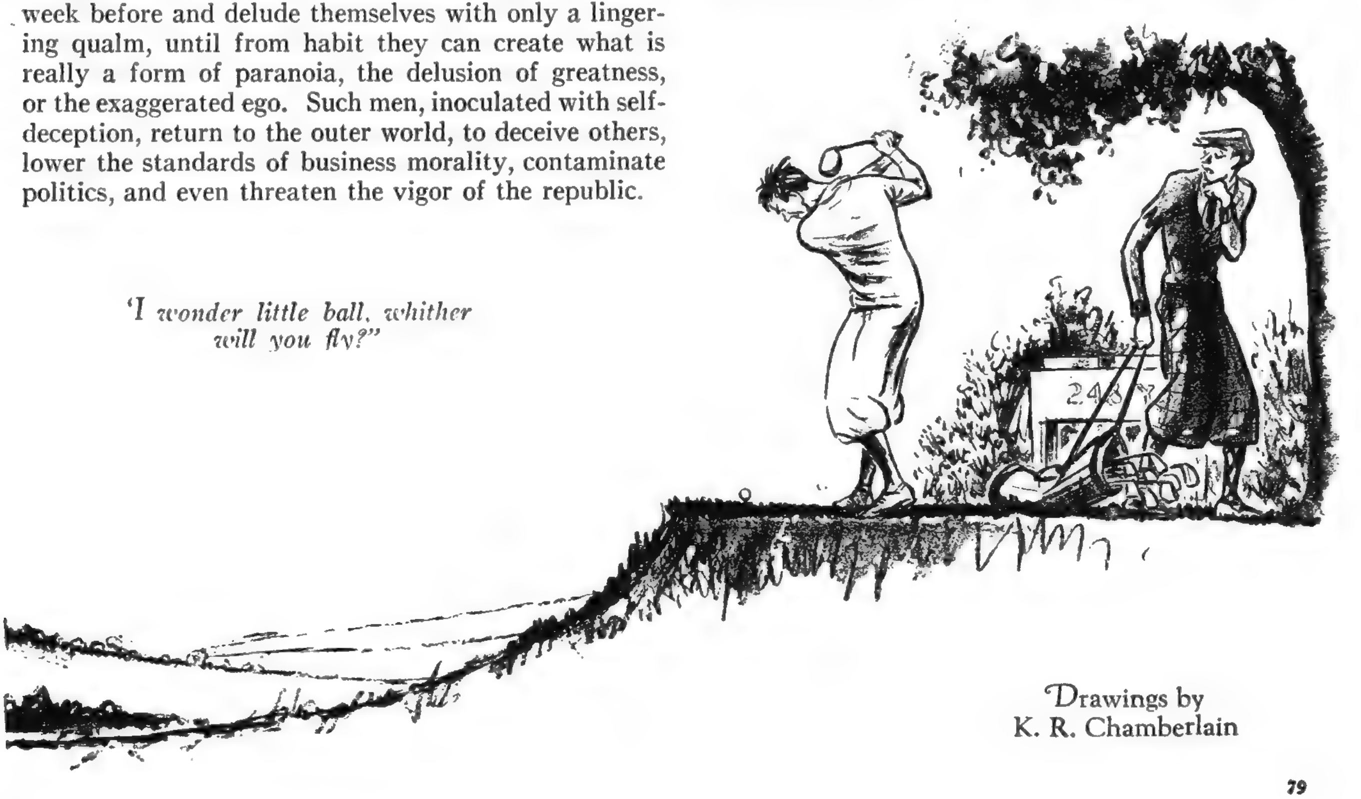
Owen Johnson

home moody and disillusioned, reviving their sunken spirits by impossible tales of past accomplishments.

There is something about these twilight gatherings that suggests the degeneracy of a rugged race; nor is it the contamination of merely local significance. There are those who lie consciously, with a certain frank, commendable, whole-hearted plunge into iniquity. Such men return to their worldly callings with intellectual vigor unimpaired and a natural reaction toward the decalogue. Others of more casuistical temperament, unable all at once to throw over the traditions of a New England conscience to the exigencies of the game, do not at once burst into falsehood, but by a confusing process weaken their memories and corrupt their imaginations. They never lie of the events of the day. Rather they return to some jumbled happening of the week before and delude themselves with only a lingering qualm, until from habit they can create what is really a form of paranoia, the delusion of greatness, or the exaggerated ego. Such men, inoculated with self-deception, return to the outer world, to deceive others, lower the standards of business morality, contaminate politics, and even threaten the vigor of the republic.

R. N. Booverman, the Treasurer, and Theobald Pickings, the unenvied Secretary of an unenvied board, arrived at the first tee at precisely ten o'clock on a certain favorable morning in early August to begin the thirty-six holes which six times a week, six months of the year, they played together as sympathetic and well-matched adversaries. Their intimacy had arisen primarily from the fact that Pickings was the only man willing to listen to Booverman's restless dissertations on the malignant fates which seemed to pursue him even to the neglect of their international duties, while Booverman suffered Pickings to enlarge on his theory of the rolling versus the flat putting-greens.

Pickings was one of those correctly fashioned and punctilious golfers whose stance was modeled on classic lines, whose drive, though it averaged only twenty-five yards over the hundred, was always a well-oiled and graceful exhibition of the Royal St. Andrew's swing, the left sole thrown up, the eyeballs bulging with the last muscular tension, the club carried back until the whole body was contorted into the first position of the traditional hoop-snake preparing to descend a hill. He used the interlocking grip, carried a bag with a spoon driver, an aluminum cleek, had three abnormal putters, and wore one chamois glove with air-holes on the back. He never accomplished the course in less than eighty-five and never exceeded ninety-four, but, having aimed to set a correct example rather than to strive vulgarly for professional records, was always optimistic due to a complete sartorial satisfaction.



"I wonder little ball, whither will you fly?"

Drawings by
K. R. Chamberlain

Booverman, on the contrary, had been hailed in his first years as a coming champion. With three holes eliminated, he could turn in a card distinguished for its fours and threes; but unfortunately these sad lapses inevitably occurred. As Booverman himself admitted, his appearance on the golf-links was the signal for the capricious imps of chance who stir up politicians to indiscreet truths and keep the Balkan pot of discord bubbling, to forsake immediately these prime duties, and enjoy a little relaxation at his expense.

Now, for the first three years Booverman had responded in a manner to delight imp and devil. When, standing thirty-four for the first six holes, he sliced into the jungle, and, after twenty minutes of frantic beating of the bush, was forced to acknowledge a lost ball and no score, he promptly sat down, tore large clutches of grass from the sod, and expressed himself to the admiring delight of the caddies, who favorably compared his flow of impulsive expletives to the choice moments of their own home life. At other times he would take an offending club firmly in his big hands and break it into four pieces, which he would drive into the ground, hurling the head itself, with a last diabolical gesture, into the Housatonic River, which, as may be repeated, wriggled its way through the course as though convulsed with merriment.

There were certain trees into which he inevitably drove, certain waggish bends of the river where, no matter how he might face, he was sure to arrive. There was a space of exactly ten inches under the clubhouse where his balls alone could disappear. He never ran down a long put, but always hung on the rim of the cup. It was his adversary who executed phenomenal shots, approaches of eighty yards that dribbled home, sliced drives that hit a fence and bounded back to the course. Nothing of this agreeable sort had ever happened or could ever happen to him. Finally the conviction of a certain predestined damnation settled upon him. He no longer struggled; his once rollicking spirits settled into a moody despair. Nothing encouraged him or could trick him into a display of hope. If he achieved a four and two twos on the first holes, he would say vindictively:

"What's the use? I'll lose my ball on the fifth."

OWEN JOHNSON *is a genuine humorist—one whose humor wells up from a sympathetic understanding of everyday man—whether the schoolboy of his Lawrenceville stories or the ripening business man who here realizes every golfer's dream, with unexpected consequences.*

He is the son of Robert Underwood Johnson, once editor of the Century Magazine, distinguished literary man and an Ambassador to Italy. At the age of twelve, Owen and a friend edited a paper which bore the honest statement "Published as often as we can get it out." He was educated at Lawrenceville and Yale, and has immortalized those places of learning for thousands of readers in such volumes as Lawrenceville Stories, Skippy Bedelle *and* Stover at Yale.

And when this happened, he no longer swore, but said gloomily with even a sense of satisfaction: "You can't get me excited. Didn't I know it would happen?"

Once in a while he had broken out:

"If ever my luck changes, if it comes all at once——"

But he never ended the sentence, ashamed, as it were, to have indulged in such a childish fancy. Yet, as Providence moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, it was just this invincible pessimism that alone could have permitted Booverman to accomplish the incredible experience that befell him.

CHAPTER II

TOPICS OF ENGROSSING mental interest are bad form on the golf-links, since they leave a disturbing memory in the mind to divert it from that absolute intellectual concentration which the game demands. Therefore Pickings and Booverman, as they started toward the crowded first tee, remarked *de rigueur:*

"Good weather."

"A bit of a breeze."

"Not strong enough to affect the drives."

"The greens have baked out."

"Fast as I've seen them."

"Well, it won't help me."

"How do you know?" said Pickings, politely, for the hundredth time. "Perhaps this is the day you'll get your score."

Booverman ignored the remark, laying his ball on the rack, where two predecessors were waiting, and settled beside Pickings at the foot of the elm which later, he knew, would rob him of a four on the home green.

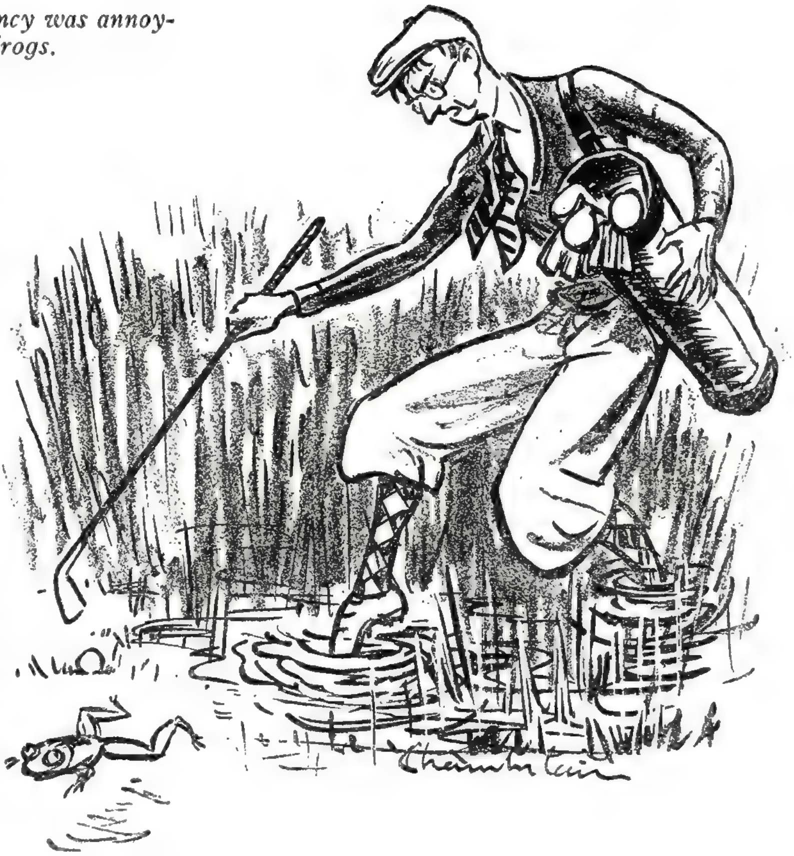
Wessels and Pollock, literary representatives, were preparing to drive. They were converts of the summer, each sacrificing their season's output in a frantic effort to surpass the other. Pickings, the purist, did not approve of them in the least. They brought to the royal and ancient game a spirit of Bohemian irreverence and banter that offended his serious enthusiasm.

When Wessels made a convulsive stab at his ball and luckily achieved good distance, Pollock remarked behind his hand, "A good shot, damn it!"

Wessels stationed himself in a hopefully deprecatory attitude and watched Pollock build a monument of sand, balance his ball, and whistling nervously through his teeth, lunge successfully down. Whereupon, in defiance of etiquette, he swore with equal fervor, and they started off chattering disrespectfully.

Pickings glanced at Booverman in a superior and critical way, but at this moment a thin, dyspeptic man with undisciplined whiskers broke in serenely without waiting for the answers to the questions he propounded.

"Ideal weather, eh? Came over from Norfolk this morning; ran over at fifty miles an hour. Some going, eh? They tell me you've quite a course here; record around seventy-one, isn't it? Good deal of water to



To the left, where Yancy was annoying the bull-frogs.

keep out of? You gentlemen some of the cracks? Course pretty fast with all this dry weather? What do you think of the one-piece driver? My friend, Judge Weatherup. My name's Yancy—Cyrus P."

A ponderous person who looked as though he had been pumped up for the journey gravely saluted, while his feverish companion rolled on:

"Your course's rather short, isn't it? Imagine it's rather easy for a straight driver. What's your record? Seventy-one amateur? Rather high, isn't it? Do you get many cracks around here? Caddies seem scarce. Did either of you gentlemen ever reflect how inspiring it is that better scores aren't made at this game? Now, take seventy-one; that's only one under fours, and I venture to say at least six of your holes are possible twos, and all the rest, sometime or other, have been made in three. Yet you never hear of phenomenal scores, do you, like a run of luck at roulette or poker? You get my idea?"

"I believe it is your turn, sir," said Pickings, both crushing and parliamentary. "There are several waiting."

Judge Weatherup drove a perfect ball into the long grass, where successful searches averaged ten minutes, while his voluble companion, with an immense expenditure of force, foozled into the swale to the left, which was both damp and retentive.

"Shall we play through?" said Pickings, with formal preciseness. He teed his ball, took exactly eight full practice swings, and drove one hundred and fifty yards as usual, directly in the middle of the course.

"Well, it's straight; that's all can be said for it," he said, as he would say at the next seventeen tees.

Booverman rarely employed that slogan. That straight and narrow path was not in his religious practice. He drove a long ball, and he drove a great many that did not return in his bag. He glanced resentfully to the right, where Judge Weatherup was straddling the fence, and to the left, where Yancy was annoying the bullfrogs.

"Darn them!" he said to himself. "Of course now I'll follow suit."

But whether or not the malignant force of suggestion was neutralized by the attraction in opposite directions, his drive went straight and far, a beautiful two hundred and forty yards.

"Fine shot, Mr. Booverman," said Frank, the professional, nodding his head, "free and easy, plenty of follow-through."

"You're on your drive today," said Pickings, cheerfully.

"Sure! When I get a good drive off the first tee," said Booverman, discouraged, "I mess up all the rest. You'll see."

"Oh, come now," said Pickings, as a matter of form. He played his shot, which came methodically to the edge of the green.

Booverman took his mashy for the short running-up stroke to the pin, which seemed so near.

"I suppose I've tried this shot a thousand times," he said savagely. "Any one else would get a three once in five times—any one but Jonah's favorite brother."

He swung carelessly, and watched with a tolerant interest the white ball roll on to the green straight for the flag. All at once Wessels and Pollock, who were ahead, sprang into the air and began agitating their hats.

"By George! it's in!" said Pickings. "You've run it down. First hole in two! Well, what do you think of that?"

Booverman, unconvinced, approached the hole with suspicion, gingerly removing the pin. At the bottom, sure enough, lay his ball for a phenomenal two.

"That's the first bit of luck that has ever happened to me," he said furiously; "absolutely the first time in my whole career."

"I say, old man," said Pickings, in remonstrance, "you're not angry about it, are you?"

"Well, I don't know whether I am or not," said Booverman, obstinately. In fact, he felt rather defrauded. The integrity of his record was attacked. "See here, I play thirty-six holes a day, two hundred and sixteen a week, a thousand a month, six thousand a year; ten years, sixty thousand holes; and this is the first time a bit of luck has ever happened to me—once in sixty thousand times."

Pickings wiped his forehead with his handkerchief

"It may come all at once," he said faintly.

This mild hope only infuriated Booverman. He had already teed his ball for the second hole, which was poised on a rolling hill one hundred and thirty-five yards away. It is considered rather easy as golf-holes go. The only dangers are a matted wilderness of long grass in front of the tee, the certainty of landing out of bounds on the slightest slice, and of rolling down hill into a soggy substance on a pull. Also there is a tree to be hit and a sand-pit to be sampled.

"Now watch my little friend the apple tree," said Booverman. "I'm going to play for it, because, if I slice, I lose my ball, and that knocks my whole game higher than a kite." He added between his teeth: "All I ask is to get around to the eighth hole before I lose my ball. I know I'll lose it there."

DUE TO THE FACT that his two on the first brought him not the slightest thrill of nervous joy, he made a perfect shot, the ball carrying the green straight and true.

"This is your day all right," said Pickings, stepping to the tee.

"Oh, there's never been anything the matter with my irons," said Booverman, darkly. "Just wait till we strike the fourth and fifth holes."

When they climbed the hill, Booverman's ball lay within three feet of the cup, which he easily putted out.

"Two down," said Pickings, inaudibly. "By George! what a glorious start!"

"Once in sixty thousand times," said Booverman to himself. The third hole lay two hundred and five yards below, backed by the road and trapped by ditches, where at that moment Pollock, true to his traditions as a war correspondent, was laboring in the trenches, to the unrestrained delight of Wessels, who had passed beyond.

"Theobald," said Booverman, selecting his cleek and speaking with inspired conviction, "I will tell you exactly what is going to happen. I will smite this little homeopathic pill, and it will land just where I want it. I will probably put out for another two. Three holes in twos would probably excite any other human being on the face of this globe. It doesn't excite me. I know too well what will follow on the fourth or fifth watch."

"Straight to the pin," said Pickings in a loud whisper. "You've got a dead line on every shot today. Marvelous! When you get one of your streaks, there's certainly no use in my playing."

"Streak's the word," said Booverman, with a short, barking laugh. "Thank heaven, though, Pickings, I know it! Five years ago I'd have been shaking like a leaf. Now it only disgusts me. I've been fooled too often; I don't bite again."

In this same profoundly melancholy mood he approached his ball, which lay on the green, hole high, and put down a difficult put, a good three yards for his third two.

Pickings, despite all his classic conservatism, was so overcome with excitement that he twice putted over the hole for a shameful five.

Booverman's face as he walked to the fourth tee was as joyless as a London fog. He placed his ball carelessly, selected his driver, and turned on the fidgety Pickings with the gloomy solemnity of a father about to indulge in corporal punishment.

"Once in sixty thousand times, Picky. Do you realize what a start like this—three twos—would mean to a professional like Frank or even an amateur that hadn't offended every busy little fate and fury in the whole hoodooing business? Why, the blooming record would be knocked into the middle of next week."

"You'll do it," said Pickings in a loud whisper. "Play carefully."

Booverman glanced down the four-hundred-yard straightaway and murmured to himself:

"I wonder, little ball, whither will you fly?
I wonder, little ball, have I bid you goodby?
Will it be 'mid the prairies in the regions to the west?
Will it be in the marshes where the pollywogs nest?
Oh, tell me, little ball, is it ta-ta or goodby?"

He pronounced the last word with a settled conviction, and drove another long, straight drive. Pickings, thrilled at the possibility of another miracle, sliced badly.

"This is one of the most truly delightful holes of a picturesque course," said Booverman, taking out an approaching cleek for his second shot. "Nothing is more artistic than the tiny little patch of putting-green under the shaggy branches of the willows. The receptive graveyard to the right gives a certain pathos to it, a splendid, quiet note in contrast to the feeling of the swift, hungry river to the left, which will now receive and carry from my outstretched hand this little white floater that will float away from me. No matter: I say again the fourth green is a thing of ravishing beauty."

His second shot, low and long, rolled up in the same unvarying line.

"On the green," said Pickings.

"Short," said Booverman, who found, to his satisfaction, that he was right by a yard.

"Take your time," said Pickings, biting his nails.

"Rats! I'll play it for a five," said Booverman.

His approach ran up on the line, caught the rim of the cup, hesitated, and passed on a couple of feet.

"A four, anyway," said Pickings, with relief.

"I should have had a three," said Booverman, doggedly. "Any one else would have had a three, straight on the cup. You'd have had a three, Picky; you know you would."

Pickings did not answer. He was slowly going to pieces, forgetting the invincible stoicism that is the pride of the true golfer.

"I say, take your time, old chap," he said, his voice no longer under control. "Go slow! Go slow!"

"Picky, for the first four years I played this course," said Booverman, angrily, "I never got better than a six on this simple three-hundred-and-fifty-yard hole. I lost my ball five times out of seven. There is something irresistibly alluring to me in the mosquito patches to my right. I think it is the fond hope that when I lose this nice new ball I may step inadvertently on one of its hundred brothers, which I may then bring home and give decent burial."

Pickings, who felt a mad and ungolfish desire to entreat him to caution, walked away to fight down his emotion.

"Well?" he said, after the click of the club had sounded.

"Well," said Booverman, without joy, "that ball is lying about two hundred and forty yards straight up the course, and by this time it has come quietly to a little cozy home in a nice, deep hoof track, just as I found it yesterday afternoon. Then I will have the exquisite pleasure of taking my niblick, and whanging it out for the loss of a stroke. That'll infuriate me, and I'll slice or pull. The best thing to do, I suppose, would be to play for a conservative six."

When, after four butchered shots, Pickings had advanced to where Booverman had driven, the ball lay in clear position just beyond the bumps and rills that ordinarily welcome a long shot. Booverman played a perfect mashie, which dropped clear on the green, and ran down a moderate put for a three.

They then crossed the road and arrived by a planked walk at a dirt mound in the midst of a swamp. Before them the cozy marsh lay stagnant ahead and then sloped to the right in the figure of a boomerang, making, for those who fancied a slice, a delightful little carry of one hundred and fifty yards. To the left was a procession of trees, while beyond, on the course, for those who drove a long ball, a giant willow had fallen the year before in order to add a new perplexity and foster the enthusiasm for luxury that was beginning among the caddies.

"I have a feeling," said Booverman, as though puzzled but not duped by what had happened—"I have a strange feeling that I'm not going to get into trouble here. That would be too obvious. It's at the seventh or eighth hole that something is lurking around for me. Well, I won't waste time."

He slapped down his ball, took a full swing, and carried the far-off bank with a low, shooting drive that continued bounding on.

"That ought to roll forever," said Pickings, red with excitement.

"The course is fast—dry as a rock," said Booverman, deprecatingly.

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for the Best Essay on

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The contest rules are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the preceding month.

◆ The next Prize-Winning Essay will be published in our July issue. ◆

Pickings put three balls precisely into the bubbling water, and drew alongside on his eighth shot. Booverman's drive had skimmed over the dried plain for a fair two hundred and seventy-five yards. His second shot, a full brassy, rolled directly on the green.

"If he makes a four here," said Pickings to himself, "he'll be playing five under four—no, by thunder! seven under four!" Suddenly he stopped, overwhelmed. "Why, he's actually around threes—two under three now. Heavens! if he ever suspects it, he'll go into a thousand pieces."

As a result, he missed his own ball completely, and then topped it for a bare fifty yards.

"I've never seen you play so badly," said Booverman in a grumbling tone. "You'll end up by throwing me off."

When they arrived at the green, Booverman's ball lay about thirty feet from the flag.

"It's a four, a sure four," said Pickings under his breath.

Suddenly Booverman burst into an exclamation.

"Picky, come here. Look—look at that!"

The tone was furious. Pickings approached.

"Do you see that?" said Booverman, pointing to a freshly laid circle of sod ten inches from his ball. "That, my boy, was where the cup was yesterday. If they hadn't moved the flag two hours ago, I'd have had a three. Now, what do you think of that for rotten luck?"

"Lay it dead," said Pickings, anxiously, shaking his head sympathetically. "The green's a bit fast."

The put ran slowly up to the hole, and stopped four inches short.

"By heavens! why didn't I put over it!" said Booverman, brandishing his putter. "A thirty-foot put that stops an inch short—did you ever see anything like it? By everything that's just and fair I should have had a three. You'd have had it, Picky. Lord! if I could only put!"

"One under three," said Pickings to his fluttering inner self. "He can't realize it. If I can only keep his mind off the score!"

The seventh tee is reached by a carefully planned, fatiguing flight of steps to the top of a bluff, where three churches at the back beckon so many recording angels to swell the purgatory lists. As you advance to the abrupt edge, everything is spread before you; nothing is concealed. In the first place, the entangling branches of a score of apple-trees are ready to trap a topped ball and bury it under impossible piles of dry leaves. Beyond, the wired tennis-courts give forth a musical, tinny note when attacked. In the middle distance a glorious sycamore draws you to the left, and a file of elms beckon the sliced way to a marsh, a wilderness of grass and an overgrown gully whence no balls return. In front, one hundred and twenty yards away, is a formidable bunker, running up to which is a tract of long grass, which two or three times a year is barbered by charitable enterprise. The seventh hole itself lies two hundred and sixty yards away in a hollow guarded by a sunken ditch, a sure three or—a sure six.

BOOVERMAN WAS STILL too indignant at the trick fate had played him on the last green to yield to any other emotion. He forgot that a dozen good scores had ended abruptly in the swale to the right. He was only irritated. He plumped down his ball, dug his toes in the ground, and sent off another long, satisfactory drive, which added more fuel to his anger.

"Any one else would have had a three on the sixth," he muttered as he left the tee. "It's too ridiculous."

He had a short approach and an easy put, plucked his ball from the cup, and said in an injured tone:

"Picky, I feel bad about that sixth hole, and the fourth, too. I've lost a stroke on each of them. I'm playing two strokes more than I ought to be. Hang it all! that sixth wasn't right! You told me the green was fast."

"I'm sorry," said Pickings, feeling his fingers grow cold and clammy on the grip.

The eighth hole has many easy opportunities. It is five hundred and twenty yards long, and things may happen at every stroke. You may begin in front of the tee by burying your ball in the waving grass, which is always permitted a sort of poetical license. There are the traps to the seventh hole to be crossed, and to the right the paralleling river can be reached by a short stab or a long, curling slice, which the prevailing wind obligingly assists to a splashing descent.

"And now we have come to the eighth hole," said Booverman, raising his hat in profound salutation. "Whenever I arrive here with a good score I take from eight to eighteen, I lose one to three balls. On the contrary, when I have an average of six, I always get a five and often a four. How this hole has changed my entire life!" He raised his ball and addressed it tenderly: "And now, little ball, we must part, you and I. It seems a shame; you're the nicest little ball I ever have known. You've stuck to me an awful long while. It's a shame."

He teed up, and drove his best drive, and followed it with a brassy that laid him twenty yards off the green, where a good approach brought the desired four.

"Even threes," said Pickings to himself, as though he had seen a ghost. Now he was only a golfer of one generation; there was nothing in his inheritance to steady him in such a crisis. He began slowly to disintegrate morally, to revert to type. He contained himself until Booverman had driven free of the river, which flanks the entire green passage to the ninth hole, and then barely controlling the impulse to catch Booverman by the knees and implore him to discretion, he burst out:

"I say, dear boy, do you know what your score is?"

"Something well under four," said Booverman, scratching his head.

"Under four, nothing; even threes!"

"What?"

"Even threes."

They stopped, and tabulated the holes.

"So it is," said Booverman, amazed. "What an infernal pity!"

"Pity?"

"Yes, pity. If only someone else could play it out!"

He studied the hundred and fifty yards that were needed to reach the green that was set in the crescent of surrounding trees, changed his brassy for his cleek, and his cleek for his midiron.

"I wish you hadn't told me," he said nervously.

Pickings on the instant comprehended his blunder. For the first time Booverman's shot went wide of the mark, straight into the trees that bordered the river to the left.

"I'm sorry," said Pickings with a feeble groan.

"My dear Picky, it had to come," said Booverman, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The ball is now lost, and all the score goes into the air, the most miraculous score anyone ever heard of is nothing but a crushed egg!"

"It may have bounded back on the course," said Pickings, desperately.

"No, no, Picky; not that. In all the sixty thousand times I have hit trees, barns, car-tracks, caddies, fences——"

"There it is!" cried Pickings, with a shout of joy.

Fair on the course, at the edge of the green itself, lay the ball, which soon was sunk for a four. Pickings felt a strange, unaccountable desire to leap upon Booverman like a fluffy, enthusiastic dog; but he fought it back with the new sense of responsibility that came to him. So he said artfully:

"By George! old man, if you hadn't missed on the fourth or the sixth, you'd have done even threes!"

"You know what I ought to do now—I ought to stop," said Booverman, in profound despair—"quit golf and never lift another club. It's a crime to go on; it's a crime to spoil such a record. Twenty-eight for nine holes, only forty-two needed for the next nine to break the record, and I have done it in thirty-three—and in fifty-three! I ought not to try; it's wrong."

He teed his ball for the two-hundred-yard flight to the easy tenth, and took his cleek.

"I know just what'll happen now; I know it well."

But this time there was no varying in the flight; the drive went true to the green, straight on the flag, where a good but not difficult put brought a two.

"Even threes again," said Pickings, but to himself. "It can't go on. It must turn."

"Now, Pickings, this is going to stop," said Booverman, angrily. "I'm not going to make a fool of myself.

I'm going right up to the tee, and I'm going to drive my ball right smack into the woods and end it. And I don't care."

"What!"

"No, I don't care. Here goes."

Again his drive continued true, the mashy pitch for the second was accurate, and his put, after circling the rim of the cup, went down for a three.

The twelfth hole is another dip into the long grass that might serve as an elephant's bed, and then across the Housatonic River, a carry of one hundred and twenty yards to the green at the foot of an intruding tree.

"Oh, I suppose I'll make another three here, too," said Booverman, moodily. "That'll only make it worse."

He drove with his midiron high in the air and full on the flag. The worst, he knew, was yet to come.

"I'll play my put carefully for a three," he said, nodding his head. Instead, it ran straight and down for a two.

So Sweet Love Seemed

By ROBERT BRIDGES

So sweet love seemed that April morn
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found
So deep in summer floods is drowned.
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

Robert Bridges, *poet-laureate of England since 1913, died on April 21 at the age of eighty-five. This is one of the many fresh and exquisite lyrics written before he ventured into the classical meters and language reform that occupied his later years.*

He walked silently to the dread thirteenth tee, which, with the returning fourteenth, forms the malignant Scylla and Charybdis of the course. There is nothing to describe the thirteenth hole. It is not really a golf-hole; it is a long, narrow breathing spot, squeezed by the railroad tracks on one side and by the river on the other. Resolute and fearless golfers often cut them out entirely, nor are ashamed to acknowledge their terror. As you stand at the thirteenth tee, everything is blurred to the eye. Near by are rushes and water, woods to the left and right; the river and the railroad and the dry land a hundred yards away look tiny and distant, like a rock amid floods.

A long drive that varies a degree is doomed to go out of bounds or to take the penalty of the river.

"Don't risk it. Take an iron—play it carefully," said Pickings in a voice that sounded to his own ears unrecognizable.

Booverman followed his advice and landed by the fence to the left, almost off the fair. A midiron for his second put him in position for another four, and again brought his score to even threes.

When the daring golfer has passed quaking up the narrow way and still survives, he immediately falls a victim to the fourteenth, which is a bend hole, with all the agonies of the preceding thirteenth, augmented by a second shot over a long, mushy pond. If you play a careful iron to keep from the railroad, now on the right, or to dodge the river on your left, you are forced to approach the edge of the swamp with a cautious fifty-yard-running-up stroke before facing the terrors of the carry. A drive with a wooden club is almost sure to carry into the swamp, and only a careful cleek shot is safe.

"I wish I were playing this for the first time," said Booverman, blackly. "I wish I could forget—rid myself of memories. I have seen class A amateurs take twelve, and professionals eight. This is the end of all things, Picky, the saddest spot on earth. I won't waste time. Here goes."

To Picking's horror, the drive began slowly to slice out of bounds, toward the railroad tracks.

"I knew it," said Booverman, calmly, "and the next will go there, too; then I'll put one in the river, two in the swamp, slice into——"

All at once he stopped, thunderstruck. The ball, hitting tire or rail, bounded high in the air, forward, back upon the course, lying in perfect position.

Pickings said something in a purely reverent spirit.

"Twice in sixty thousand times," said Booverman, unrelenting. "That only evens up the sixth hole. Twice in sixty thousand times!"

From where the ball lay an easy brassy brought it near enough to the green to negotiate another four. Pickings, trembling like a toy dog in zero weather, reached the green in ten strokes, and took three more puts.

The fifteenth, a short pitch over the river, eighty yards to a slanting green entirely surrounded by more long grass which gave it the appearance of a chin spot on a full face of whiskers, was Booverman's favorite hole. While Pickings held his eyes to the ground and tried to breathe in regular breaths, Booverman placed his ball, drove with the requisite back spin, and landed dead to the hole. Another two resulted.

"Even threes—fifteen holes in even threes," said Pickings to himself, his head beginning to throb. He wanted to sit down and take his temples in his hands, but for the sake of history he struggled on.

"Damn it!" said Booverman all at once.

"What's the matter?" said Pickings, observing his face black with fury.

"Do you realize, Pickings, what it means to me to have lost those two strokes on the fourth and sixth greens, and through no fault of mine, either? Even threes for the whole course—that's what I could do if I had those two strokes—the greatest thing that's ever been seen on a golf course. It may be a hundred years before any human being on the face of this earth will get such a chance. And to think I might have done it with a little luck!"

Pickings felt his heart begin to pump, but he was able to say with some degree of calm:

"You may get a three here."

"Never. Four, three and four is what I'll end."

"Well, good heavens! what do you want?"

"There's no joy in it, though," said Booverman, gloomily. "If I had those two strokes back, I'd go down in history, I'd be immortal. And you, too, Picky, because you went around with me. The fourth hole was bad enough, but the sixth was heartbreaking."

His drive cleared another swamp and rolled well down the farther plateau. A long cleek laid his ball off the green, a good approach stopped a little short of the hole, and the put went down.

"Well, that ends it," said Booverman, gloomily. "I've got to make a two or three to do it. The two is quite possible; the three absurd."

The seventeenth hole returns to the swamp that enlivens the sixth. It is a full cleek, with about six mental hazards distributed in Indian ambush, and in five of them a ball may lie until the day of judgment before rising again.

Pickings turned his back, unable to endure the agony of watching. The click of the club was sharp and true. He turned to see the ball in full flight arrive unerringly hole high on the green.

"A chance for a two," he said under his breath. He sent two balls into the lost land to the left and one into the rough to the right.

"Never mind me," he said, slashing away in reckless fashion.

Booverman with a little care studied the ten-foot route to the hole and putted down.

"Even threes!" said Pickings, leaning against a tree.

"Blast that sixth hole!" said Booverman, exploding. "Think of what it might be, Picky—what it ought to be!"

PICKINGS RETIRED hurriedly before the shaking approach of Booverman's frantic club. Incapable of speech, he waved him feebly to drive. He began incredulously to count up again, as though doubting his senses.

"One under three, even threes, one over, even, one under——"

"What the deuce are you doing?" said Booverman, angrily. "Trying to throw me off?"

"I didn't say anything," said Pickings.

"You didn't—muttering to yourself."

"I must make him angry, keep his mind off the score," said Pickings, feebly to himself. He added aloud, "Stop kicking about your old sixth hole! You've had the darndest luck I ever saw, and yet you grumble."

Booverman swore under his breath, hastily approached his ball, drove perfectly, and turned in a rage.

"Luck?" he cried furiously. "Pickings, I've a mind to wring your neck. Every shot I've played has been dead on the pin, now, hasn't it?"

"How about the ninth hole—hitting a tree?"

"Whose fault was that? You had no right to tell me my score, and, besides, I only got an ordinary four there, anyway."

"How about the railroad track?"

"One shot out of bounds. Yes, I'll admit that. That evens up for the fourth."

"How about your first hole in two?"

"Perfectly played; no fluke about it at all—once in sixty thousand times. Well, any more sneers? Anything else to criticize?"

"Let it go at that."

Booverman, in this heckled mood, turned irritably to his ball, played a long midiron, just cleared the crescent bank of the last swale, and ran up on the green.

"Damn that sixth hole!" said Booverman, flinging down his club and glaring at Pickings. "One stroke back, and I could have done it."

Pickings tried to address his ball, but the moment he swung his club, his legs began to tremble. He shook his head, took a long breath, and picked up his ball.

They approached the green on a drunken run in the wild hope that a short put was possible. Unfortunately the ball lay thirty feet away, and the path to the hole was bumpy and riddled with worm-casts. Still there was a chance, desperate as it was.

Pickings let his bag slip to the ground and sat down, covering his eyes while Booverman with his putter tried to brush away the ridges.

"Stand up!"

Pickings rose convulsively.

"For heaven's sake, Picky, stand up! Try to be a man!" said Booverman, hoarsely. "Do you think I've any nerve when I see you with chills and fever. Brace up!"

"All right."

Booverman sighted the hole, and then took his stance; but the cleek in his hand shook like an aspen. He straightened up and walked away.

"Picky," he said, mopping his face, "I can't do it. I can't put it."

"You must."

"I've got buck fever. I'll never be able to put it—never."

At the last, no longer calmed by an invincible pessimism, Booverman had gone to pieces. He stood shaking from head to foot.

"Look at that," he said, extending a fluttering hand. "I can't do it; I can never do it."

"Old fellow, you must," said Pickings; "you've got to. Bring yourself together. Here!"

He slapped him on the back, pinched his arms, and chafed his fingers. Then he led him back to the ball, braced him into position, and put the putter in his hands.

"Buck fever," said Booverman in a whisper. "Can't see a thing."

Pickings, holding the flag in the cup, said savagely:

"Shoot!"

The ball advanced in a zigzag path, running from worm-cast to worm-cast, wobbling and rocking, and at the last, as though preordained, fell plump into the cup!

At the same moment, Pickings and Booverman, as though carried off by the same cannon-ball, flattened on the green.

Chapter III

Five minutes later, wild-eyed and hilarious, they descended on the club-house with the miraculous news. For an hour the assembled golfers roared with laughter as the two stormed, expostulated, and swore to the truth of the tale.

They journeyed from house to house in a vain attempt to find some convert to their claim. For a day they passed as consummate comedians, and the more they yielded to their rage, the more consummate was their art declared. Then a change took place. From laughing, the educated town of Stockbridge turned to resentment, then to irritation, and finally to suspicion. Booverman and Pickings began to lose caste, to be regarded as unbalanced, if not positively dangerous. Unknown to them, a committee carefully examined the books of the club. At the next election another treasurer and another secretary were elected.

Since then, month in and month out, day after day, in patient hope, the two discredited members of the educated community of Stockbridge may be seen, *accompanied by caddies*, toiling around the links in a desperate belief that the miracle that would restore them to standing may be repeated. Each time as they arrive nervously at the first tee and prepare to swing, something between a chuckle and a grin runs through the assemblage, while the left eyes contract waggishly, and a murmuring may be heard.

"Even threes."

The Stockbridge golf links is a course of ravishing beauty and the Housatonic River, as has been said, goes wriggling around it as though convulsed with merriment.

◆

The Lion of Our Street

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

What people can find in Clarence Bulbul, who has lately taken upon himself the rank and dignity of Lion of Our Street, I have always been at a loss to conjecture.

"He has written an Eastern book of considerable merit," Miss Clapperclaw says; but hang it, has not everybody written an Eastern book? . . .

Yes, the impudent wretch has actually a room in his apartments on the ground floor of his mother's house, which he calls his harem. When Lady Betty Bulbul (they are of the Nightingale family) or Miss Blanche comes down to visit him, their slippers are placed at the door, and he receives them on an ottoman, and these infatuated women actually light his pipe for him.

Little Spitfire, the groom, hangs about the drawing-room, outside the harem forsooth! so that he may be ready when Clarence Bulbul claps hands for him to bring the pipes and coffee.

He has coffee and pipes for everybody. I should like you to have seen the face of old Bowly, his college-tutor, called upon to sit cross-legged on a divan, a little cup of bitter black Mocha put into his hand, and a large amber-muzzled pipe stuck into his mouth by Spitfire, before he could so much as say it was a fine day. Bowly almost thought he had compromised his principles by consenting to his Turkish manner.

Bulbul's dinners are, I own, very good; his pilaffs and curries excellent. He tried to make us eat rice with our fingers, it is true; but he scalded his own hands in the business, and invariably bedizened his shirt; so he has left off the Turkish practice, for dinner at least, and uses a fork like a Christian.

But it is in society that he is most remarkable; and here he would, I own, be odious, but he becomes delightful, because all the men hate him so. A perfect chorus of abuse is raised round about him. "Confounded imposter," says one; "Impudent jackass," says another; "Miserable puppy," cries a third; "I'd like to wring his neck," says Bruff, scowling over his shoulder at him. Clarence meanwhile nods, winks, smiles, and patronizes them all with the easiest good-humor. He is a fellow who would poke an archbishop in the apron, or clap a duke on the shoulder, as coolly as he would address you and me.

I saw him the other night at Mrs. Bumpsher's grand let off. He flung himself down cross-legged upon a pink satin sofa, so that you could see Mrs. Bumpsher quiver with rage in the distance, Bruff growl with fury from the further room, and Miss Pim, on whose frock Bulbul's feet rested, look up like a timid fawn.

"Fan me, Miss Pim," said he of the cushion. "You look like a perfect Peri tonight. You remind me of a girl I once knew in Circassia—Ameena, the sister of Schamyl Bey. Do you know, Miss Pim, that you would fetch twenty thousand piastres in the market at Constantinople?"

"Law, Mr. Bulbul!" is all Miss Pim can ejaculate; and having talked over Miss Pim, Clarence goes off to another houri, whom he fascinates in a similar manner. He charmed Mrs. Waddy by telling her that she was the exact figure of the Pasha of Egypt's second wife. He gave Miss Tokley a piece of the sack in which Zuleika was drowned; and he actually persuaded that poor little silly Miss Vain to turn Mahometan, and sent her up to the Turkish Ambassador's to look out for a mufti.

Whirl

The Problem of Unbelief

Second of a series by the contemporary thinkers who have done most to help solve our present-day problems, and who have done so in a way which promises a permanent contribution to mankind.

Among those who no longer believe in the religion of their fathers, some are proudly defiant, and many are indifferent. But there are also a few, perhaps an increasing number, who feel that there is a vacancy in their lives. This inquiry deals with their problem. It is not intended to disturb the serenity of those who are unshaken in the faith they hold, and it is not concerned with those who are still exhilarated by their escape from some stale orthodoxy. It is concerned with those who are perplexed by the consequences of their own irreligion. It deals with the problem of unbelief, not as believers are accustomed to deal with it, in the spirit of men confidently calling the lost sheep back into the fold, but as unbelievers themselves must, I think, face the problem if they face it candidly and without presumption.

When such men put their feelings into words they are likely to say that, having lost their faith, they have lost the certainty that their lives are significant, and that it matters what they do with their lives. If they deal with young people they are likely to say that they know of no compelling reason which certifies the moral code they adhere to, and that, therefore, their own preferences, when tested by the ruthless curiosity of their children, seem to have no sure foundation of any kind. They are likely to point to the world about them, and to ask whether the modern man possesses any criterion by which he can measure the value of his own desires, whether there is any standard he really believes in which permits him to put a term upon that pursuit of money, of power and of excitement which has created so much of the turmoil and the squalor and the explosiveness of modern civilization.

These are, perhaps, merely the rationalizations of the modern man's discontent. At the heart of it there are likely to be moments of blank misgiving in which he finds that the civilization of which he is a part leaves a dusty taste in his mouth. He may be very busy with many things, but he discovers one day that he is no longer sure they are worth doing. He has been much preoccupied; but he is no longer sure he knows why. He has become involved in an elaborate routine of pleasures; and they do not seem to amuse him very much. He finds it hard to believe that doing any one thing is better than doing any other thing, or, in fact, that it is better than doing nothing at all. It occurs to him that it is a great deal of trouble to live, and that even in the best of lives the thrills are few and far between. He begins more or less consciously to seek satisfaction, because he is no longer satisfied, and all the while he realizes that the pursuit of happiness was always a most unhappy quest. In the later stages of his woe he not only loses his appetite, but becomes excessively miserable trying to recover it. And then, surveying the flux of events and the giddiness of his own soul, he comes to feel that Aristophanes must have been thinking of him when he declared that "Whirl is King, having driven out Zeus."

False Prophecies

The modern age has been rich both in prophecies that men would at last inherit the kingdoms of this world, and in complaints at the kind of world they inherited. Thus Petrarch, who was an early victim of modernity, came to feel that he would "have preferred to be born in any other period" than his own; he tells us that he sought an escape by imagining that he lived in some other age. The Nineteenth Century, which begat us, was forever blowing the trumpets of freedom and providing asylums in which its most sensitive children could take refuge. Wadsworth fled from mankind to rejoice in nature. Chateaubriand fled from man to rejoice in savages. Byron fled to an imaginary Greece, and William Morris to the Middle Ages. A few tried an imaginary India. A few an equally imaginary China. Many fled to Bohemia, to Utopia, to the Golden West, and to the Latin Quarter, and some, like James Thomson, to hell where they were

> gratified to gain
> That positive eternity of pain
> Instead of this insufferable inane.

Is King

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Every man, though he likes to seem to take things casually, tries to build seriously for himself what he calls his "philosophy of life." It is the criterion by which he judges his own conduct. It would be the ark in his Holy of Holies, could he build it. The tragedy of the modern unbeliever is that he cannot build this ark. He knows in his heart that he has no clear-cut "philosophy"; there is now no such thing as certainty for him; he is a wandering mote in a universe from which he sees God reasoned away by a logic he is unequipped to question, and by "scientific facts" he has not the education to corroborate or to deny.

There has never before been a period in history when so many millions of men and women, as now, have been put in a position where they cannot give to themselves a rational explanation of why they remain alive at all, and why they should perform one act rather than another. Psychologically that is an impossible state of affairs to continue, Mr. Lippmann realizes . . .

This writer is certainly one of the most lucid among contemporary publicists. . . . He is the editor of the New York World. *He knows how we stupid citizens think. He knows what our ignorances consist in. It seems an anomaly to describe so brilliant an analyst as an apotheosis of the common garden variety of American, model 1930; yet it remains true that his gift for exposition, his power of making profound ideas simple, can only be explained upon the supposition that he speaks from experience, that he has had the same perplexities we have, has asked himself the same "fool questions"—and has thought them through.*

—HARRY SHERMAN.

They had all been disappointed by the failure of a great prophecy. The theme of this prophecy had been that man is a beautiful soul who in the course of history had somehow become enslaved by

Scepters, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,

and they believed with Shelley that when "the loathsome mask has fallen," man, exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king over himself, would then be "free from guilt or pain." This was the orthodox liberalism to which men turned when they had lost the religion of their fathers. But the promises of liberalism have not been fulfilled. We are living in the midst of that vast dissolution of ancient habits which the emancipators believed would restore our birthright of happiness. We know now that they did not see very clearly beyond the evils against which they were rebelling. It is evident to us that their prophecies were pleasant fantasies which concealed the greater difficulties that confront men, when, having won the freedom to do what they wish—that wish, as Byron said:

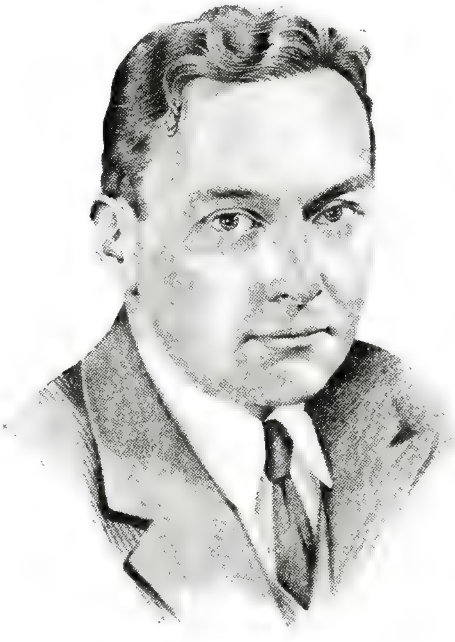
which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood,

they are full of contrary moods and do not know what they wish to do. We have come to see that Huxley was right when he said that "a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes."

The evidences of these greater difficulties lie all about us: in the brave and brilliant atheists who have defied the Methodist God, and have become very nervous; in the women who have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of fathers, husbands, and homes, and, with the intermittent but expensive help of a psychoanalyst, are now enduring liberty as interior decorators; in the young men and women who are world-weary at twenty-two; in the multitudes who drug themselves with pleasure; in the crowds enfranchised by the blood of heroes who cannot be persuaded to take an interest in their destiny; in the millions, at last free to think without fear of priest or policeman, who have made the moving pictures and the popular newspapers what they are.

These are the prisoners who have been released. They ought to be very happy. They ought to be serene and composed. They are free to make their own lives. There are no conventions, no taboos—no gods, priests, princes, fathers, or revelations which they must accept. Yet the result is not so good as they thought it would be. The prison door is wide open. They stagger out into trackless space under a blinding sun. They find it nerve-wracking. "My sensibility," said Flaubert, "is sharper than a razor's edge; the creaking of a door, the face of a bourgeois, an absurd statement set my heart to throbbing and completely upset me." They must find their own courage for battle and their own consolation in defeat. They complain, like Renan after he had broken with the Church, that the enchanted circle which embraced the whole of life is broken, and that they are left with a feeling of emptiness "like that which follows an attack of fever or an unhappy love affair." "Where is my *home?*" cried Nietzsche: "For it do I ask and seek, and have sought, but have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal in vain."

To more placid temperaments the pangs of freedom are no doubt less acute. It is possible for multitudes in time of peace and security to exist agreeably—somewhat incoherently, perhaps, but without convulsions—to dream a little and not unpleasantly, to have only now and then a nightmare, and only occasionally a rude awakening. It is possible to drift along not too discontentedly, somewhat nervously, somewhat anxiously, somewhat confusedly, hoping for the best, and believing in nothing very much. It is possible to be a passable citizen. But it is not possible to be wholly at peace. For serenity of soul requires some better organization of life than a man can attain by pursuing his casual ambitions, satisfying his hungers, and for the rest accepting destiny as an idiot's tale in which one dumb sensation succeeds another to no known end. And it is not possible for him to be wholly alive. For that depends upon his sense of being completely engaged with the world, with all his passions and all the faculties in rich harmonies with one another, and in deep rhythm with the nature of things.



Walter Lippmann

These are the gifts of a vital religion which can bring the whole of a man into adjustment with the whole of his relevant experience. Our forefathers had such a religion. They quarreled a good deal about the details, but they had no doubt that there was an order in the universe which justified their lives because they were a part of it. The acids of modernity have dissolved that order for many of us, and there are some in consequence who think that the needs which religion fulfilled have also been dissolved. But however self-sufficient the eugenic and perfectly educated man of the distant future may be, our present experience is that the needs remain. In failing to meet them, it is plain that we have succeeded only in substituting trivial illusions for majestic faiths. For while the modern emancipated man may wonder how anyone ever believed that in this universe of stars and atoms and multitudinous life, there is a drama in progress of which the principal event was enacted in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, it is not really a stranger fable than many which he so readily accepts. He does not believe the words of the Gospel, but he believes the best advertised notion. The older fable may be incredible today, but when it was credible it bound together the whole of experience upon a stately and dignified theme. The modern man has ceased to believe in it but he has not ceased to be credulous, and the need to believe haunts him. It is no wonder that his impulse is to turn back from his freedom, and to find someone who says he knows the truth and can tell him what to do, to find the shrine of some new god, of any cult however newfangled, where he can kneel and be comforted, put on manacles to keep his hands from trembling, ensconce himself in some citadel where it is safe and warm.

For the modern man who has ceased to believe, without ceasing to be credulous, hangs, as it were, between heaven and earth, and is at rest nowhere. There is no theory of the meaning and value of events which he is compelled to accept, but he is none the less compelled to accept the events. There is no moral authority to which he must turn now, but there is coercion in opinions, fashions, and fads. There is for him no inevitable purpose in the universe, but there are elaborate necessities, physical, political, economic. He does not feel himself to be an actor in a great and dramatic destiny, but he is subject to the massive powers of our civilization, forced to adopt their pace, bound to their routine, entangled in their conflicts. He can believe what he chooses about this civilization. He cannot, however, escape the compulsion of modern events. They compel his body and his senses as ruthlessly as ever did king or priest. They do not compel his mind. They have all the force of natural events, but not their majesty; all the tyrannical power of ancient institutions, but none of their moral certainty. Events are there, and they overpower him. But they do not convince him that they have that dignity which inheres in that which is necessary and in the nature of things.

In the old order the compulsions were often painful, but there was sense in the pain that was inflicted by the will of an all-knowing God. In the new order the compulsions are painful and, as it were, accidental, unnecessary, wanton, and full of mockery. The modern man does not make his peace with them. For, in effect, he has replaced natural piety with a grudging endurance of a series of unsanctified compulsions. When he believed that the unfolding of events was a manifestation of the will of God, he could say: "Thy will be done. . . . In His will is our peace." But when he believes that events are determined by the votes of a majority, the orders of his bosses, the opinions of his neighbors, the laws of supply and demand, and the decisions of quite selfish men, he yields because he has to yield. He is conquered but unconvinced.

It might seem as if, in all this, men were merely going through once again what they have often gone through before. This is not the first age in which the orthodox religion has been in conflict with the science of the day. Plato was born into such an age. For two centuries the philosophers of Greece had been critical of Homer and of the popular gods, and when Socrates faced his accusers, his answer to the accusation of heresy must certainly have sounded unresponsive. "I do believe," he said, "that there are gods, and in a higher sense than that in which my accusers believe in them." That is all very well. But to believe in a "higher sense" is also to believe in a different sense.

Sorties and Retreats

THERE IS NOTHING NEW in the fact that men have ceased to believe in the religion of their fathers. In the history of Catholic Christianity, there has always existed a tradition, extending from the authors of the Fourth Gospel through Origen to the neo-Platonists of modern times, which rejects the popular idea of God as a power acting upon events, and of immortality as everlasting life, and translates the popular theology into a symbolic statement of a purely spiritual experience. In every civilized age there have been educated and discerning men who could not accept literally and simply the traditions of the ancient faith. We are told that during the Periclean Age "among educated men everything was in dispute: political sanctions, literary values, moral standards, religious convictions, even the possibility of reaching any truth about anything." When the educated classes of the Roman world accepted Christianity they had ceased to believe in the pagan gods, and were much too critical to accept the primitive Hebraic theories of the creation, the redemption, and the Messianic kingdom which were so central in the popular religion. They had to do what Socrates had done; they had to take the popular theology in a "higher" and therefore in a different sense before they could use it. Indeed, it is so unusual to find an age of active-minded men in which the most highly educated are genuinely orthodox in the popular sense, that the Thirteenth Century, the age of Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas, when this phenomenon is reputed to have occurred, is regarded as a unique and wonderful period in the history of the world. It is not at all unlikely that there never was such an age in the history of civilized men.

And yet, the position of modern men who have broken with the religion of their fathers is in certain profound ways different from that of other men in other ages. This is the first age, I think, in the history of mankind when the circumstances of life have conspired with the intellectual habits of the time to render any fixed and authoritative belief incredible to large masses of men. The dissolution of the old modes of thought has gone so far, and is so cumulative in its effect, that the modern man is not able to sink back after a period of prophesying into a new but stable orthodoxy. The irreligion of the modern world is radical to a degree for which there is, I think, no counterpart. For always in the past it has been possible for new conventions to crystallize and for men to find rest and surcease of effort in accepting them.

We often assume, therefore, that a period of dissolution will necessarily be followed by one of conformity, that the heterodoxy of one age will become the orthodoxy of the next, and that when this orthodoxy decays a new period of prophesying will begin. Thus we say that by the time of Hosea and Isaiah the religion of the Jews had become a system of rules for transacting business with Jehovah. The Prophets then revivified it by thundering against the conventional belief that religion was mere burnt offering and sacrifice. A few centuries passed and the religion based on the Law and the Prophets had in its turn become a set of mechanical rites manipulated by the Scribes and the Pharisees. As against this system Jesus and Paul preached a religion of grace, and against the "letter" of the synagogues, the "spirit" of Christ. But the inner light which can perceive the spirit is rare, and so shortly after the death of Paul, the teaching gradually ceased to appeal to direct inspiration in the minds of the believers and became a body of dogma, a "sacred deposit" of the faith "once for all delivered to the saints." In the succeeding ages there appeared again many prophets who thought they had within them the revealing spirit. Though some of the prophets were burnt, much of the prophesying was absorbed into the canon. In Luther this sense of revelation appeared once more in a most confident form. He rejected the authority not only of the Pope and the clergy, but even of the Bible itself, except where in his opinion the Bible confirmed his faith. But in the establishment of a Lutheran Church the old difficulty reappeared: the inner light which had burned so fiercely in Luther did not burn brightly or steadily in all Lutherans, and so the right of private judgment, even in Luther's restricted use of the term, led to all kinds of heresies and abominations. Very soon there came to be an authoritative teaching backed by the power of the police. And in Calvinism the revolt of the Reformation became stabilized to the last degree. "Everything," said Calvin, "pertaining to the perfect rule of a good life the Lord has so comprehended in His law that there remains nothing for man to add to that summary."

MEN FULLY AS INTELLIGENT as the most emancipated among us once believed that, and I have no doubt that the successors of Mr. Darrow and Mr. Mencken would come to believe something very much like it if conditions permitted them to obey the instinct to retreat from the chaos of modernity into order and certainty. It is all very well to talk about being the captain of your soul. It is hard, and only a few heroes, saints, and geniuses have been the captains of their souls for any extended period of their lives. Most men, after a little freedom, have preferred authority with the consoling assurances and the economy of effort which it brings. "If, outside of Christ, you wish by your own thoughts to know your relation to God, you will break your neck. Thunder strikes him who examines." Thus spoke Martin Luther, and there is every reason to suppose that the German people thought he was talking the plainest commonsense. "He who is gifted with the heavenly knowledge of faith," said the Council of Trent, "is free from an inquisitive curiosity." These words are rasping to our modern ears, but there is no occasion to doubt that the men who uttered them had made a shrewd appraisal of average human nature. The record of experience is one of sorties and retreats. The search of moral guidance which shall not depend upon external authority has invariably ended in the acknowledgment of some new authority.

Deep Dissolution

THIS SAME TENDENCY manifests itself in the midst of our modern uneasiness. We have had a profusion of new cults, of revivals, and of essays in reconstruction. But there is reason for thinking that a new crystallization of an enduring and popular religion is unlikely in the modern world. For analogy drawn from the experience of the past is misleading.

When Luther, for example, rebelled against the authority of the Church, he did not suppose the way of life for the ordinary man would be radically altered. Luther supposed that men would continue to behave much as they had learned to behave under the Catholic discipline. The individual for whom he claimed the right of private judgment was one whose prejudgments had been well fixed in a Catholic society. The authority of the Pope was to be destroyed and certain evils abolished, but there was to remain that feeling for objective moral certainties which Catholicism had nurtured. When the Anabaptists carried the practice of his theory beyond this point, Luther denounced them violently. For what he believed in was Protestantism for good Catholics. The reformers of the Eighteenth Century made a similar assumption. They really believed in democracy for men who had an aristocratic training. Jefferson, for example, had an instinctive fear of the urban rabble, that most democratic part of the population. The society of free men which he dreamed about was composed of those who had the discipline, the standards of honor and the taste, without the privileges or the corruptions, that are to be found in a society of well-bred country gentlemen.

The more recent rebels frequently betray a somewhat similar inability to imagine the consequences of their own victories. For the smashing of idols is in itself such a preoccupation that it is almost impossible for the iconoclast to look clearly into a future when there will not be many idols left to smash. Yet that future is beginning to be our present, and it might be said that men are conscious of what modernity means in so far as they realize that they are confronted not so much with the necessity of promoting rebellion as of dealing with the consequences of it. The Nineteenth Century, roughly speaking the time between Voltaire and Mencken, was an age of terrific indictments and of feeble solutions. The Marxian indictment of capitalism is a case in point. The Nietzschean transvaluation of values is another; it is magnificent, but who can say, after he has shot his arrow of longing to the other shore whether he will find Caesar Borgia, Henry Ford, or Isadora Duncan? Who knows, having read Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, what kind of world will be left when all the boobs and yokels have crawled back in their holes and have died of shame?

The rebel, while he is making his attack, is not likely to feel the need to answer such questions. For he moves in an unreal environment, one might almost say a parasitic environment. He goes forth to destroy Cæsar, Mammon, George F. Babbitt and Mrs. Grundy. As he wrestles with these demons, he leans upon them. By inversion they offer him much the same kind of support which the conformer enjoys. They provide him with an objective which enables him to know exactly what he thinks he wants to do. His energies are focussed by his indignation. He does not suffer from emptiness, doubt and division of soul. These are the maladies which come up later when the struggle is over. While the rebel is in conflict with the established nuisances, he has an aim in life which absorbs all his passions. He has his own sense of righteousness and his own feeling of communion with a grand purpose. For in attacking idols there is a kind of piety, in overthrowing tyrants a kind of loyalty, in ridiculing stupidities an imitation of wisdom. In the heat of battle the rebel is exalted by a whole-hearted tension which is easily mistaken for a taste of the freedom that is to come. He is under the spell of an illusion. For what comes after the struggle is not the exaltation of freedom but a letting down of the tension that belongs solely to the struggle itself. The happiness of the rebel is as transient as the iconoclasm which produced it. When he has slain the dragon and rescued the beautiful maiden, there is usually nothing left for him to do but write his memoirs and dream of a time when the world was young.

What most distinguishes the generation who have approached maturity since the debacle of idealism at the end of the War is not their rebellion against the religion and the moral code of their parents, but their disillusionment with their own rebellion. It is common for young men and women to rebel, but that they should distrust the new freedom no less than the old certainties—that is something of a novelty. As Mr. Canby once said, at the age of seven they saw through their parents and characterized them in a phrase. At fourteen they saw through education and dodged it. At eighteen they saw through morality and stepped over it. At twenty they lost respect for their home towns, and at twenty-one they discovered that our social system is ridiculous. At twenty-three the autobiography ends because the author has run through society to date and does not know what to do next. For, as Mr. Canby might have added, the idea of reforming that society makes no appeal to them. They have seen through all that. They cannot adopt any of the synthetic religions of the Nineteenth Century. They have seen through all of them.

THEY HAVE SEEN through the religion of nature to which the early romantics turned for consolation. They have heard too much about the brutality of natural selection to feel, as Wadsworth did, that pleasant landscapes are divine. They have seen through the religion of beauty because, for one thing, they are too much oppressed by the ugliness of Main Street. They cannot take refuge in an ivory tower because the modern apartment house, with a radio loudspeaker on the floor above and on the floor below and just across the courtyard, will not permit it. They cannot, like Mazzini, make a religion of patriotism, because they have just been demobilized. They cannot make a religion of science like the post-Darwinians because they do not understand modern science. They never learned enough mathematics and physics. They do not like Bernard Shaw's religion of creative evolution because they have read enough to know that Mr. Shaw's biology is literary and evangelical. As for the religion of progress, that is pre-empted by George F. Babbitt and the Rotary Club, and the religion of humanity is utterly unacceptable to those who have to ride in the subways during the rush hour.

Yet the current attempts to modernize religious creeds are inspired by the hope that somehow it will be possible to construct a form of belief which will fit into this vacuum. It is evident that life soon becomes distracted and tiresome if it is not illuminated by communion with what William James called "a wider self through which saving experiences come." The eager search for new religions, the hasty adherence to cults, and the urgent appeals for a reconciliation between religion and science are confessions that to the modern man his activity seems to have no place in any rational order. His life seems mere restlessness and compulsion, rather than conduct lighted by luminous beliefs. He is possessed by a great deal of excitement amidst which, as Mr. Santayana said, he redoubles his effort when he forgets his aim.

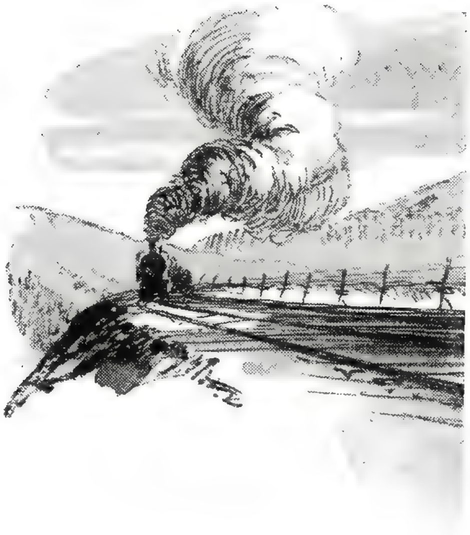
For in the modern age, at first imperceptibly with the rise of the towns, and then catastrophically since the mechanical revolution, there have gone into dissolution not only the current orthodoxy, but the social order and the ways of living which supported it. Thus rebellion and emancipation have come to mean something far more drastic than they have ever meant before. The earlier rebels summoned men from one allegiance to another, but the feeling for certainty in religion and for decorum in society persisted. In the modern world it is this very feeling of certainty itself which is dissolving. It is dissolving not merely for an educated minority but for everyone who comes within the orbit of modernity.

Yet there remain the wants which orthodoxy of some sort satisfies. The natural man, when he is released from restraints, and has no substitute for them is at sixes and sevens with himself and the world. For in the free play of his uninhibited instincts he does not find any natural substitute for those accumulated convictions which, however badly they did it, nevertheless organized his soul, economized his effort, consoled him, and gave him dignity in his own eyes because he was part of some greater whole. The acids of modernity are so powerful that they do not tolerate a crystallization of ideas which will serve as a new orthodoxy into which men can retreat. And so the modern world is haunted by a realization, which it becomes constantly less easy to ignore, that it is impossible to reconstruct an enduring orthodoxy, and impossible to live well without the satisfactions which an orthodoxy would provide.

"The Spirit of Jazz," by Alexander Z. Kruse
Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

The Signal

By
VSÉVOLOD MIKHÁYLOVICH GARSHIN



SEMYON IVANOV was a track-walker. His hut was ten versts away from a railroad station in one direction and twelve versts away in the other. About four versts away there was a cotton mill that had opened the year before, and its tall chimney rose up darkly from behind the forest. The only dwellings around were the distant huts of the other track-walkers.

Semyon Ivanov's health had been completely shattered. Nine years before he had served right through the war as servant to an officer. The sun had roasted him, the cold frozen him, and hunger famished him on the forced marches of forty and fifty versts a day in the heat and the cold and the rain and the shine. The bullets had whizzed about him, but, thank God! none had struck him.

Semyon's regiment had once been on the firing line. For a whole week there had been skirmishing with the Turks, only a deep ravine separating the two hostile armies; and from morn till eve there had been a steady cross-fire. Thrice daily Semyon carried a steaming samovar and his officer's meals from the camp kitchen to the ravine. The bullets hummed about him and rattled viciously against the rocks. Semyon was terrified and cried sometimes, but still he kept right on. The officers were pleased with him, because he always had hot tea ready for them.

He returned from the campaign with limbs unbroken but crippled with rheumatism. He had experienced no little sorrow since then. He arrived home to find that his father, an old man, and his little four-year-old son had died. Semyon remained alone with his wife. They could not do much. It was difficult to plough with rheumatic arms and legs. They could no longer stay in their village, so they started off to seek their fortune in new places. They stayed for a short time on the line, in Kherson and Donshchina, but nowhere found luck. Then the wife went out to service, and Semyon continued to travel about. Once he happened to ride on an engine, and at one of the stations the face of the station-master seemed familiar to him. Semyon looked at the station-master and the station-master looked at Semyon, and they recognized each other. He had been an officer in Semyon's regiment.

"You are Ivanov?" he said.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"How do you come to be here?"

Semyon told him all.

"Where are you off to?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Idiot! What do you mean by 'cannot tell you?' "

"I mean what I say, your Excellency. There is nowhere for me to go to. I must hunt for work, sir."

The station-master looked at him, thought a bit, and said: "See here, friend, stay here a while at the station. You are married, I think. Where is your wife?"

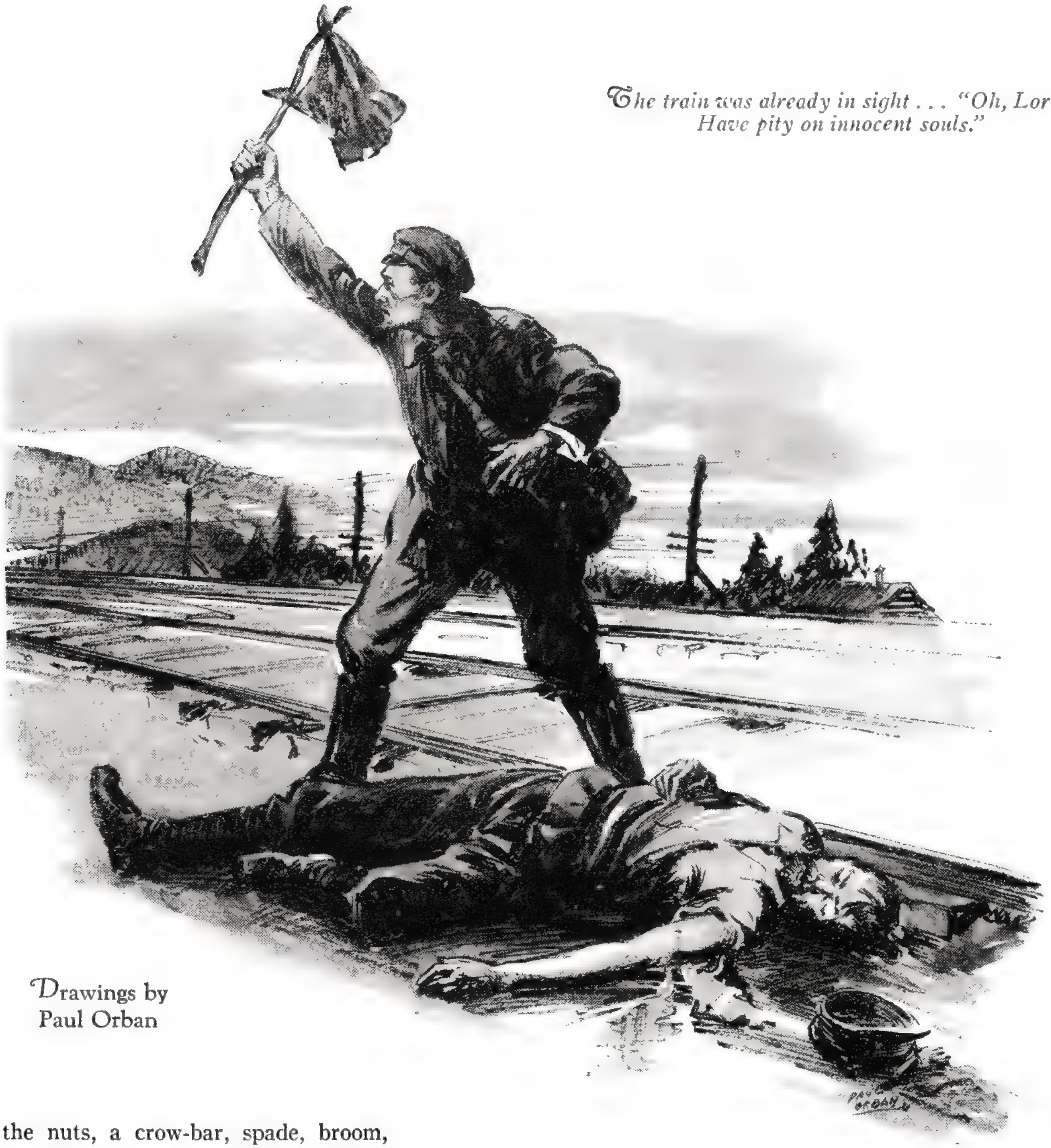
"Yes, your Excellency, I am married. My wife is at Kursk, in service with a merchant."

"Well, write to your wife to come here. I will give you a free pass for her. There is a position as track-walker open. I will speak to the Chief on your behalf."

"I shall be very grateful to you, your Excellency," replied Semyon.

He stayed at the station, helped in the kitchen, cut firewood, kept the yard clean, and swept the platform. In a fortnight's time his wife arrived, and Semyon went on a hand-trolley to his hut. The hut was a new one and warm, with as much wood as he wanted. There was a little vegetable garden, the legacy of former track-walkers, and there was about half a dessiatin of ploughed land on either side of the railway embankment. Semyon was rejoiced. He began to think of doing some farming, of purchasing a cow and a horse.

He was given all necessary stores—a green flag, a red flag, lanterns, a horn, hammer, screw-wrench for



The train was already in sight . . . "Oh, Lord! Have pity on innocent souls."

Drawings by
Paul Orban

the nuts, a crow-bar, spade, broom, bolts, and nails; they gave him two books of regulations and a time-table of the trains. At first Semyon could not sleep at night, and learned the whole time-table by heart. Two hours before a train was due he would go over his section, sit on the bench at his hut, and look and listen whether the rails were trembling or the rumble of the train could be heard. He even learned the regulations by heart, although he could read only by spelling out each word.

It was summer; the work was not heavy; there was no snow to clear away, and the trains on that line were infrequent. Semyon used to go over his verst twice a day, examine and screw up nuts here and there, keep the bed level, look at the water-pipes, and then go home to his own affairs. There was only one drawback—he always had to get the inspector's permission for the least little thing he wanted to do. Semyon and his wife were even beginning to be bored.

Two months passed, and Semyon commenced to make the acquaintance of his neighbors, the track-walkers on either side of him. One was a very old man, whom the authorities were always meaning to relieve. He scarcely moved out of his hut. His wife used to do all his work. The other track-walker, nearer the station, was a young man, thin, but muscular. He and Semyon met for the first time on the line midway between the huts. Semyon took off his hat and bowed. "Good health to you, neighbor," he said.

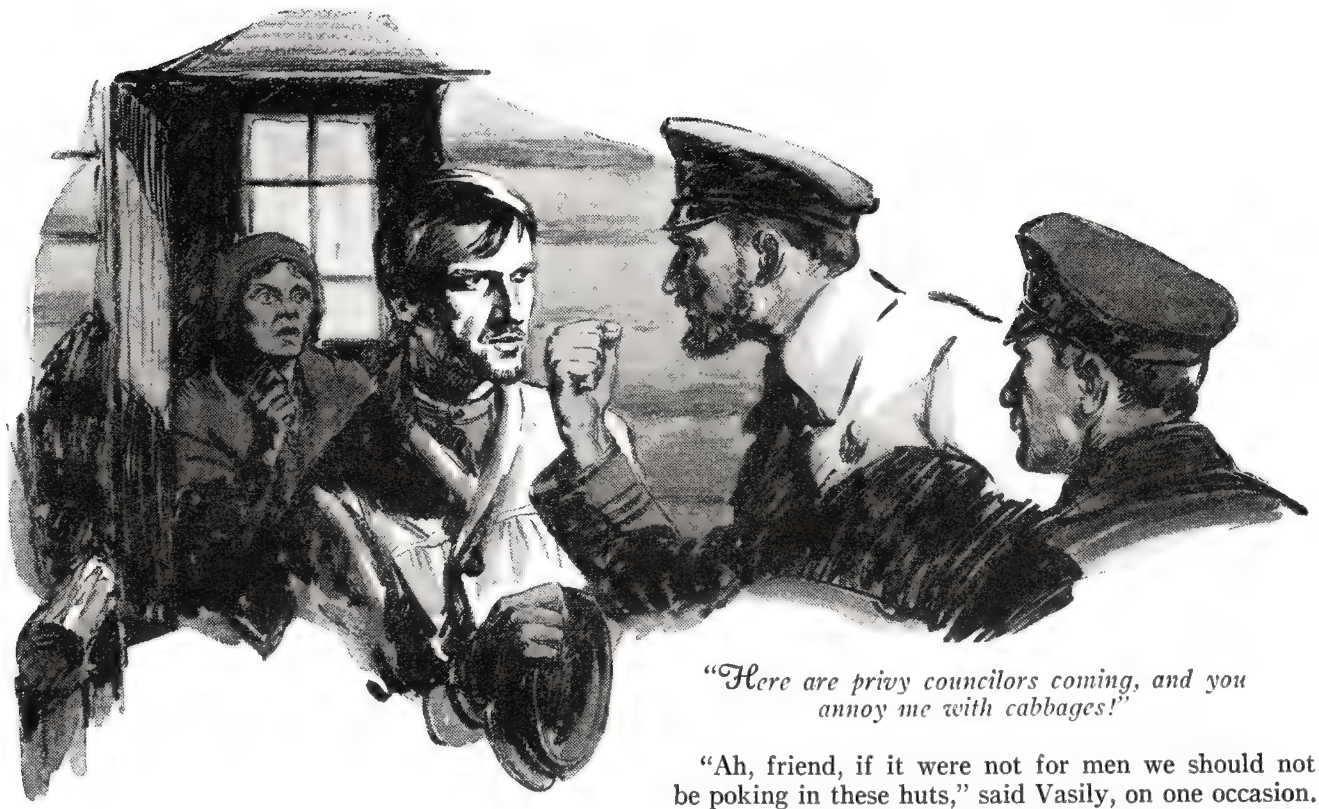
The neighbor glanced askance at him. "How do you do?" he replied; then turned around and made off.

Later the wives met. Semyon's wife passed the time of day with her neighbor, but neither did she say much.

On one occasion Semyon said to her: "Young woman, your husband is not very talkative."

The woman said nothing at first, then replied: "But what is there for him to talk about? Every one has his own business. Go your way, and God be with you."

However, after another month or so they became acquainted. Semyon would go with Vasily along the line,



"Here are privy councilors coming, and you annoy me with cabbages!"

sit on the edge of a pipe, smoke, and talk of life. Vasily, for the most part, kept silent, but Semyon talked of his village, and of the campaign through which he had passed.

"I have had no little sorrow in my day," he would say; "and goodness knows I have not lived long. God has not given me happiness, but what He may give, so will it be. That's so, friend Vasily Stepanych."

Vasily Stepanych knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a rail, stood up, and said: "It is not luck which follows us in life, but human beings. There is no crueller beast on this earth than man. Wolf does not eat wolf, but man will readily devour man."

"Come, friend, don't say that; a wolf eats wolf."

"The words came into my mind and I said it. All the same, there is nothing crueller than man. If it were not for his wickedness and greed, it would be possible to live. Everybody tries to sting you to the quick, to bite and eat you up."

Semyon pondered a bit. "I don't know, brother," he said; "perhaps it is as you say, and perhaps it is God's will."

"And perhaps," said Vasily, "it is waste of time for me to talk to you. To put everything unpleasant on God, and sit and suffer, means, brother, being not a man but an animal. That's what I have to say." And he turned and went off without saying good-by.

Semyon also got up. "Neighbor," he called, "why do you lose your temper?" But his neighbor did not look round, and kept on his way.

Semyon gazed after him until he was lost to sight in the cutting at the turn. He went home and said to his wife: "Arina, our neighbor is a wicked person, not a man."

However, they did not quarrel. They met again and discussed the same topics.

"Ah, friend, if it were not for men we should not be poking in these huts," said Vasily, on one occasion.

"And what if we are poking in these huts? It's not so bad. You can live in them."

"Live in them, indeed! Bah, you! . . . You have lived long and learned little, looked at much and seen little. What sort of life is there for a poor man in a hut here or there? The cannibals are devouring you. They are sucking up all your life-blood, and when you become old, they will throw you out just as they do husks to feed the pigs on. What pay do you get?"

"Not much, Vasily Stepanych—twelve rubles."

"And I, thirteen and a half rubles. Why? By the regulations the company should give us fifteen rubles a month with firing and lighting. Who decides that you should have twelve rubles, or I thirteen and a half? Ask yourself! And you say a man can live on that? You understand it is not a question of one and a half rubles or three rubles—even if they paid us each the whole fifteen rubles. I was at the station last month. The director passed through. I saw him. I had that honor. He had a separate coach. He came out and stood on the platform. . . . I shall not stay here long; I shall go somewhere, anywhere, follow my nose."

"But where will you go, Stepanych? Leave well enough alone. Here you have a house, warmth, a little piece of land. Your wife is a worker."

"Land! You should look at my piece of land. Not a twig on it—nothing. I planted some cabbages in the spring, just when the inspector came along. He said: 'What is this? Why have you not reported this? Why have you done this without permission? Dig them up, roots and all.' He was drunk. Another time he would not have said a word, but this time it struck him. Three rubles fine! . . ."

Vasily kept silent for a while, pulling at his pipe, then added quietly: "A little more and I should have done for him."

"You are hot-tempered."

"No, I am not hot-tempered, but I tell the truth and think. Yes, he will still get a bloody nose from me. I will complain to the Chief. We will see then!" And Vasily did complain to the Chief.

Once the Chief came to inspect the line. Three days later important personages were coming from St. Petersburg and would pass over the line. They were conducting an inquiry, so that previous to their journey it was necessary to put everything in order. Ballast was laid down, the bed was leveled, the sleepers carefully examined, spikes driven in a bit, nuts screwed up, posts painted, and orders given for yellow sand to be sprinkled at the level crossings. The woman at the neighboring hut turned her old man out to weed. Semyon worked for a whole week. He put everything in order, mended his kaftan, cleaned and polished his brass plate until it fairly shone. Vasily also worked hard. The Chief arrived on a trolley, four men working the handles and the levers making the six wheels hum. The trolley traveled at twenty versts an hour, but the wheels squeaked. It reached Semyon's hut, and he ran out and reported in soldierly fashion. All appeared to be in repair.

"Have you been here long?" inquired the Chief.

"Since the second of May, your Excellency."

"All right. Thank you. And who is at hut No. 164?"

The traffic inspector (he was traveling with the Chief on the trolley) replied: "Vasily Spiridov."

"Spiridov, Spiridov. . . . Ah! is he the man against whom you made a note last year?"

"He is."

"Well, we will see Vasily Spiridov. Go on!" The workmen laid to the handles, and the trolley got under way. Semyon watched it, and thought, "There will be trouble between them and my neighbor."

About two hours later he started on his round. He saw some one coming along the line from the cutting. Something white showed on his head. Semyon began to look more attentively. It was Vasily. He had a stick in his hand, a small bundle on his shoulder, and his cheek was bound up in a handkerchief.

"Where are you off to?" cried Semyon.

Vasily came quite close. He was very pale, white as chalk, and his eyes had a wild look. Almost choking, he muttered: "To town—to Moscow—to the head office."

"Head office? Ah, you are going to complain, I suppose. Give it up! Vasily Stepanych, forget it."

"No, mate, I will not forget. It is too late. See! He struck me in the face, drew blood. So long as I live I will not forget. I will not leave it like this!"

Semyon took his hand. "Give it up, Stepanych. I am giving you good advice. You will not better things. . . ."

"Better things! I know myself I sha'n't better things. You were right about Fate. It would be better for me not to do it, but one must stand up for the right."

"But tell me, how did it happen?"

"How? He examined everything, got down from the trolley, looked into the hut. I knew beforehand that he would be strict, and so I had put everything into proper order. He was just going when I made my complaint. He immediately cried out: 'Here is a Government inquiry coming, and you make a complaint about a vegetable garden. Here are privy councilors coming, and you annoy me with cabbages!' I lost patience and said something—not very much, but it offended him, and he struck me in the face. I stood still; I did nothing, just as if what he did was perfectly all right. They went off; I came to myself, washed my face, and left."

"And what about the hut?"

"My wife is staying there. She will look after things. Never mind about their roads."

Vasily got up and collected himself. "Good-by, Ivanov. I do not know whether I shall get any one at the office to listen to me."

"Surely you are not going to walk?"

"At the station I will try to get on a freight train, and tomorrow I shall be in Moscow."

The neighbors bade each other farewell. Vasily was absent for some time. His wife worked for him night and day. She never slept, and wore herself out waiting for her husband. On the third day the commission arrived. An engine, luggage-van, and two first-class saloons; but Vasily was still away. Semyon saw his wife on the fourth day. Her face was swollen from crying, and her eyes were red.

"Has your husband returned?" he asked. But the woman only made a gesture with her hands, and without saying a word went her way.

. . . . . .

Semyon had learnt when still a lad to make flutes out of a kind of reed. He used to burn out the heart of the stalk, make holes where necessary, drill them, fix a mouth-piece at one end, and tune them so well that it was possible to play almost any air on them. He made a number of them in his spare time, and sent them by his friends amongst the freight brakemen to the bazaar in the town. He got two kopeks apiece for them. On the day following the visit of the commission he left his wife at home to meet the six o'clock train, and started off to the forest to cut some sticks.

VSÉVOLOD MIKHÁYLOVICH GARSHIN lived in the days of the giants of Russian literature, during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Although he wrote only a handful of stories, their brilliant realism and dramatic power rank him with Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, Chekhov or Gogol among the extraordinary masters of the tale.

Garshin, child of a noble family, died at the age of thirty-three after a life of almost continuous illness. He wrote, in addition to his short stories—of which THE SIGNAL *is perhaps the most famous—his memoirs of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, in which he saw spectacular service.*

He went to the end of his section and struck into the wood. About half a verst away there was a marsh, around which splendid reeds for his flutes grew. He cut a bundle of stalks and started back. As he walked along rapidly, he fancied he heard the clang of iron striking iron, and he redoubled his pace. There was no repair going on in his section. What did it mean? He emerged from the woods, the railway embankment stood high before him; on the top a man was squatting on the bed of the line busily engaged in something. Semyon commenced quietly to crawl up towards him. He thought it was some one after the nuts which secure the rails. He watched, and the man got up, holding a crow-bar in his hand. He had loosened a rail, so that it would move to one side. A mist swam before Semyon's eyes. It was Vasily. Semyon scrambled up the bank, as Vasily with crowbar and wrench slid headlong down the other side.

"Vasily Stepanych! My dear friend, come back! Give me the crow-bar. We will put the rail back; no one will know. Come back! Save your soul from sin!"

Vasily did not look back, but disappeared into the woods.

Semyon stood before the rail which had been torn up. He threw down his bundle of sticks. A train was due; not a freight, but a passenger train. And he had nothing with which to stop it, no flag. He could not replace the rail and could not drive in the spikes with his bare hands. It was necessary to run, absolutely necessary to run to the hut for some tools. "God help me!" he murmured.

Semyon started running towards his hut. He was out of breath, but still ran, falling every now and then. He had cleared the forest; he was only a few hundred feet from his hut, not more, when he heard the distant hooter of the factory sound—six o'clock! In two minutes' time No. 7 train was due. "Oh, Lord! Have pity on innocent souls!" In his mind, Semyon saw the engine strike against the loosened rail with its left wheel, shiver, careen, tear up and splinter the sleepers—and just there, there was a curve and the embankment seventy feet high, down which the engine would topple—and the third-class carriages would be packed . . . little children. . . . All sitting in the train now, never dreaming of danger. "Oh, Lord! Tell me what to do! . . . No, it is impossible to run to the hut and get back in time."

Semyon did not run on to the hut, but turned back and ran faster than before. He was running almost mechanically, blindly; he did not know himself what was to happen. He ran as far as the rail which had been pulled up; his sticks were lying in a heap. He bent down, seized one without knowing why, and ran on farther. It seemed to him the train was already coming. He heard the distant whistle; he heard the quiet, even tremor of the rails; but his strength was exhausted, he could run no farther, and came to a halt about six hundred feet from the awful spot. Then an idea came into his head, literally like a ray of light. Pulling off his cap, he took out of it a cotton scarf, drew his knife out of the upper part of his boot, and crossed himself, muttering, "God bless me!"

He buried the knife in his left arm above the elbow; the blood spurted out, flowing in a hot stream. In this he soaked his scarf, smoothed it out, tied it to the stick and hung out his red flag.

He stood waving his flag. The train was already in sight. The driver would not see him—would come close up, and a heavy train cannot be pulled up in six hundred feet.

And the blood kept on flowing. Semyon pressed the sides of the wound together so as to close it, but the blood did not diminish. Evidently he had cut his arm very deep. His head commenced to swim, black spots began to dance before his eyes, and then it became dark. There was a ringing in his ears. He could not see the train or hear the noise. Only one thought possessed him. "I shall not be able to keep standing up. I shall fall and drop the flag; the train will pass over me. Help me, oh Lord!"

All turned black before him, his mind became a blank, and he dropped the flag; but the blood-stained banner did not fall to the ground. A hand seized it and held it high to meet the approaching train. The engineer saw it, shut the regulator, and reversed steam. The train came to a standstill.

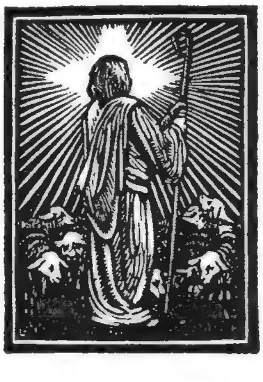
People jumped out of the carriages and collected in a crowd. They saw a man lying senseless on the footway, drenched in blood, and another man standing beside him with a blood-stained rag on a stick.

Vasily looked around at all. Then, lowering his head, he said: "Bind me. I tore up a rail!"

◆

Songs of David

By DAVID P. BERENBERG



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

The sheep heard David's sweetest songs, the trees,
The heather and the wet rocks in the brook;
The wind that did not care, the homing bees,
The passing camel-men who turned to look,
Who stood, perhaps, and listened to him sing,
And then turned wearily away and smiled,
The sheep heard David when the sun of spring
Was still undimmed, and love not yet defiled.
The soldiers watching in the starry night,
Hearing him sing beside the palace-wall,
Heard such a passionate and pure delight
That they forgot they knew the town and Saul.

The song they heard was nothing to the deep,
Forgotten song of David to his sheep.

A Witty Sequel to Shakespeare's Comedy

The end of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING *must always leave the sympathetic play-goer in tears. The future looks black for everybody concerned. Claudio's jealous disposition will make him a most uncomfortable husband for the resuscitated Hero, while Benedick and Beatrice are likely to find that a common taste in badinage is not the most satisfactory basis for matrimony. When it is added that Don John's genius for plotting is sure in the end to get him into trouble one feels that nothing can be gloomier than this prospect.*

By Tenniel, from *Punch* (1852)

By ST. JOHN HANKIN

More Ado About Nothing

SCENE—*The garden of* BENEDICK'S *house at Padua.* BENEDICK *is sitting on a garden seat, sunning himself indolently.* BEATRICE *is beside him, keeping up her reputation for conversational brilliance by a series of sprightly witticisms.*

BEATRICE—Very likely I do talk twice as much as I should. But then, if I talk too much, you certainly listen far too little, so we are quits. Do you hear?

BENEDICK (*opening his eyes slowly*)—Eh?

BEATRICE—I believe you were asleep! But there—'tis a great compliment to my wit. Like Orpheus, I can put even the savage beasts to sleep with it. (BENEDICK'S *eyes close again, and he appears to sink into a profound doze.*) But if the beasts go to sleep, there's no use in being witty. I suppose Orpheus never thought of that. Come, wake up, good Signior Beast. (*Prods him coquettishly with her finger.*) Have you forgotten that the Duke is coming?

BENEDICK (*drowsily*)—When will he be here?

BEATRICE—Ere you have done gaping.

BENEDICK (*terribly bored by this badinage*)—My dear, if only you would occasionally answer a plain question. When do you expect him?

BEATRICE (*skittish to the last*)—Plain questions should be answered only by plain people.

BENEDICK (*yawning heartily*)—A pretty question then.

BEATRICE—Pretty questions should be asked only by pretty people. There! What do you think of *that* for wit!

BENEDICK—Really, my dear, I can hardly trust myself to characterize it in—er—fitting terms. (*Rings bell. Enter* PAGE.) When is the Duke Expected?

PAGE—In half-an-hour, sir.

BENEDICK—Thank you.

(*Exit Page.*)

BEATRICE (*pouting*)—You needn't have rung. *I* could have told you that.

BENEDICK—I am sure you could, my dear. But as you wouldn't——

BEATRICE—I was going to, if you had given me time.

BENEDICK—Experience has taught me, my dear Beatrice, that it is usually much quicker to ring! (*Closes his eyes again.*)

BEATRICE—How rude you are!

Benedick (*half opening them*)—Eh?

Beatrice—I said it was very rude of you to go to sleep when I am talking.

Benedick (*closing his eyes afresh*)—It's perfectly absurd of you to talk when I am going to sleep.

Beatrice (*girding herself for fresh witticisms*)—Why absurd?

Benedick—Because I don't hear what you say, of course, my love.

Beatrice (*whose repartees have been scattered for the moment by this adroit compliment*)—Well, well, sleep your fill, Bear. I'll go and bandy epigrams with Ursula.

(*Exit* Beatrice. Benedick *looks cautiously round to see if she is really gone, and then heaves a sigh of relief.*)

Benedick—Poor Beatrice! If only she were not so incorrigibly sprightly. She positively drives one to subterfuge. (*Produces a book from his pocket, which he reads with every appearance of being entirely awake.*)

(*Enter* Don Pedro, *as from a journey.* Benedick *does not see him.*)

Don Pedro—Signior Benedick!

Benedick (*starting up on hearing his name*)—Ah, my dear Lord. Welcome to Padua.

Don Pedro (*looks him up and down*)—But how's this? You look but poorly, my good Benedick.

Benedick—I am passing well, my Lord.

Don Pedro—And your wife, the fair Beatrice? As witty as ever?

Benedick (*grimly*)—Quite!

Don Pedro (*rubbing his hands*)—I felt sure of it! *I* made the match, remember! I said to old Leonato, "She were an excellent match for Benedick," as soon as I saw her.

Benedick (*sighing*)—So you did, so you did.

Don Pedro (*puzzled*)—I'm bound to say you don't seem particularly happy.

Benedick (*evasively*)—Oh, we get on well enough.

Don Pedro—Well enough! Why, what's the matter, man? Come, be frank with me.

Benedick (*impressively*)—My dear Lord, never marry a witty wife! If you do, you'll repent it. But it's a painful subject. Let's talk of something else. How's Claudio? I thought we should see him—and Hero—with you.

Don Pedro (*looking slightly uncomfortable*)—Claudio is—er—fairly well.

Benedick—Why, what's the matter with him? *His* wife isn't developing into a wit, is she?

Don Pedro—No. She's certainly not doing *that!*

Benedick—Happy Claudio! But why aren't they here then?

Don Pedro (*coughing nervously*)—Well, the truth is, Claudio's marriage hasn't been exactly one of my successes. You remember I made *that* match, too? . .

Benedick—I remember. Don't they hit it off?

Don Pedro (*querulously*)—It was all Claudio's suspicious temper. He never would disabuse his mind of the idea that Hero was making love to somebody else. You remember he began that even before he was married. First it was me he suspected. Then it was the mysterious man under her balcony.

Benedick—You suspected him, too.

Don Pedro—That's true. But that was all my brother John's fault. Anyhow, I thought when they were once married, things would settle down comfortably.

Benedick—You were curiously sanguine. I should have thought anyone would have seen that after that scene in the church they would never be happy together.

Don Pedro—Perhaps so. Anyhow, they weren't. Of course, everything was against them. What with my brother John's absolute genius for hatching plots, and my utter inability to detect them, not to speak of Claudio's unfortunate propensity for overhearing conversations and misunderstanding them, the intervals of harmony between them were extremely few, and at last Hero lost patience and divorced him.

Benedick—So bad as that? How did it happen?

Don Pedro—Oh, in the old way. My brother pretended that Hero was unfaithful, and as he could produce no evidence of the fact whatever, of course Claudio believed him. So, with his old passion for making scenes, he selected the moment when I and half-a-dozen others were staying at the house, and denounced her before us all after dinner.

Benedick—The church scene over again?

Don Pedro—No. It took place in the drawing-room. Hero behaved with her usual dignity, declined to discuss Claudio's accusations altogether, put the matter in the hands of her solicitor, and the decree was made absolute last week.

Benedick—She was perfectly innocent, of course?

Don Pedro—Completely. It was merely another ruse on the part of my amiable brother. Really, John's behavior was inexcusable.

Benedick—Was Claudio greatly distressed when he found he had been deceived?

Don Pedro—He was distracted. But Hero declined to have anything more to do with him. She said she could forgive a man for making a fool of himself once, but twice was too much of a good thing.

Benedick (*frowning*)—That sounds more epigrammatic than a really *nice* wife's remarks should be.

Don Pedro—She had great provocation.

Benedick—That's true. And one can see her point of view. It was the publicity of the thing that galled her, no doubt. But poor Claudio had no reticence whatever. That scene in the church was in the worst possible taste. But I forgot. *You* had a share in that.

Don Pedro (*stiffly*)—I don't think we need go into that question.

Benedick—And now to select the hour after a dinner-party for taxing his wife with infidelity! How like Claudio! Really, he must be an absolute fool.

Don Pedro—Oh, well, *your* marriage doesn't seem to have been a conspicuous success, if you come to that.

Benedick (*savagely*)—That's no great credit to you, is it? *You* made the match. You said as much a moment ago.

Don Pedro—I know, I know. But seriously, my dear Benedick, what is wrong?

Benedick (*snappishly*)—Beatrice, of course. You don't suppose *I'm* wrong, do you?

Don Pedro—Come, that's better. A spark of the old Benedick. Let me call your wife to you, and we'll have one of your old encounters of wit.

Benedick (*seriously alarmed*)—For Heaven's sake, no. Ah, my dear Lord, if you only knew how weary I am of wit, especially Beatrice's wit.

Don Pedro—You surprise me. I remember I thought her a most amusing young lady.

Benedick (*tersely*)—You weren't married to her.

Don Pedro—But what is it you complain of?

Benedick—Beatrice bores me. It is all very well to listen to sparkling sallies for ten minutes or so, but Beatrice sparkles for hours together. She is utterly incapable of answering the simplest question without a blaze of epigram. When I ask her what time it is, she becomes so insufferably facetious that all the clocks stop in disgust. And once when I was thoughtless enough to inquire what there was for dinner, she made so many jokes on the subject that I had to go down without her. And then the soup was cold!

Don Pedro (*quoting*)—"Here you may see Benedick, the married man!"

Benedick—Don't *you* try to be funny, too! One joker in a household is quite enough, I can tell you. And poor Beatrice's jokes aren't always in the best of taste either. The other day when the Vicar came to lunch he was so shocked at her that he left before the meal was half over.

Don Pedro—My poor Benedick, I wish I could advise you. But I really don't know what to suggest. My brother could have helped you, I'm sure. He was always so good at intrigue. But, unfortunately, I had him executed after his last exploit with Claudio. It's most unlucky. But that's the worst of making away with a villain. You never know when you may need him. Poor John could always be depended upon in an emergency of this kind.

Benedick (*gloomily*)—He is certainly a great loss.

Don Pedro—Don't you think you could arrange so that Beatrice should overhear you making love to someone else? We've tried that sort of thing more than once in this play.

Benedick (*acidly*)—As the result has invariably been disastrous, I think we may dismiss that expedient from our minds. No, there's nothing for it but to put up with the affliction, and by practicing a habit of mental abstraction reduce the evil to bearable limits.

Don Pedro—I don't think I quite follow you.

Benedick—In plain English, my dear Lord, I find the only way to go on living with Beatrice is never to listen to her. As soon as she begins to be witty, I fall into a kind of swoon, and in that comatose condition I can live through perfect coruscations of brilliancy without inconvenience.

Don Pedro—Does she like that?

Benedick—Candidly, I don't think she does.

Don Pedro—Hold! I have an idea.

Benedick (*nervously*)—I hope not. Your ideas have been singularly unfortunate hitherto.

Don Pedro—Ah, but you'll approve of this.

Benedick—What is it?

Don Pedro—Leave your wife, and come with me.

Benedick (*doubtfully*)—She'd come after us.

Don Pedro—Yes, but we should have the start.

Benedick—That's true. By Jove, I'll do it! Let's go at once. (*Rises hastily.*)

Don Pedro—I think you ought to leave some kind of message for her—just to say good-by, you know. It seems more polite.

Benedick—Perhaps so. (*Tears a leaf out of pocket-book.*) What shall it be, prose or verse? I remember Claudio burst into poetry when he was taking leave of Hero. Such bad poetry, too!

Don Pedro—I think you might make it verse—as you've leaving her forever. It seems more in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

Benedick—So it does. (*Writes.*)

Bored to death by Beatrice's tongue
Was the hero that lived here——

Don Pedro—Hush! Isn't that your wife over there?

Benedick (*losing his temper*)—Dash it all! There's nothing but eavesdropping in this play.

Don Pedro—Perhaps she doesn't see us. Let's steal off, anyhow, on the chance.

(*They creep off on tiptoe* [R] *as* Beatrice *enters with similar caution* [L]).

Beatrice (*watching them go*)—Bother! I thought I should overhear what they were saying. I believe Benedick is really running away. It's just as well. If he hadn't *I* should. He had really grown too dull for anything. (*Sees note which* Benedick *has left.*) Ah, so he's left a message. "Farewell forever," I suppose. (*Reads it. Stamps her foot.*) Monster! If I ever see him again I'll scratch him!

◆

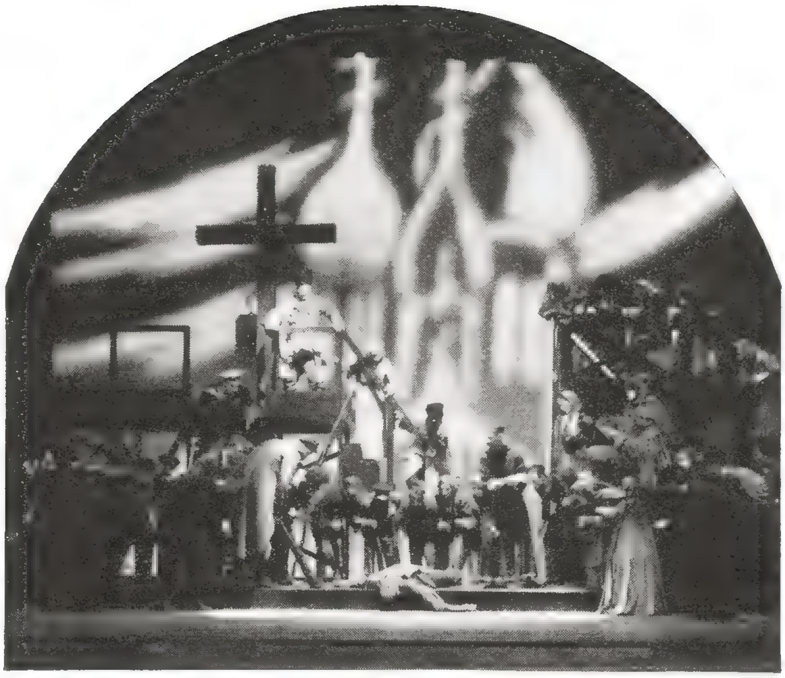
Unearned Increment

A Conundrum after the Chinese
propounded by
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The Old Mandarin
Always perplexes his friend the Adjuster
At the Prune Exchange Bank
By adding his balances together
In the Chinese fashion.
For example: he once had $5000 in the bank
And drew various checks against it.

He drew $2000; thus leaving a balance of $3000.
He drew $1500; thus leaving a balance of $1500.
He drew $900; thus leaving a balance of $600.
He drew $600; thus leaving a balance of 000.
———— ————
$5000. $5100.

Yet, as you see, when he adds his various balances
He finds that they total $5100
And the Old Mandarin therefore maintains
There should still be $100 to his credit.
They had to engage the Governor of the Federal Reserve
To explain the fallacy to him.



"The Armored Train," melodrama of the Russian Revolution, staged for the first time at the Pasadena, Cal., Community Playhouse.

The Little Giant

America's Theater of the People Grows Up

By CARL CARMER

Associate Editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly*

A THEATER WHICH should be an inspiration and a recreation both to its audiences and to its active participants has for years been the dream of many Americans. They desired a place where the native playwright might see his interpretations of his own land realized by compatriots who took joy in doing it. All theater-lovers might here strive together toward the creation of a synthesis of light and color and sound and form which should be an artistic unit—a production. And in striving, their desire for creative expression might be appeased. As a fulfilment of such a conception the American "Little Theater" came into existence.

Kenneth Macgowan, in his recently published volume on our native amateur art-theaters, *Footlights Across America,* makes an interesting prophecy with regard to American drama:

"The drama will be, first of all, an expression of local characters and local conditions—easily understood by their own people, easily attractive to them; if such local drama proves to have universal qualities, either of truth or of art, it will live beyond the locality and be seen all over the country. As to a national theater, if we are to have one, it will certainly not be found on feverish Broadway or in that synthetic capital, Washington. It will have its roots in every State. It will live nationally through its local and characteristic institutions."

For almost twenty years now the amateur art-theaters of America, in the effort to reach such a goal as Mr. Macgowan has described, have constituted what has been known as "The Little Theater Movement." During that time many have endured vicissitudes only to live on in triumph. Probably more have perished ingloriously. Failures for the most part have been from good and sufficient causes. The "arty" and the highbrow have ministered to some with fatal consequence. Amateur mismanagement of their business has killed others. But the idea of a theater of the people is a hardy one. And it has never been more flourishing than now. Once the dean of Broadway producers honored the Little Theaters by intimating that they were a menace to the show business. This year sees the Eighth Annual Little Theater One-Act Play Tournament for the prize which bears his name, the Belasco Cup. Not long ago George Kelly, in one of the most amusing American comedies, aimed the shaft of satiric burlesque at them with telling effect. But the torch-bearers of today can and do play *The Torch-bearers* with amusement and without conscious blushes.

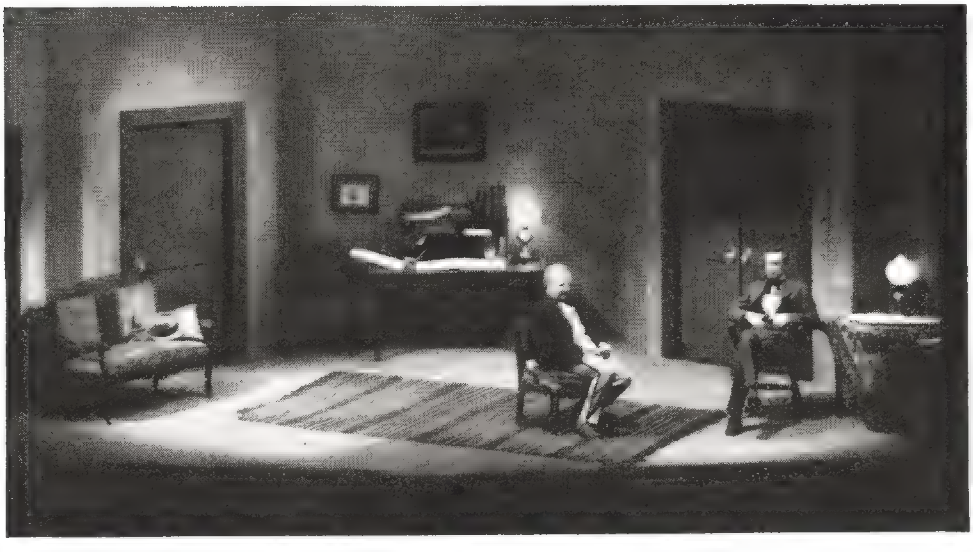
The Little Theater during the past few years has been growing up. Its whole organization evidences increased maturity and power. In wealth alone it has come to demand recognition. Throughout the land—in Pasadena, Cleveland, Dallas, Chicago, Omaha, San Antonio, Birmingham, New Orleans and scores of other cities rise the walls of beautiful, thoroughly equipped play-houses—the property of civic amateur-theater organizations. Beside them the professional theaters often look old and dingy. No one can read the facts as they are set forth in the admirably comprehensive *Footlights Across America* without being deeply impressed by the material holdings of the Little Theater groups and by the prospects of their future prosperity. Annual budgets which only a few years ago dealt in meager hundreds now deal in thousands and sometimes hundreds of thousands. To these groups it has seemed that there is no virtue in being poor. Increased finances have meant increased power to do what they wanted to do. Unwilling to compromise they have gambled on the idealistic theater and they have won.

It is not merely in the world's goods that the Little Theaters have gained in power. When they began, the inexperience of the actors and director and the rest of the personnel demanded short flights only—the one-act play was the standard production. Today the one-act program is the exception. The amateur companies have found themselves capable of holding the interest of their audiences throughout plays of full professional length. This has been partially due to the employment of skilled directors. Whether from this or other causes, acting in the Little Theaters has improved at an astonishing rate. Indeed many of the amateur actors have turned professional. Katharine Cornell and Hope Williams are but two of a large number of professional players who have been recruited from the amateur ranks.

Moreover, the Little Theaters have apparently been more successful of late in their choice of plays than have been the commercial producers with their stock and road companies. The latter have been complaining bitterly about the talkies. Few of them have realized that in the very city in which their shows have failed an amateur civic company is playing good plays successfully to enthusiastic audiences. Indeed the dweller in the so-called provinces whose city supports a Little Theater is frequently assured of seeing a better series of plays than he could witness by a winter of haphazard first-night attendance among the theaters of Broadway. Most of the plays for the Little Theater will have been chosen because they are good plays of proved merit. Just what standards serve as a basis for the choice of some of Broadway's producers is a mystery.

The demand for the three-act play has become so acute among the Little Theaters within the last two years that a peculiar situation has arisen involving royalties and rights to perform. It has been an unwritten law among play agents for years that a play first completes its New York run, then is taken on the road, then is sold for stock production, and finally is sold to amateurs. Certain cities have been listed with the agents as "stock towns" and it has been the practice not to sell amateur production rights in such a city until the play has first been played there by a stock company. The mortality rate among the stock groups has been very high lately. But the play agents still keep up their custom, to the extreme annoyance of the amateurs.

(*Continued on page* 134)



Highly commendable productions of well-known plays have been made by little theater groups in widely separated parts of the country. Pictured at the left is the first act of the Ibsen's "The Master Builder" as staged by the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. Above is shown a pretentious scene from Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" as produced by the Little Theatre of Dallas, Texas.

Twentieth Century

Dr. Edwin Mims
Selects for the Golden Book the 25 Most Worth While Books of the Twentieth Century

- Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*
- Conrad's *Lord Jim*
- Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*
- Lewis' *Babbitt*
- Cather's *My Antonia*
- Roberts' *The Time of Man*
- Masefield's *Poems*
- Hardy's *Poems*
- Frost's *Poems*
- Robinson's *Poems*
- Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*
- Strachey's *Queen Victoria*
- Wells' *Outline of History*
- Beard's *Rise of American Civilization*
- Bergson's *Creative Evolution*
- Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*
- Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World*
- More's *Shelburne Essays*
- Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*
- Mumford's *The Golden Day*
- Sherman's *The Genius of America*
- Shaw's *Man and Superman*
- O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*
- Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*
- Adams' *Education of Henry Adams*

It is natural enough that any list of the best-loved books in the world should widen out as it approaches our own time. In the list of "100 Books Most Worth Reading" selected by the editors of the Golden Book, first published last month in this magazine and now reprinted here, fifty titles cover fairly satisfactorily the greatest contributions of literature from the earliest days to the beginning of the nineteenth century—for present-day men and women. But the remaining fifty seem entirely too few to include the varied volumes of fiction, poetry, philosophy, and science which have been published in the last 125 years, and have played a large part in shaping contemporary minds.

There must, of course, be room on the list for the great Romantic poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron—and it seems absurd that the line must be drawn at such as Coleridge; Browning and Tennyson are here too, but no room for Swinburne or the pre-Raphaelites. The great nineteenth century novelists who are still favorites take a good deal of space: Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Dumas, Balzac, Flaubert, Hugo, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Stevenson, and Kipling—and the colossal Russians: Dostoievsky, Turgeniev, and Tolstoi. But a dozen names hardly less vital tumble to one's tongue, while to choose the single volume which will epitomize the genius of each of these men is a difficult task.

Lamb, Carlyle, Pater, Emerson, Nietzsche, and Kant—these are included, but at the expense of Ruskin, Newman, Spencer, Hegel. There is no room for volumes of science, history, or criticism which, because of a changing body of facts or point of view, are now of historical rather than intrinsic living value.

The One Hundred Books Most

- *The Bible*
- Homer's *Iliad; Odyssey*
- Æsop's *Fables*
- Æschylus' *Prometheus Bound*
- Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*
- Euripides' *Medea*
- Herodotus' *Histories*
- Plato's *Dialogues*
- Aristotle's *Politics; Poetics*
- Lucretius' *On the Nature of Things*
- Virgil's *Æneid*
- Horace's *Poems*
- Tacitus' *Histories*
- Plutarch's *Lives*
- Epictetus' *Morals*
- Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations*
- *The Arabian Nights*
- *The Song of Roland*
- *Niebelungenlied*
- *Mahabharata*
- Dante's *Divine Comedy*
- Boccaccio's *Decameron*
- Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*
- Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*
- Rabelais' *Gargantua; Pantagruel*
- Montaigne's *Essays*
- Cervantes' *Don Quixote*
- Bacon's *Essays*
- Shakespeare's *Plays*
- Milton's *Collected Poems*
- Pascal's *Letters*
- Pepys' *Diary*
- Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*
- Le Sage's *Gil Blas*
- Pope's *Poems*
- Addison's *Spectator Papers*
- Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*
- Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*
- Voltaire's *Candide*
- Fielding's *Tom Jones*
- Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*
- Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*
- Franklin's *Autobiography*
- Burke's *Speeches on America*
- Rousseau's *Confessions*
- Walpole's *Letters*
- Boswell's *Life of Johnson*
- Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*
- Grimm's *Household Tales*
- Andersen's *Fairy Tales*
- Goethe's *Faust; Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*

Books Most Worth Reading

Concluding a discussion in the Golden Book for May of the 100 Books which can most nearly put in your possession the culture and delight of the ages.

The 25 Books of the Twentieth Century Most Frequently Named on Sixty Lists of Best Books, 1901-1925

Compiled by Asa Don Dickinson

Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*
Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*
Kipling's *Kim*
Masefield's *Poems*
Wharton's *Ethan Frome*
Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*
Hergesheimer's *Java Head*
Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*
Tarkington's *Penrod*
London's *Call of the Wild*
Wells' *Outline of History*
Wister's *Virginian*
De Morgan's *Joseph Vance*
Frost's *Poems*
Garland's *Son of the Middle Border*
Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*
Cather's *My Antonia*
Hardy's *Dynasts*
Hudson's *Green Mansions*
Robinson's *Poems*
O. Henry's *The Four Million*
Synge's *Riders to the Sea*
Lewis' *Babbitt*
O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*
Shaw's *Man and Superman*

But complicated as the business is so far, it is easier for the nineteenth century than for our own. Here it is all guess-work, if fascinating guess-work. From the first thirty years of our century only a few names probably merit a place on any selective and fundamental list of only one hundred titles. But which few shall they be? Shaw's *Man and Superman,* Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga,* Kipling's *Kim,* Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Nostromo,* Hardy, Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe,* Doughty, Fraser's *Golden Bough,* Willa Cather and Dreiser are the scanty handful of contemporary books which wind up our list of world-masters. A totally different handful would be no less fairly, or unfairly, representative, and five times that number would be well worth reading. Certainly it is important for us to understand our own generation, and to know its best achievements.

We are presenting here, therefore, two lists of twenty-five books of our century which promise to make a permanent place for themselves in literature, and are the most worth reading of our generation:

The first is the selection of Dr. Edwin Mims, made especially for the Golden Book. It is a personal list, but of a man acutely and discriminatingly interested in the best that his age has produced.

The second list is made up of the twenty-five books most frequently mentioned on more than sixty reliable lists of the best books published between 1901 and 1925. In a volume called "The Best Books of Our Time" Asa Don Dickinson has assembled these varied judgments of careful scholars and sifted out from them the twenty-five titles which most frequently hold high place. And here they are.

Worth Reading

Selected by the Editors of the Golden Book

Wordsworth's *Poems*
Byron's *Poems*
Shelley's *Poems*
Keats' *Poems*
Browning's *Poems*
Tennyson's *Poems*
Arnold's *Poems*
Scott's *Ivanhoe; Quentin Durward; Heart of Midlothian*
Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*
Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*
Lamb's *Essays*
Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship French Revolution*
Poe's *Poems and Tales*
Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*
Emerson's *Essays*
Thoreau's *Walden*
Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*
Melville's *Moby Dick*
Balzac's *Père Goriot*
Hugo's *Les Misérables*
Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*
Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*
Maupassant's *Selected Stories*
Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*
Dickens' *David Copperfield; Pickwick Papers*
Eliot's *Middlemarch; The Mill on the Floss*
Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*
Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*
Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *The Return of the Native*
Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*
Turgeniev's *Virgin Soil*
Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment; The Brothers Karamazov*
Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*
Ibsen's *Ghosts; The Wild Duck*
Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard; Short Stories*
Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*
Pater's *Appreciations*
Stevenson's *Essays; Kidnapped*
Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*
France's *Penguin Island; Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*
Kipling's *Kim*
Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*
Fraser's *The Golden Bough*
Shaw's *Man and Superman*
Conrad's *Nostromo; Nigger of the Narcissus*
Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*
Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*
Cather's *My Antonia*
Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*

The Flight to Varennes

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Translated by R. S. GARNETT

The situation is:

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION was brewing, and King Louis XVI found himself practically a prisoner in the palace of Versailles with his Queen, Marie Antoinette, and their two children. Since all hope for their safety seemed to lie outside of France, they planned to escape from Paris to the frontier.

Sixty-four years later Dumas sets about to retrace, step by step, this dramatic flight. He seeks to clear up certain historical details by interviewing people on the scene who had been witnesses of the great event and by consulting whatever documents he may find at Châlons, Sainte-Menehould, and Varennes. From his investigations he reconstructs the exciting days of 1791.

On the evening set for their flight, the party of eight finally slipped out of the palace by twos and reached the fiacre which was to take them out of Paris. They arrived safely at Sainte-Menehould, but there, through the indiscretion of the King, they were recognized. Though they departed in safety, the populace was in a turmoil, and Drouet and Guillaume, two young patriots, were commissioned by the Town Council to pursue the royal carriages and arrest the flight in the name of the National Assembly.

The royal carriages proceed to Varennes. There Drouet overtakes them, dramatically rouses the town and halts the flight. King Louis and his family are forced to pass the night at the bourgeois home of M. Sauce; representatives arrive from Paris to arrest them, and the following day the captive royal family is forced to begin the long journey back to Paris. Their only hope of escape now lies in M. de Bouillé, an officer of the King's forces, who may be able to overtake the escort and rescue the King.

CONCLUSION

AND WHAT was M. de Bouillé doing during all this time. Let us take his account after those of Messieurs de Valory, de Goguelat, and de Choiseul, and we shall learn.

He was at Dun, where he had passed the night in mortal anxiety. It was the furthest point of his survey. At three o'clock, having no news, he mounted and went to Stenay. At Stenay he was in the center of his forces and could act more effectively, as he had larger numbers of men at his disposal. Between four and five o'clock he was joined successively by M. de Rohrig, M. de Raigecourt, and by his son. Then he knew everything.

But M. de Bouillé was not very sure of his men. He was surrounded by "bad," that is to say, "patriotic" towns. He was threatened by Metz, Verdun, and Stenay. It was the fear of Stenay that, above all had made him quit Dun. The "Royal-Allemand" was the only regiment on which he could rely. It must be worked up to white heat. M. de Bouillé and his son, Louis, applied themselves to the task, body and soul. A bottle of wine and a louis to every man did the business. And still it took two hours to get started. They did get off, but not till seven o'clock!

In two hours they had covered the eight leagues that separated them from Varennes. On the way they met a hussar.

"Well? What news?"

"The King has been arrested."

"We know that; what next?"

"The King has just left Varennes."

"And where is he going?"

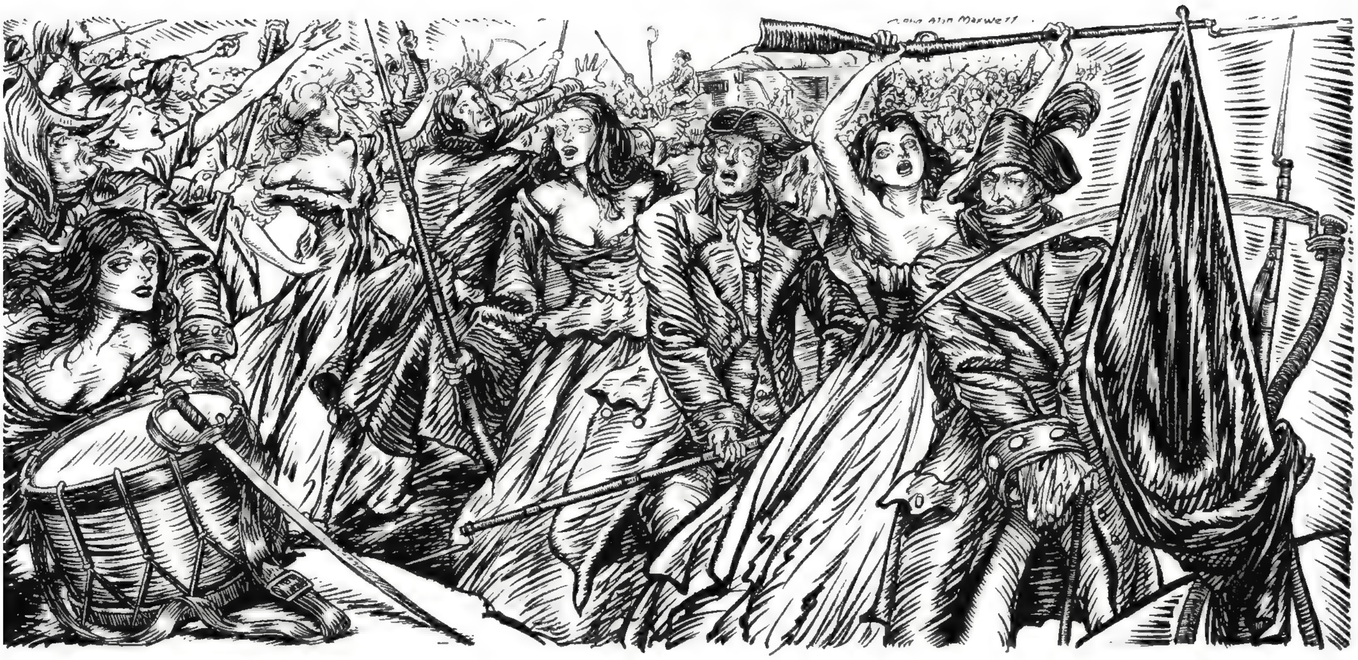
"To Paris."

Bouillé did not stay to reply. He struck spurs into his horse, and his regiment followed him. Varennes saw them ride down the hill like a waterspout on the vineyards, says the official narrative.

The King had started an hour before. There was no time to lose; the Rue de l'Hôpital was barricaded, the bridge was barricaded. They would have to circle the town, pass the river by the ford at the shambles, and take up a position on the Clermont road in order to hold up the escort.

This they did. The river was crossed. Three hundred paces more and they would have gained the road. But they came to the millstream; six feet deep and an impracticable slope! They had to halt and return.

Now listen to what young Louis de Bouillé says:



"Whoever applauds the King will be beaten. Whoever insults him will be hanged."

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

"We failed in our attempt with that little troop, having the whole of France against us!"

They had an idea, momentarily, of wheeling round the town in the other direction, passing the river at the ford of Saint Gengulphus, taking the Rue Saint-Jean, crossing Varennes and falling on the rear of the escort. But the dragoons were worn out; the horses were falling down at every step; they would have to fight in order to cross Varennes, and fight in order to reach the King. It was reported that the garrison at Verdun was on the march with cannon.

Their hearts failed them. They saw that all was lost. M. de Bouillé returned his sword to its sheath, and weeping with rage ordered the retreat.

The inhabitants of the upper town saw him with his men waiting for yet an hour, unable to bring themselves to retire. At last they took the road to Dun and disappeared round the further side of the hill. They were not seen again. The King continued on his way—*the way of the Cross.*

Chapter VII

We had started on our task of examining this road, step by step, from Sainte-Menehould, at ten o'clock in the morning. Half an hour later we were at the highest point in the district. It is here, at la Grange-aux-Bois, that the Forest of Argonne commences, in the defile that one year later, in June, 1792, Dumouriez had orders to defend. On the right and the left one still sees the emplacements of the batteries which could direct a cross fire on the road. It is the old road, of course, to which I refer.

Let us see, my dear friend Victor Hugo, what you—a great artist—think of this landscape. I open your pages and I read:

"Before arriving at the large town of Clermont, one crosses a beautiful valley where the confines of the Marne and the Meuse meet. The descent into this valley is magical. The way plunges down between two hills, and at first one sees nothing below but a sea of foliage; then the road turns and the whole valley is in sight, a vast amphitheatre formed by the hills; in the midst is an attractive village, almost Italian in appearance, so flat are its roofs. To the right and left, other villages on the wooded knolls; steeples rising from out of the haze which reveal more hamlets hidden in the recesses of the valley as in the folds of a mantle of green velvet; vast meadows where great herds of cattle are grazing; and through the midst of it runs a fine river, swift-flowing and joyous."

That is just it, and I do not need to give any further description: this one is perfect.

The village with the flat roofs is Les Islettes. It was beyond this village that Guillaume had to take the short cut through the woods. Only, by the new road, one loses his track; one must follow the old road, where one can only proceed now on foot, broken as it is, since it fell into disuse, by ravines and quagmires.

We arrived at Clermont. The horses needed a rest; and we drew up at a little tavern on the right hand side of the street, about half way up the village.

As we were leaving Clermont, our horse, which the driver had somewhat overworked, made the negotiation of a fairly steep descent a pretext for falling down, and for upsetting us into the bargain. We disengaged ourselves as best we could, and briskly got upon our feet again. But as for the horse, he did not stir. For one instant we were taken in, and thought he was in a fit. I proposed to bleed him. But the driver, more used to his tricks, prescribed the whip. This treatment took effect. Our Bucephalus jumped up, quietly allowed himself to be put between the shafts, and took the road to Varennes at a trot.

About four o'clock we reached the first houses.

All that can be known of a district without having seen it, I already knew; only, I had been led into an error—like everyone else—concerning the spot where the arrest of Louis XVI. took place. Not one historian but says he was stopped at the Grand Monarque Inn. I ordered our driver to take us to the Grand Monarque. He took us there. I recognized the bridge; I recognized the river; and I arrived at the Grand Monarque, convinced that this was the spot of the arrest. Nevertheless, the sight of the large square, on which the windows of the hotel looked, troubled my sense of surety. I had read in Hugo—and I know Hugo's accuracy as an artist—I had read: "Today, I cross the little Place de Varennes, which is shaped like the knife of a guillotine——." But the "Place" on which I was looking was not little, but large. It was not triangular, but square. I called the mistress of the hotel, Madame Gauthier. "Madame," I asked her, "will you kindly tell me which is M. Sauce's house."

"Oh! Monsieur is like the rest; he is mistaken in the place."

"But was it not opposite the Hôtel du Grand Monarque that Louis XVI. was arrested?"

"No, it was opposite the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, in the upper town, by the Place de Latry."

"But did not Louis XVI. then cross the bridge?"

"Never, Monsieur; the furthest he got in the town was to the Procurator of the Commune's house. If he had been able to reach the bridge, he would have been saved, for he would have been in the midst of his hussars."

This, indeed, was true.

"But," I insisted, "all the historians say that he was arrested at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque."

"They are wrong. He was expected there; I have often heard tell how, for eight days running, they kept a dinner all ready for him. But if you want to see the real spot where he was arrested, you must go back into the upper town."

WE RECROSSED THE BRIDGE, and went up the Rue de la Basse Cour. We found ourselves at last in a *little "Place" which was shaped like the knife of a guillotine.*

There, I acknowledged the truth.

But I needed a cicerone. I entered the manager's office. As good luck would have it I lighted on the Keeper of the Archives. I introduced myself, and he put himself at my service.

In a town like Paris, and in the midst of a population like the Parisians, no occurrence, however important, leaves any trace. Events pass in Paris like the waves of the sea; one drives out the other. But in a little provincial town like Clermont, Sainte-Menehould, or Varennes, it is not at all the same thing—at Varennes above all. Nobody spoke of Varennes before the 21st of June, 1791. On the 22nd, Varennes was the subject of the whole world's talk; all Europe had its eyes fixed on it.

Varennes lived a fevered life for twelve hours. During these twelve hours an event of immense importance took place within its walls. Since that day, all who are born at Varennes look back and keep their eyes fixed on the great occurrence. You may question the lowest townsman of Varennes; he knows the history of those twelve hours better than the most learned historian.

In the middle of the profound provincial night, there occurred twelve hours of storm and fire. All that was observed during those twelve hours—deeds, words, events—has remained as vivid in the recollection of the people as if it had occurred only the previous night; and it will so remain, whatever betide; for never again will an event of this importance occur to efface the remembrance of this one. Suppose Varennes were buried under lava, like Herculaneum, or in ashes, like Pompeii, nevertheless its greatest day would not be the day it perished. The greatest day of Varennes would remain the 22nd of June, 1791, the day when King Louis XVI. was arrested in front of the Bras d'Or.

And my Keeper of Archives fulfilled the office of cicerone marvelously well. Under his guidance nothing remained obscure. The "Place" took again its ancient aspect; the church which has disappeared was rebuilt; the archway—which no longer exists today—raised once again its vaulted roof; the house of Sauce, the grocer, which has retreated one meter thirty centimeters from the road, stepped back into its original alignment—and then I learnt all that had been impossible to understand from M. Thiers.

Here is what the historian of the Revolution says on the single theme of Varennes; you will see the errors that we have pointed out. Can it be, by any chance, that this history, boasted to be irreproachable, is as inaccurate as it is poorly written?

"Varennes is built on the banks of a river, narrow yet deep; a detachment of hussars was on guard there; but the officer, not seeing the treasure arrive, as had been announced, had left his troop in their quarters. The coach arrived at last and crossed the bridge.[1] Hardly had it disappeared under an archway[2] when Drouet aided by another individual, stopped the horses.

"'Your passport?' he cried.

"And with his gun he threatened the travelers should they insist on advancing.

"They obeyed the order and produced their passport. Drouet took possession of it, and pronounced that it was for the Procurator of the Commune to examine it. The royal family was then conducted before the Procurator, who was named Sausse."[3]

How much more accurate we "romancers" are than that!

And so it is Hugo who enables me to correct Lacretelle, Lamartine, and Thiers.

But what I desired above all was a map of the town. We went back to the Mayor's office, and I was shown one. It was dated 1812. This would not do for me; it was later than 1791. My cicerone reflected. Then suddenly, striking his head, he exclaimed, "I have what you want. Come with me."

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(1) We have seen that the coach never crossed the bridge.

(2) The coach did not disappear under an archway. We have said that it was too high to pass, and that the bodyguards on the box would have fractured their skulls against the vaulting.

(1) The name of the Procurator of the Commune was spelt not *Sausse*, but *Sauce*. I have verified this by his own signature; unless indeed he did not know how to write his own name, which is hardly credible.

When I am on the track of an idea I never trouble myself about the disturbance I may cause. I have to attain my end at all costs.

Our Keeper of Archives knocked at a door. "Is M. Carré de Malbery here?" he asked.

"Yes; but he is upstairs, moving furniture."

"Tell him that M. Alexandre Dumas wishes to speak with him, and beg him to be so kind as to come down."

I left not only all action, but all speech to my guide. At my name, which she had overheard, Madame de Malbery came out and took me into the drawing room. Some moments later, I heard steps rushing down the staircase. It was M. de Malbery. What hesitation could I have when I saw everyone so kind, so cordial, so anxious to serve me? I came to ask a favor from him, and he received me as if I were doing him one.

"How often have I been on the point of coming to offer myself to you!"

M. Carré de Malbery had a map of the town of Varennes made by his father in 1772. I asked his leave to make a tracing of it. He did better than to accord me this permission; he gave me the map itself.

The two *procès-verbal* (official accounts) of the arrest of the King, the first of the 23rd and the second of the 27th, were still to be sought. I wanted to go and copy them at the Mayor's office, but my archivist undertook to get them copied for me.

So we had only to return to the Hôtel du Grand Monarque and dine.

Apropos of the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, Hugo says:

"Louis XVI. was perhaps arrested at the Grand Monarque. If so, he saw himself painted on the signboard—himself, a painted king, poor Grand Monarch!"

In fact it was the practice of the landlords of the Grand Monarque to go to the expense of a fresh portrait at each new reign. Those who lived under Louis XIV., who reigned seventy-one years, and under Louis XV. who reigned fifty-four years, and under Louis XVI. who reigned nineteen years, were fortunate; the trouble began under the Republic and the Directory, with a pause, for a time, under Napoleon I. In 1814 they had to substitute Louis XVIII; in 1815, to put up Napoleon again. Three months later he had to be rubbed out and Louis XVIII. repainted; next Charles X., and then Louis Philippe. Louis Philippe was the last effigy on the sign of the Grand Monarque.

When the republic of 1848 was proclaimed, a regiment of sappers, seeing the portrait of Louis Philippe —who for eighteen years had been paying them their wages in coin bearing his image—took a pot of Prussian blue and daubed the sign all over. Since then, Madame Gauthier, who is a sensible woman, has left the sign bedaubed. The hotel remains the Grand Monarque—but without a king.

I do not know whether the hostess who kept the Grand Monarque in 1791 was as eminent in the art of cooking as Madame Gauthier. If she were so, Louis XVI., who was a gourmet, had reason to regret that eight dinners had been prepared for him which he never had the chance to eat.

We had just finished one of the best dinners that we had eaten—certainly, for a very long time—when I received a message from the curé of Varennes. He asked if it would be indiscreet of him to come and pay me a visit in company with his curate. I replied at once that it was for me to call upon him and not for him to put himself out for me. Five minutes later I crossed the Place and was at his house.

I entered it at half past seven; I left it at one o'clock in the morning, and, curious to relate, all that time, for five hours and a half, we were talking history and theology. My thanks to M. le Curé of Varennes for the delightful evening he enabled me to pass.

At one in the morning we got once more into our wagonette and drove off. I have three pieces of advice to give to those who visit Varennes in my wake: lodge with Madame Gauthier at the Grand Monarque; talk with the curé of Varennes and his curate; and come back across the forest of Argonne on a fine moonlight night.

CHAPTER VIII

AND NOW LET US RETURN to another error of M. Thiers. "The journey was slow," he says, "because the coach kept pace with the National Guards. It lasted for *eight days*."

The journey took *three* days, not eight. M. Thiers had only to do what we are doing here, to read and copy the King's account of the journey written in his own hand:

"Wednesday 22, left Varennes at five or six in the morning, had *déjeuner* at Sainte-Menehould, arrived at ten in the evening at Châlons, supped there and slept at the old Intendant's office.

"Thursday 23, at half past eleven they interrupted Mass in order to hurry our departure; partook of *déjeuner* at Châlons, dined at Épernay, found the Commissioners of the Assembly near Port-à-Binson; arrived at eleven o'clock at Dormans, and supped there; slept three hours in an armchair.

"Friday 24, left Dormans at half-past seven; dined at la Ferté-sous-Jouarre; arrived at ten o'clock at Meaux; supped and slept at the bishop's house.

"Saturday 25, left Meaux at half-past six; arrived at Paris at eight o'clock without stopping."

If history, which affects to despise the picturesque, does not take good care to give correct dates, I should like to know what is the use of history. A chronology is a poor thing at the best; but an inaccurate chronology is nothing at all.

Nothing important happened from Varennes to Sainte-Menehould. There was great prostration of the illustrious prisoners, that was all.

SAINTE-MENEHOULD was crowded with people. National Guards swarmed all over the town; the Châlons guards had come, some by the post, some in private vehicles or in farm carts. The number of strangers was so great that they feared there would not be enough food for everyone in the town.

Couriers arrived announcing the coming of the royal family. The Mayor and the members of the Town Council went out as far as the bridge of the Aisne, situated at the end of the Rue de la Porte-des-Bois. A municipal officer took the opportunity of making a discourse to the King on the alarms which his flight had caused in France. Louis XVI. contented himself with replying, "I never had any intention of leaving my kingdom."

About ten or eleven o'clock the carriages arrived. Two walls of armed men had been drawn up, reaching from the suburb to the Town Hall. These fell in and followed as the carriages passed them. The crowd was so dense that it took nearly half-an-hour to advance five hundred paces. About half-past eleven the King ascended the steps of the Town Hall. His clothes were covered with dust and he looked very careworn. The Queen, dressed in black, held the Dauphin by the hand. Louis XVI. and the children were hungry. As for the Queen, she seemed to have no more need for food than for sleep. A *déjeuner* had been thoughtfully prepared by the Municipal Council. But, as there was some delay in serving it, a gendarme named Lapointe—the same who with Legay had rushed to the assistance of Drouet—this gendarme named Lapointe brought some cherries in his hat to Madame Royale.

The royal family were in need of rest. The Mayor, M. Dupuis de Dammartin, offered them the use of his house; the King accepted it. Then the Mayor remarked to the King that it might be a good thing if he, the Queen and the Dauphin would show themselves to the people. The King first appeared; then the Queen, holding the Dauphin in her arms. The window where they stood, the only one in the Town Hall that had a balcony, was too small for them to show themselves together.

Then a municipal officer ventured to announce to the people that, the King being very much fatigued, His Majesty proposed to do the inhabitants of Sainte-Menehould the honor of sleeping within their precincts. The carriages had already been taken into the coach house, when the National Guards from the different towns and villages around, who crowded all the inns and taverns, assembled on the Place, and raising cries of "Aristocrats!" and "Traitors!" demanded the instant departure of the King, who, they declared, was being kept so near the frontier only so that the enemy could come and carry him off. And so they insisted on his departure.

The King, having heard the noise, asked the cause, and when he had been informed, said, "Very well, then, let us go." The Queen did not accept the situation with the same philosophy. An old man called Chalier, assured me that *he had heard* the Queen say to her son, whilst pointing out the National Guards to him: "You see those toads in blue? They are the people who want us to go."

Needless to say, the National Guards' uniform was blue; and needless also to say that I do not vouch for the truth of this speech. An old man told me he heard it; that is all; and I give his name. However, the words are quite in keeping with the Queen's character.

In traversing a hall of the Hôtel de Ville, out of which opens a door of the chapel where the prisoners used to hear Mass, the Queen, noticing these prisoners at the barred door, caused five louis to be given to them, and the King added ten.

At two o'clock the carriages left for Châlons. The King, acknowledged now to be the King, had the seat of honor in the coach. The three couriers remained on the coachman's seat. In all this I am following the account of M. Buirette, an eye-witness. Not a single cry of "Long live the King!" greeted either the entrance or the departure of Louis XVI. All that was heard was "Long live the Nation!", "Long live the Patriots!"

The way was long from Sainte-Menehould to Châlons; nine interminable leagues across these plains of chalk under an iron sky, with dazzling reflections of sunlight from the gun-barrels and scythe-blades of their guards. The royal family arrived at Châlons, shaken, exhausted, broken, at ten o'clock in the evening.

The authorities, with the Mayor at their head, awaited the prisoners at the Dauphine gate. Strange coincidence! This gate was no other than the triumphal arch erected for Madame la Dauphine on her entry into France. It still bore the inscription *"Aeternum stet ut Amor!"* (May it stand for ever like our love!)

At Châlons a change in popular feeling was seen. The rude bearing of the patriots was softened. This ancient town, which today can boast of nothing but its quite recent vine industry for the manufacture of champagne, was then chiefly populated by gentlemen of family, people of fortune, and royalist townsmen. To all these it was heart-breaking to see the poor King in such a plight.

A grand supper was prepared. The King and Queen supped in public as at Versailles; there were formal presentations; ladies arrived with enormous bouquets; the Queen was buried in flowers.

Drink deep of that cup, sire; it is to be your last draught!

On the next day, after having rested, they were to set off again. The start was to be late, after the royal family had heard Mass and lunched, or rather, dined; for at this period they still had dinner at mid-day. Mass was said by M. Charlier, constitutional curé of Nôtre Dame.

But on the following day, unfortunately, all was changed. At ten o'clock the King went to Mass; but hardly had the service commenced when a loud disturbance made itself heard. This noise was raised by a number of the National Guard from Reims. The cries came from a crowd rushing into the courtyard and surrounding the hotel; a furious mob made for the chapel; the doors were forced in spite of the resistance of the National Guard. The King and Queen left the Mass and showed themselves on a balcony, but the sight of them only doubled the popular rage: they shouted that the King must go, and proceeded to drag the carriages out of the coach house. The King declared that he was quite ready to go. This calm announcement quieted the agitation of the people. Nevertheless, the phrase he used was, in essence, a protest.

"Since they force me to it," he said, "I will go." And indeed, about eleven o'clock, they went.

When, forty years later, Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême passed through Châlons, this terrible morning returned to her memory with such force that in reply to the congratulations addressed to her under the Dauphine's gate, she could only bid the postillions—"Hurry."

Between Épernay and Dormans, but nearer Dormans than Épernay, at Port-à-Binson, as Louis XVI. says in his diary, the procession suddenly came to a stop. The King put his head out of the berlin to discover the reason for the halt—you must not forget that the royal coach was still escorted by three or four thousand men. Drouet and Guillaume, who seemed to have disappeared, had ridden on ahead to announce at Paris the King's arrival. The King, as we have said, inquired the cause of the halt.

THREE DEPUTIES of the National Assembly had come to direct and assure the return of the King; all three from the Left, but exhibiting the three different shades of opinion of the Left: Latour-Maubourg, Royalist; Barnave, Constitutionalist; and Pétion, Republican. The royal coach had stopped as I have said; the three deputies approached. Pétion drew an order from his pocket and read it aloud. It was the decree of the National Assembly which empowered them to precede the King, commanding them not only to watch over his safety but to assure the respect due to royalty in his person. After the reading of the order, Barnave and Pétion got into the royal coach. Madame de Tourzel left it, and with M. de Latour-Maubourg entered the carriage of the ladies-in-waiting. The Queen would have preferred to keep de Latour-Maubourg. That Barnave, the little lawyer from Dauphiné, with his bellicose swagger and his nose in the air, displeased her intensely—and Pétion quite as much so, with his red gills swelling with his own self-esteem. But M. de Latour-Maubourg said to her in a low voice, "I have only accepted this ungracious mission which brings me to Your Majesty in the hope of being useful to the King; Your Majesty can therefore count on me for entire devotion. But the case is not the same with Barnave, who exercises a very great influence over the Assembly. He, as a lawyer, is vain, and his vanity will be flattered by being in the King's carriage. It is important that he should be allowed there and that the Queen should have the opportunity of making his closer acquaintance. I beg her, therefore, to agree that I should give my place up to him."

The Queen nodded an affirmative. She would exert her woman's wiles once more and win over Barnave, as she had won Mirabeau. It was to descend a step lower, but it was at any rate a distraction.

Pétion gave, at the start, the measure of his good breeding. As representing the Assembly, he declared, he ought to have his seat in the place of honor. The King and Queen signed to Madame Elizabeth who moved to the front seat. The party in the coach was then arranged thus: on the back seat the King, Pétion, and the Queen; on the front, facing the King, Madame Elizabeth; facing Pétion, Madame Royale and the Dauphin; facing the Queen and knee to knee with her, Barnave. The first remarks of Barnave seemed to the Queen cold, dry and menacing. Barnave had dreamt of succeeding to Mirabeau's position. He had already nearly reached it in the Assembly, but he hoped to attain it perfectly. The Queen was to bear her share in his plans. Had not the Queen at Saint-Cloud granted a meeting to Mirabeau? And had not Barnave the right to a similar favor?

Now, rumor went that one of the three gentlemen seated on the box was M. de Fersen. M. de Fersen, rightly or wrongly, was openly held to be the Queen's lover. Barnave was jealous of M. de Fersen. With the marvelous instinct of a woman, the Queen divined all this. She found an occasion to name the three body-guards, Messieurs de Moustier, de Valory, and de Malden—but no de Fersen. Barnave drew a breath, smiled, and became affable. Handsome, young, polite, frank, and eloquent, and full of respect for the supreme misfortune that he saw before him, it was almost Barnave who won over the Queen. It is true that Pétion's rudeness threw his courtesy into relief.

There was between Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale a decanter of lemonade and a glass. Pétion was thirsty, so he thought it but natural to drink. He took the glass and held it towards Madame Elizabeth; Madame Elizabeth took the decanter and poured out the lemonade for Pétion.

"That's enough," said Pétion, raising his glass as if he had been in a tavern.

The Dauphin, with the restlessness of a little child, was coming and going about the coach. This annoyed Pétion, who caught the little boy and imprisoned him between his legs. This might be thought an attention. But, as he talked of public matters with the King, Pétion grew animated. He had begun by stroking the Dauphin's fair curls paternally; he ended by pulling them. The child screwed up his face with pain. The Queen snatched him from between Pétion's knees. Barnave, smiling, invited him into his arms.

"Yes," said the prince; and he settled himself on Barnave's knees. His childish instinct told him that he had found a protector. Whilst playing with what lay near his hand, his attention was attracted by one of the buttons of the deputy's coat, and he tried to spell out the motto. After several efforts he succeeded. The motto was "Live free or die!"

(*Continued on page* 126)

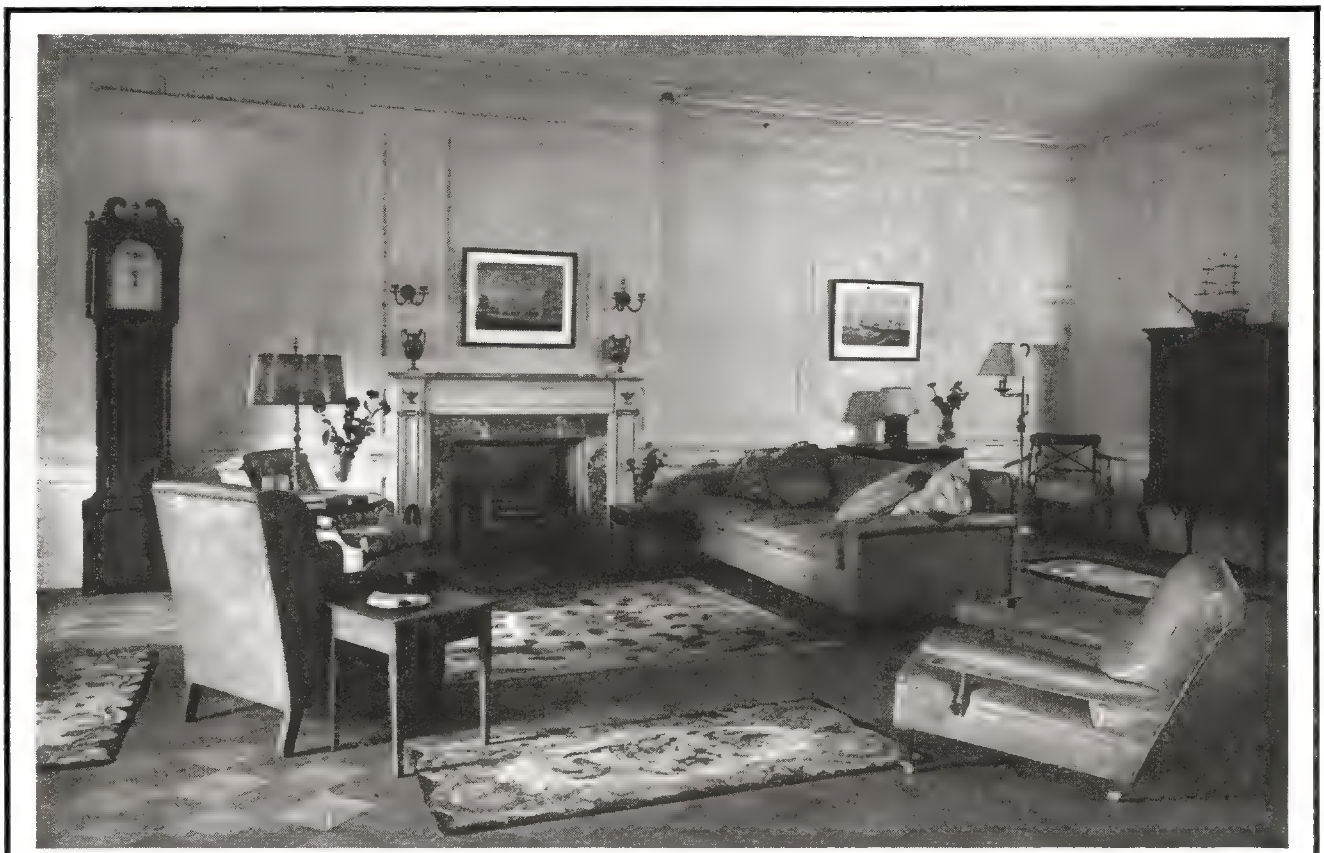
Art in Everyday

At no time in the history of civilization has decorative art played such a part in all our lives as it does today—especially in America, where its relative value is fully appreciated. Too often in the past beautiful and harmonious surroundings have been the exclusive blessings of the rich; but now, no matter how or where we live, there is something we can do to create charm, and to express our own conception of an attractive and livable interior. This achievement is no longer necessarily the offspring of money—but of good taste. Good taste may be partially instinctive, but in its developed state it has fed upon knowledge. We may know that our home is not what we would have it—but what to do about it? That has to be learned. Therefore it would seem that every intelligent person, especially one with cultural inclinations, is or should be interested, not only in art of the moment, but in what produced it—namely, the history, tradition and lore that lie behind it. How much more an object of art means when we can flash upon our brain a picture of when, where and how it was made, thus getting in touch with the human side of it! It is like feeling nearer to somebody whose home you have visited and whose family you know.

Before the world was so closely knit together by modern methods of communication and contact, each country clung more or less to its own conception of life and of art. But now the realm of the beautiful has no national boundaries, and America, representing all nations, has achieved an international consciousness of art. In answer to the demand created by our rapidly growing wealth and cultural development, New York has of recent years become the world's clearing-house for objects of art, both ancient and modern. Along with the best output of present-day schools of creative work are numerous masterpieces of long gone periods—treasures that have been given up in exchange for our millions. Hence many centuries and countries contribute to the composite beauty which lies at hand, and our opportunities to grow wise about art are great indeed.

Perhaps that is one reason why such a large number of persons, from various walks of life, have succumbed to the fascinations of collecting. There is nothing more delightful than a hobby of any sort, and it is likely to happen to anybody. Even such a practical business man as Henry Ford has become a

The almost severe simplicity of this early American living-room is typical of that period. The highboy is another child of the chest family.

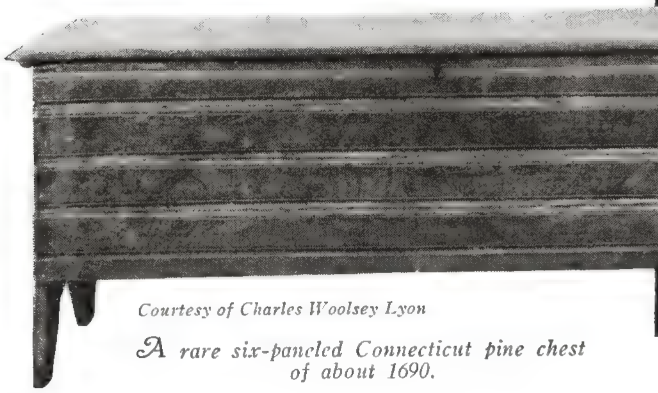


Courtesy of Elsie Sloan Farley

Living

By LEONORA R. BAXTER

¶ THE DEMAND for beauty in home surroundings has never been greater than it is today. In response to many requests, is this new department, where will be discussed how best to appreciate and utilize in our daily lives our artistic heritage, and to discover worthwhile new trends.



Courtesy of Charles Woolsey Lyon

A rare six-paneled Connecticut pine chest of about 1690.

Courtesy of R. H. Macy & Company

An early and popular New England version of the chest, made in maple.

"junk hunter." His collection of Americana at Dearborn seems to be his favorite recreation, and it is certainly going to be worth while to posterity. When complete it will fill about fifty buildings, and will, Mr. Ford says, "convey more of history than the written book." In this connection it is interesting to recall that a little more than fifty years ago a doctor of medicine, who was also a scholar and a man of taste, began to collect what was contemptuously called "attic junk," thereby bringing upon himself the ridicule of his small New England town. Today that collection of junk is one of the finest groups of early Americana to be found in the field of antiques—and the movement the doctor started has become the vocation and avocation of countless thousands, constituting what many believe to be the most engrossing business in the world. To support this idea we have evidence on every hand that the public mind is alive to art in all its phases, and is growing more and more aware of its possible application to everyday life. The recent Antiques Exposition at Grand Central Palace in New York City was an eye-opener for those who might be skeptical of this statement. The place was crowded at all hours—not only with collectors, dealers and decorators, but with laymen, who walked, or pushed, slowly up and down the aisles, thoughtfully absorbing, getting what they could out of it—each according to his taste and knowledge. It was a theater of learning, and I never saw more earnest students. Many of them couldn't pay the price of antiques or of good reproductions, but at least they were feeling their way toward a realization of what was worth having, and of what was not. I hung around, almost too hot to breathe, and studied the passing faces with lively curiosity—and whatever else they were, they were not bored. On the several occasions when I have been a close observer at exhibitions of modern productions, I have been struck with the same keen interest, the same desire not only to understand, but to appropriate for personal use whatever advantage "art" has to offer the individual. But one does not have to attend exhibitions in order to realize the tempo of our times. Just yesterday I paused before a

An important George III. silver tea and coffee service, with three distinct styles of workmanship.

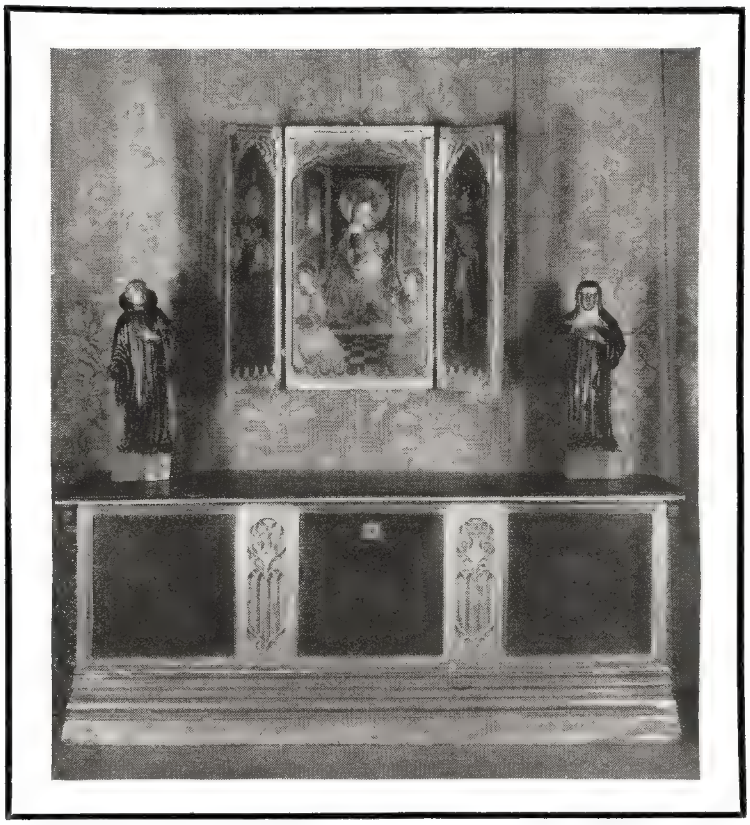
Courtesy of Philip Suval

department store on Fifth Avenue, my attention arrested by a collection of modern hand-beaten German silver, most beautifully displayed. The next window showed modern Italian linen, and the next eighteenth century English furniture. All the other windows were full of clothes. And where were the crowds? There they were, men and women, standing with me, looking at the silver and linen and rare old furniture—carefully reading the bulletins of information concerning them. All of which means that there is an increasing love and appreciation of beauty—that art has become one of the major and universal interests of humanity. And it is manifested everywhere—in architecture, in civic improvements, in commerce, in homes—all along the path of daily living. It is of enormous importance, of course, as a spiritual force, because it is stimulating education, molding thought, and forming taste. I don't think anyone wants to be left in the dark about all this—for it's an intriguing pastime, and pays good dividends. So it is well to get "in the know" and broaden our horizon. Then, whether our home is a one-room apartment, a spacious penthouse, a country cottage or a mansion, our dollars will go farther, we can create with confidence, and our efforts will be abundantly rewarded.

Evolution of the Chest

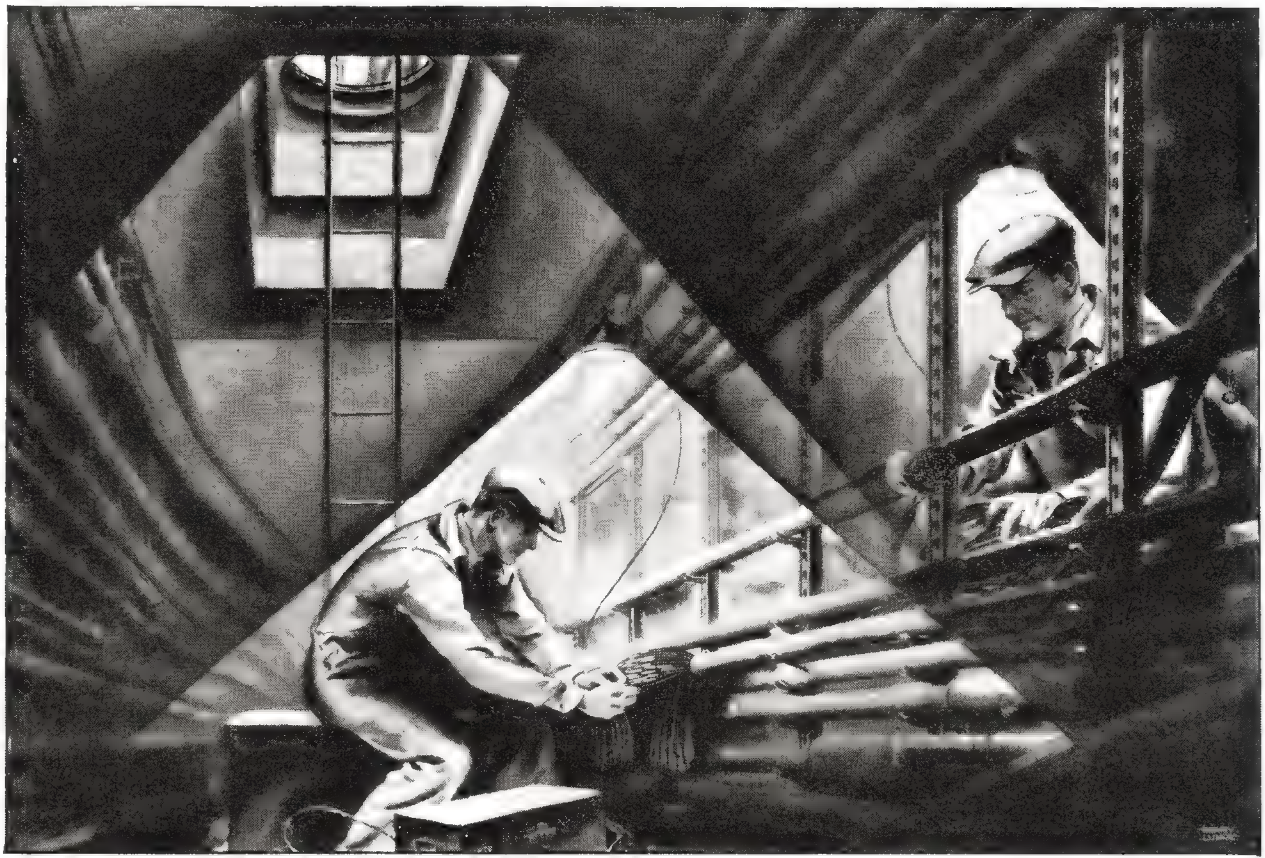
LONG BEFORE there was such a thing as a chair the herd instinct brought into existence the all important chest. It is generally conceded that it was the first form of furniture, and it had so many duties to perform that it worked overtime and led a hard and adventurous life. To it belongs the honor of being the first bank, the first safe deposit vault, the first storage house. Into it went the treasures, savings, documents and records of the family, or clan. It also served as a seat and dining table—and was often called upon to function as a bed. All hail to chests! About them clustered intimate associations, and as time went on artists and craftsmen lavished upon them their genius and labor; therefore, in the history of antiques, they come first in development and beauty. They were milestones in the advance of civilization. As a family climbed the ladder of social eminence, each rung was marked by an increase in the variety and value of its collection of chests. All ancient inventories carefully record and describe these prized possessions—sometimes there would be fifty or a hundred mentioned, or more, according to the wealth and position of the owners. And through all the darkness of the dark ages, the twilight of the middle ages, and the glorious sunrise of the Renaissance, the chest never relinquished its place of supreme importance in the scheme of life and art. Imagination brings to mind the cold stone walls of feudal castles, frowning fortifications, and uncertain conditions that often necessitated quick decisions and made hurried flight the only refuge. What was left behind? Everything — except one's favored chest—it went along to meet all hazards, whether the flight was accomplished on oxen, on donkeys, or on foot.

In the very beginning the chest was simply a hollowed tree, fitted with big iron rings on either side and slung between two domestic animals when my lord of the castle went to visit a neighbor. No effort was made to shape the top, or lid, which was left in its original rounded form, and until recently this feature was still evident in our baggage, or trunks. Who isn't familiar with the old-fashioned leather trunk, perhaps studded with nails, with its rounded top and heavy lock? In Colonial days it journeyed by coach through the wilderness, holding the clothes and valuables of the fathers of our country—just as priceless in its way as its early and almost forgotten ancestor, the hollowed tree. Similarly, through the advancement of style and improvement of workmanship, we can easily trace the evolution of many later pieces of furniture. In Spain, for instance, the *vargueno,* so typically Spanish, evidently evolved from the chest during the first part of the fifteenth century. The hinges were changed from the top to the front panel, and the interior, heretofore one space, was divided into many compartments and drawers, upon which expert craftsmen applied gold, ivory, ebony and exotic woods with results of great beauty. The transformed chest was then mounted on a stand or long legs, frequently made of iron, and behold, a desk. In this form it was often embellished externally with ornamental nails, embossed leather or velvet —and thus was added a *pièce de résistance* to the limited furnishings of the Spanish home. It was during the Italian Renaissance that the arts were unified, beautifying the home became of paramount importance, and it was about the middle of the fifteenth century that the *cassapanca,* a chest with back and arms, was evolved from the chest and the wall bench. It apparently originated in Florence and was used there exclusively at first, where it was the fashion for many years, occupying a prominent position in the salon. A similar piece, known as the *panca di guardia,* a chest with a back and no arms, usurped the place in the entrance hall that formerly had been filled by the primitive wall bench, and had served as a seat for attendants by day, as well as a bed for the guards by night. When the mattress was not in use it was hidden within the chest which formed the seat. The *cassapanca* was raised on a dais, with one or two steps, and exemplified the inspired craftsmanship that distinguished all Florentine furniture of the period. In the homes of the upper class it was made luxurious with soft cushions and recognized as the seat of ceremony for the master of the house and honored guests. Walnut was the favored wood of both Spain and Italy, probably because it was so abundant, and its possibilities were exploited extensively—in rich carving, inlay and painting. The wood was carefully selected, and subjected to a long "sunning" process, the better to bring out the value of color. The *credenza* is another Italian off-shoot of the chest, and fits beautifully into



Courtesy of the New York Galleries

Walnut and parcel gilt Spanish chest of the sixteenth century. The lid is waxed walnut, and the panels are painted in dull colors in heraldic designs. Of Gothic influence.



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Courtesy of Diane Tate and Marian Hall, Inc.

When a chest is not a chest—an eighteenth century French version. Louis XVI. fruit wood commode, against a background of old French wallpaper.

modern schemes of decoration for both large and small homes, as it is extremely adaptable. It can be used to advantage in a hall or living room, and often plays a part in the dining-room as a sideboard or serving table. Originally cupboards were merely chests raised on legs, and later elaborated and changed into court-cupboards, highboys, lowboys, and so on. Old Bible boxes were miniature forms of chests, and the slant-top bureau desks of the William and Mary and Queen Anne periods got their inspiration from these. In England the chest, or coffer, as it frequently was called, was in general use until the reign of Charles II., when chests of drawers began to take its place, followed by the commode. The same evolution took place in France—and today I shudder to think what decorators would do without chests of drawers and commodes. They are used everywhere, in living rooms, bedrooms, dressing rooms, and so on. The Jacobean chest is frequently seen in the present-day home, and in very large living rooms it is often stationed beside the fireplace to hold wood. In a hall, either large or small, a chest placed against a proper background, such as a hanging of old velvet or brocade, a tapestry, a paneled wall, or beneath a mirror, creates a dignity and beauty that is reminiscent of other ages.

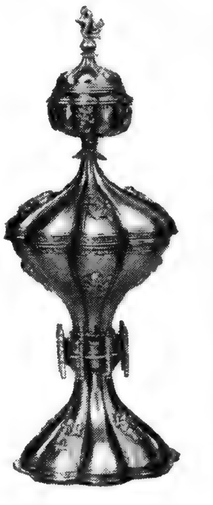
In the early court records of this country chests were mentioned in every inventory, but were seldom described. The first chests brought over were ship boxes, or seamen's chests, and were later followed by examples of fine design and workmanship, which accompanied the pioneers. The original chests made here were extremely crude affairs—just boxes, with simple, sawed legs, but it wasn't long before New England produced chests of great beauty and merit. From Connecticut come some of the best specimens, one of which is illustrated. The six-paneled pine chest is very rare. It is made of six large pieces of wood—the top, bottom, ends and sides, each being a panel, deeply grooved for ornamentation, circa 1690. There is another elaborately carved chestnut chest made in Guildford about 1660 which exemplifies the skill of our early craftsmen. It is quite unique in its ornamental details, as inverted and floriated scrolls used on panels around a center are most unusual. Both of these chests are in the collection of Charles Woolsey Lyon.

Back in the days when artists and craftsmen worked together, each bent upon creating unusual designs, they drew their inspiration from mythology, history and the classics, and put their hearts into the work, attaining a beauty that the world has never equaled. No wonder we cherish their handiwork, and reproduce it with such faithfulness that except for technical detail of construction it is almost impossible to distinguish the old from the new. And how fortunate that is, for those of us who cannot buy the originals.

Old English Silver

Few of us realize, perhaps, that the majority of famous artists and creators of great things were workers in silver and gold, and gave it much of their time and genius. This is written in the biographies of master sculptors and painters who were first goldsmiths, and throughout their careers remained lovers of their original trade. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Florence was the artistic center of Europe, and that awakening to the full joy of life, which was so characteristic a feature of the Renaissance, brought the goldsmith from the subordinate position he occupied in medieval ages to attain fame as a free artist. He took his rightful place as a master of fine arts, and Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest goldsmith of the late Renaissance, was one of the artists of the period who gave to the world designs which have remained the acme of achievement in that line of work.

The superlative qualities of silver as a medium of artistic expression have been recognized in all countries of the world, and there is evidence that, for centuries before the Roman occupation of Britain, native smiths excelled as workers in metal, their fame going far beyond the limits of their own country. Bronze was the favored metal, gold was plentiful, and at first silver was used only as an alloy. It is interesting to note that the forms and decorations displayed in the work of the Celtic craftsman indicate a connection with the continent of Europe long anterior to the invasion of Julius Cæsar. Thus it would seem that the art of Europe influenced the work of Northern nations even in that dim and distant day, just as it has in more recent times. As far back as 1180 there was established in England a guild of goldsmiths, which was fined for having been created without the king's license. In 1238, because of frauds perpetrated upon the public by unscrupulous goldsmiths, Henry III. bade the mayor of



Replica in silver gilt of the Ashburnham standing salt. The original was made in 1590, and remained in the Ashburnham family for three hundred years.

Courtesy of Crichton & Company, Ltd.

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1880 GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR 1930

DAVEY TREE SURGERY

Reproduction from a painting made on the campus of the Sweet Briar College Sweet Briar, Virginia, by Frank Swift Chase

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Half a century since John Davey originated the science of Tree Surgery

Fifty years ago John Davey began experimenting with his new theory that trees could be saved by curative processes. Were they not living things? Were they not subject to disease, injury and other ills? And yet to most men they were just trees, destined to die whenever circumstances took them.

Countless millions of people had seen trees die—if they saw trees at all — without ever a thought that they could be saved. John Davey saw sick and injured trees with understanding and sympathy. He conceived the idea that a system of methods and treatment could be devised that would save innumerable trees that were being lost unnecessarily. What gave him the idea no one knows. John Davey passed away suddenly nearly seven years ago without disclosing the source of his inspiration. He did a comparatively rare thing; he gave the world a new idea.

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

As with most new ideas, John Davey endured the long and bitter struggle against ridicule and cynicism and inertia and established habits of thinking. He struggled forward with remarkable determination and with sublime courage. He lived long enough to see his new science a proven success both from a practical and a commercial standpoint.

Like most geniuses John Davey did not care much for money. He had a profound love of nature and was not only thoroughly trained in horticulture, but was an eager student of the related sciences. He not only gave to the world a new idea, but he gave a fine philosophy also. To him the whole development became a great ideal of usefulness and constructive service. His spirit impressed itself indelibly and is a living force in the organization that he founded and inspired.

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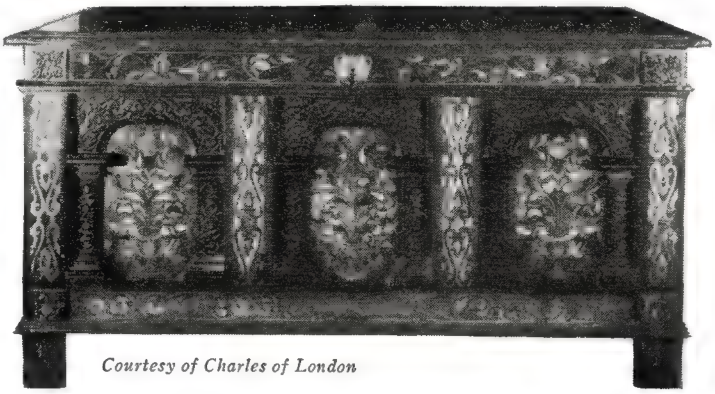
London select six leading members of the craft in the city to overlook their fellow workers, and keep them to a standard of honesty. It was part of their duty to assay every piece of silver before it left the hands of the maker, and stamp it with a leopard's head—the first government mark used on silver. It meant that the piece was of "esterling allay." The word sterling was derived from the name of a North German tribe, the Esterlings, who were noted for the uniform fineness of their silver coins.

A long time ago, salt, which we accept so casually today, was a very expensive and highly prized commodity, and the only way to obtain it was by the evaporation of sea water. Therefore it was regarded with veneration and, together with bread, figured in the sacred rites of many nations. It was also considered a safeguard against witchcraft, and from this probably came the notion that it was unlucky to spill it. Consequently, the "great salt," or large receptacle which held the precious stuff, was an object of immense importance. It was made of silver, silver gilt, or sometimes of gold, and always occupied the place of honor on the table. The story goes that the "high" salt-cellar served to divide the lord and his nobler guests from those of lower rank. When the lord and his guests and retainers dined in the great hall the tables were set in the form of a T—and the salt was placed in the center of the horizontal board. The honored guests who sat with the lord at the "high table" were "above the salt," and those placed along the stem of the T were "below the salt." Great care was taken to seat everyone according to station, and it was a mark of distinction to be seated near the salt. The standing salt is very rare, and is to be found only in museums, colleges, or goldsmiths' guilds. The one illustrated is a reproduction in silver gilt of the Ashburnham salt. The original was made in 1590, and remained in the Ashburnham family for more than three hundred years. At the death of the last Earl it was sold at Christie's in London, in 1922. The decoration shows numerous mermaids—the badge of the Ashburnham family, and the height is eleven inches.

During the reign of George III. English smiths began to manufacture silver of an entirely different type from that which had been wrought during the early years of the eighteenth century. Excavations at Herculaneum, and later, the revelations of Pompeii disclosed among other interesting things, objects of silver which had been buried in the ruins of silversmiths' shops. The publication of these discoveries caused a gradual revolution in the art of the silversmith throughout Europe. Beginning on the Continent, it soon reached England, where it met with full and intelligent response. The rococo style vanished, and nearly everything was wrought in frank imitation of classic models. So complete was the change which took place in the first years of the reign of George III. that after 1765, it is quite the exception to find a trace of the styles which prevailed during the time of his predecessor. During what is known as the Hogarthian period, 1720-1760, the most beautiful silver the world has ever seen was produced, and in great quantities. Many talented craftsmen worked in London as contemporaries of Hogarth, and some of them were French Huguenots, who brought to their trade a Latin idea of beauty and refinement. Tea and coffee pots became common in the reign of Queen Anne, but very few teakettles with stands and spirit lamps were made that early. The idea of making teakettles to match a set was Victorian, and has persisted ever since. In the service portrayed here only three pieces match—the tea set proper. The kettle and slop-bowl are different, as are the coffee jug and tray. The dates range from 1790 to 1814, and three makers are represented.



Courtesy of Charles of London

An Old Jacobean carved chest, inlaid with yew wood. It is unusual by virtue of its elaborate ornamentation.

Old Sheffield Plate

In 1743 Thomas Boulsover, a silversmith of Sheffield, England, discovered a process of plating silver on copper. This was ninety years before electroplating was invented. Boulsover's method was followed for about a century only, and it should be understood in order to distinguish the real from the imitation. The electroplate way is to make a finished article of metal, then by electrical action put a slight covering of silver over the entire piece. The Sheffield way is complicated, but briefly, it is to put a layer of silver and a layer of copper together in a powerful hydraulic press, then transfer it to a coke furnace and subject it to great heat. When taken from the furnace it is rolled out into the thickness desired, and used in the same way as a sheet of solid silver or copper, hand-beaten or hammered into whatever shape desired. But the maker of rolled plate had raw edges to deal with that showed a line of copper, and he did it in two ways. First, by making his layer of silver a trifle larger than the copper one, which left a flap of silver to be folded down. Or, with irregular forms, he covered the edges with a silver wire and soldered it on. This was called the "edge of poverty," and can be easily seen and felt. The flap edge, and the "edge of poverty" are what we look for now as proof of genuine old Sheffield. Many of the handsomest and most valuable pieces of old Sheffield are unmarked, which is contrary to popular belief. Prior to 1773, some makers of rolled plate used marks and many did not. In that year an assay office was established in Sheffield, and a law was passed prohibiting marks on articles made of metal, plated, or covered with silver. This was for the protection of solid silver hall marks. Ten years later, in 1784, another law was passed which enabled the platers in Sheffield to impress their goods with their names, "together with any mark not an assay office device for sterling silver." The intervening decade was the most prolific in the rolled plate industry, as well as the best period from an artistic standpoint—and all of its output is unmarked.

Boulsover's invention was first used to produce such humble trifles as harness buckles, and it was not until the reign of George III. that Sheffield attained an enviable place in decorative schemes and won its way into the homes of wealth and royalty. It was at this time, too, that the beauty of English silver reached its height, and for a number of years old Sheffield pieces showed the same simplicity and grace of outline. After it became fashionable, the industry spread beyond Sheffield, the largest factory being the Soho Works in Birmingham.

Four old Sheffield urns made in 1800, and in perfect condition, are true replicas of the Warwick Vase. The design is, of course, Roman, as the Warwick Vase was found in Hadrian's Villa, brought to England by Sir William Hamilton and presented by him to the Earl of Warwick, from whom it takes its name. The superlative ornament of the old castle, it is marble, of beautiful workmanship, and five and a half feet high. It has been copied in various materials and all sizes. There are many silver and Sheffield replicas, but it is seldom that four the same size are found.

Next month Mrs. Baxter will discuss the history and contributions of that most important period in furniture design, the Eighteenth Century.

Sheer El Capitan dominates Yosemite Valley and Bridal Veil Falls

Summer Vacations—1930?

By ROGER SHAW

SPRING FEVER, with all its pleasant languor, is fast subsiding in our veins; and before us loom the fiery blasts of summer, with certain aspects of Dante's Inferno to look forward to. But as compensation for this pleasant prospect there is also the kindly genii *Vacation,* to guide us from the local furnace into cooler, more endurable climes. Wherever you live in our country, there is an ideal vacation ground not far away; and North America provides a prodigal diversity of places to go.

Vacation means a variety of things to a variety of people. For some a "dude ranch" in Wyoming is ideal; for others, a farm house room and fish pond twenty miles from home. Many go touring from Florida to Canada and from Maine to California. The opportunities offered are sufficient to fit any purse or personality.

There is historic and picturesque old New England with its shore resorts like Newport or Bar Harbor, its islands like Nantucket, its Green and White mountains, its Mohawk or Berkshire trail. There is mountaineering, hunting, and fishing in Maine, surf bathing and yachting along the coast, historic motor rides. And just above lies eastern Canada, with quaint Quebec and old-world Montreal—sections of seventeenth century France. St. Anne de Beaupré is a shrine once seen, never forgotten. Just a little farther north lies a sportsman's country, where trapping the moose supplants trapping the mouse.

New York State's Adirondack mountain region is picturesque and dotted with lakes. Lake George is a famous resort, and the Lake Placid Club has become widely known not only for its winter sports but as a delightful summer center. Schroon Lake deserves mention for its fine boating facilities. It is nine miles long.

For many mid-westerners Michigan and Wisconsin offer delightful facilities for recreation. So does Minnesota, with its thousands of lakes, of which White Bear and Minnetonka are perhaps best known. Northern Wisconsin has 518,000 acres of lakes, and endless pine forests. It is a paradise for fishermen. The city of Chicago itself has been figuring as a summer resort, with its long lake front and sports facilities. It receives many excursionists from the lower South. A fine trip may be taken along the Great Lakes, from Buffalo to Detroit, Lake Huron Beach, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Duluth, and return. All five "puddles" are included.

Do not forget the great Canadian Northwest—as frontierly British as Quebec is settled French. Here the resorts of Banff and beautiful Lake Louise welcome the tourist, and Medicine Hat has an appealing name. Vancouver is a fine city, and the island of Victoria—on the way to Seattle—is a bit of Old England with its hedges and high walls. This Northwest has moose, mountain lion, lynx, bighorn sheep, and even buffalo. Riding is featured, and Banff has sulphur springs for bathing.

Colorado is a glorious summer vacation land, with its many mountains, gorges and National Parks. The grandeur of its scenery is beyond description. The state boasts forty-two mountain peaks over 14,000 feet in altitude and one hundred and fifty-five over 13,000 feet high, ten times as many as all of Europe possesses. Denver is the key city, its back yard the Great Plains and its front yard the Rocky Mountains. The municipal mountain parks around the city abound in beautiful rock formations, the most famous, the rosy Garden of the Gods. South of Denver, Pike's Peak, named for its discoverer, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, dominates the country around the far-famed Colorado Springs, with its splendid modern hotels, medicinal baths and picturesque golf courses. North from Denver, the Rocky Mountain National (Estes) Park holds out beckoning arms to the vacation seeker. A motor circuit from Denver through this region is offered by several tourist companies. The road followed leads through the Thompson River canyon, a spectacular gorge with rock walls rising 1000 feet or more on both sides of the road. Estes Park has accommodations to suit every visitor, from elaborate hotels to simple cabins and tents. Horseback riding is the favorite sport; the snow-capped head of Long's Peak, the

(*Continued on page* 125)

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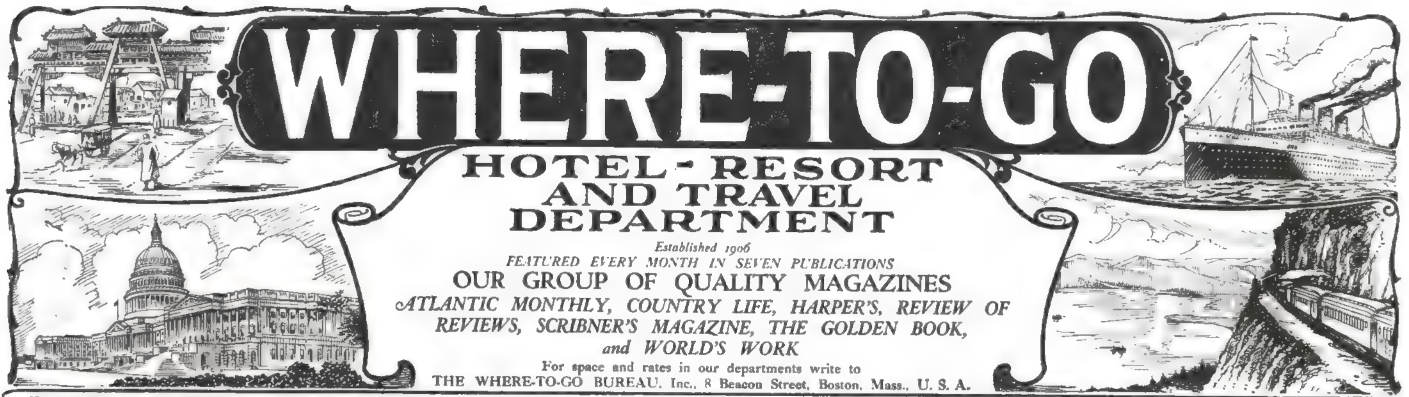

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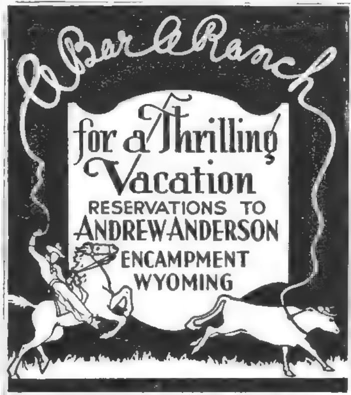

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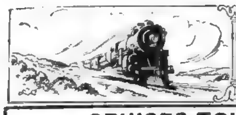
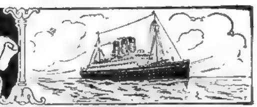
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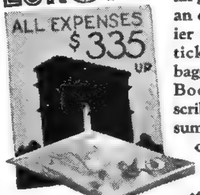

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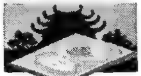

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County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Albert Shaw, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Golden Book Magazine, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, Editor, Frederica Field, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Ralph Rockafellow, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Albert Shaw, Jr., 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 2. That the owner is: The Review of Reviews Corporation, 55 Fifth Ave., New York; Albert Shaw, 55 Fifth Ave., New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed Albert Shaw, Jr., Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1930. Signed, Frank F. Kiefer, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

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favorite view. The largest natural body of water in Colorado is Grand Lake in Estes Park, and from the wide porch of the Grand Lake Lodge is an inspiring view over the lake, surrounded by mountains. The return to Denver is made through Idaho Springs, renowned for its luscious brook trout; and just outside of Denver, a stop at the wind-swept grave of Buffalo Bill on Lookout Mountain affords a fitting reminder of the romantic, riotous days which the beautiful Colorado mountains have seen.

The great Yellowstone National Park, and Glacier Park, continue among the most frequented of vacation meccas. The pet bears and miraculous geysers of the Yellowstone need no advertising, Old Faithful being the best known spouter in existence. Far to the south lies the Grand Canyon, a freak of nature explored by thousands despite the aridity of Arizona. Other miscellaneous points should be touched on: Near Tacoma, Washington, towers Mt. Rainier, which offers snow sports and "malamute-mushing"—while the valley below swelters in mid-July. Between San Francisco and Los Angeles lies the Yosemite Valley, a favorite camping ground for tourists, with marvelous scenery.

Alexandria Bay is the heart of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, where fishing and boating are popular. Cape Cod, Massachusetts, is picturesque and possessed of weather-beaten natives who speak a salty patois all their own. "Arty" people have taken it up of late. The Bear Mountain Park, up the glorious Hudson from Manhattan, is set among the river highlands nearby the great Bear Mountain bridge. Not far off is West Point; the fort is extremely popular with dayboat trippers who steam up from the metropolis.

Long Island, with its various beaches, some popular and others fashionable, attracts summer colonies to the Hamptons and joyful throngs to internationally famous Coney Island. The Los Angeles beaches—such as Venice and Santa Monica—the Jersey resorts of Atlantic City, Asbury Park and Cape May, give quick relief to throngs from melting asphalt pavements and steaming skyscrapers. Boston has its own Revere Beach, named after Patriot Paul.

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The Flight to Varennes

(*Continued from page* 111)

The Queen shuddered, and looked at Barnave with her eyes full of tears. Barnave's heart smote him.

Thus he was pursuing his quite personal and selfish romance in the midst of the royal tragedy, when a great uproar arose a few paces from the carriage. The shouts and tumult plucked Barnave out of the magic circle in which he was enmeshed.

An ecclesiastic had come up to the coach, just as M. de Dampierre had done. With his eyes full of tears, and his arms raised to heaven, he wished to pronounce a blessing on his King going to martyrdom. But at the very moment, ten, twenty, thirty guards of the carriage threw themselves on him and dragged him away for the purpose of killing him behind a bush. When the people have tasted blood they are like tigers; woe to him who falls into their clutches!

It was this that Barnave had seen. He thrust the child into the arms of his aunt and opened the door, with so swift and violent an action that he nearly fell. He would have fallen, in fact, but for Madame Elizabeth, who caught him by the coat. "Frenchmen!" he shouted, "Nation of the brave! Are you going to turn into a tribe of assassins?"

The butchers let go the priest, who fled, protected by the outstretched arm, and still more by the commanding look, of Barnave. For one instant he was magnificent in that sublime beauty which every man possesses when he saves the life of a fellow being.

When the Queen met Madame Campan again, she said to her, "If ever power returns to our hands, Barnave's pardon is already signed in our hearts."

Until the time when they met the Commissioners, the King had taken his meals, according to etiquette, alone with his family; but at their next repast, the King and Queen, after consultation between themselves, invited the Commissioners to sit down with them. Pétion accepted. Latour-Maubourg and Barnave refused. Barnave even insisted on remaining on foot and serving the King. But the Queen made him a sign, and he yielded.

They stopped at Dormans. For the last two days they had traveled in an overpowering heat, at a walking pace under the burning sun of June, which turned the chalky soil of the road to dust, and gleamed on the sabers and bayonets of the escort. Barnave perceived the torture of the Queen in crawling so slowly in the midst of the dust, surrounded by threats and hostile curiosity. He and his colleagues decided that there was no further need of a larger escort than one of cavalry, whereby they would at least be able to advance at a trot. And in this fashion, on the third day the royal family arrived at Meaux. And now Barnave suffered all that Pétion, in his assumed republican boorishness, had made his august traveling companions suffer. What would not Barnave have given to be alone with the Queen! His evil star granted him this favor. This Queen of France, like Mary Stuart, was to cost every man his head who approached her.

On arrival at Meaux, under the roof of Bossuet, in that gloomy palace with its brick staircase and its garden hemmed in with old ramparts, the Queen wished to see the study of the man who, hardly more than a hundred years before, had cried in that voice which rang throughout Christendom, "Madame is dying; Madame is dead!"

The Queen took Barnave's arm and went upstairs into the apartments, while the King went into the garden with Pétion. Each was about to have a confidential interview.

Barnave did not venture to speak first. The Queen helped him to begin.

"Oh, Madame," exclaimed the young deputy, whose heart was overflowing, "how ill your cause has been defended! What ignorance among the Royalists of the spirit of the age and the genius of France!"

The Queen looked encouragement.

"How often—great God, how often—" continued Barnave, "have I been on the point of devoting myself to your service, and of coming to offer myself to you!"

"But, monsieur," asked the Queen, "what steps would you then have advised?"

"One only, Madame: to make yourself beloved by the people."

"Alas!" replied the Queen, who realized how she was hated, "how could I have gained that love? Everything contributed to take it from me!"

"Oh, Madame," replied Barnave, "if I, an unknown lawyer from a little provincial town, if I have succeeded in emerging from my obscurity and making myself popular, how much easier were it for you, if you would make the least effort, to keep your popularity or to recover it!"

Meanwhile Pétion had a kindly thought inspired by his good heart; it was to effect the escape of the three gardes-du-corps by disguising them as National Guards. He was answering for the King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the royal children; but what sop should he throw to that Cerberus which is called The People?

Pétion feared that the crowds would massacre these three men.

But the King refused to consent. Why? Had he the insane idea that Pétion wanted them to be murdered and was seeking a way? Was he unwilling to be indebted in any way to Pétion? The last is more probable. Pétion was antipathetic to him. Why did he not preserve this antipathy for the day when he chose to name Pétion rather than La Fayette as Mayor of Paris?

The morrow arrived. It was the 25th of June; they were about to reënter Paris after five days' absence. Five days! What an abyss had opened during those five days!

At the moment of entering Paris, Barnave claimed the principal seat. It was no longer the place of honor; it was the place of danger. If a fanatic fired at the King—this was not likely—or at the Queen—this was possible—he would be there to receive the bullet.

M. Mathieu Dumas had been charged by La Fayette to watch over the entry. Four thousand men of the Paris army were placed at his disposal. The experienced strategist had taken every step to diminish danger. He had entrusted the guard of the coach to the Grenadiers, whose tall plumed headdresses concealed the windows. A line of mounted Grenadiers formed a second ring. M. de Valory himself relates the precautions taken to protect him and his two companions. "Two Grenadiers," he says, "were stationed with fixed bayonets, at the sides of the forecarriage, a little lower than the box, on a plank fastened below it."

The heat was stifling. The coach as it advanced towards Paris seemed to rival a furnace. Several times the Queen exclaimed, "I am suffocating!"

At Le Bourget the King asked for wine, and drank.

(*Continued on page* 129)

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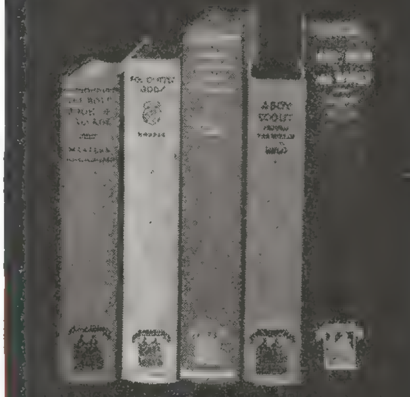

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The Flight to Varennes

(*Continued from page 126*)

They entered the crowded streets, full of a moving and murmuring mass. Here and there were seen huge inscriptions high above the crowd. The King, who was short-sighted, made an effort and read:

"Whoever applauds the king will be beaten. Whoever insults him will be hanged."

The crowd even swarmed on the roofs. M. Mathieu Dumas did not venture to enter by the Faubourg Saint-Martin. In view of such a crowd, he asked himself if any human barrier could protect the victims it had devoted to death. He went round Paris by the outer boulevards, and entered by the Champs Élysées and the Place Louis XV. On the Place Louis XV. was a statue, the eyes of which had been blindfolded with a handkerchief.

"Why that bandage?" asked the King.

"To denote the blindness of the monarchy," replied Pétion.

On the road from the Champs Élysées to the Place Louis XV., the double line of Grenadiers on foot and on horse was several times broken. Then the Queen perceived hideous faces thrust in at the coach window, and gnashing their teeth. What was it that checked these men with demon faces? A kiss that the Dauphin blew them; a greeting that his sister gave. Two white-winged angels were hovering over the royal family.

La Fayette with his staff was before the Queen. As soon as she recognized him, she summoned him.

"Monsieur de La Fayette," she exclaimed, "save the bodyguard before everything. They have done nothing but obey."

And indeed their danger was great.

The carriages entered the Tuileries and did not stop till they reached the steps of the great terrace which extends in front of the palace. There, people were waiting for them. They could go no further; they must descend.

"Monsieur Barnave," said the Queen, "I recommend our guards to you."

The Assembly had been informed; they sent twenty deputies. La Fayette cleared the road; from the terrace steps to the door of the palace he made an arch of steel with the guns and bayonets of the National Guard. As long as the King was there, the unhappy guards had nothing to fear. The presence of the King would save them.

The children got out of the coach first and reached the palace without any difficulty. Then it was the turn of the bodyguards. There was a fearful struggle. The sabers and pikes of assassins pierced through the ranks of the National Guards. Messieurs de Valory and de Malden received slight wounds.

Suddenly the Queen felt herself seized by the hands and carried off. She looked; it was two of her mortal enemies who were dragging her, M. d'Aiguillon and M. de Noailles. She thought she would swoon with her terror. What were they going to do with her? Give her up to the crowd—or at all events thrust her into a convent. But, at the peril of their lives, they conducted her to her chamber.

Once safe, agony overcame her. Where was the Dauphin? What had become of the Dauphin? No one had seen him; no one could tell her.

She ran out, distracted, calling him. Overcome with fatigue, the child was asleep on a bed.

And now, what of the King?

The King came, waddling with his usual composed step. He had been the last to leave the carriage and had entered the Tuileries between Barnave and Pétion.

All day, the crowd roared around the gardens and in the Place du Carrousel.

The next day the journalist Prud'homme wrote as follows:

"Certain good patriots, in whom the sentiment of royalty has not extinguished that of compassion, have appeared uneasy about the moral and physical condition of Louis XVI. and his family, after a journey so unfortunate as that to Sainte-Menehould. Let them reassure themselves. Our late King (*notre ci-devant*) on reëntering his apartments, on Saturday evening, found himself not more out of sorts than if he had returned from a tiring hunt without success.

"He consumed his chicken as usual, and the next day, after his dinner, he played with his son.

"As for the mother, she, on arriving, had a bath. Her first orders were to require new footwear, showing with solicitude that what she wore on the journey was in holes. She bore herself with spirit towards the officers appointed to her particular guard, and called it ridiculous and indecent that she should be required to leave the doors of her bathroom and of her bedroom open."

The scaffold on which Louis XVI. lost his head had five steps:

The first was the taking of the Bastille.

The second, the 5th and 6th of October[1].

He had just mounted the third; his arrest at Varennes.

There remained to him still two more to mount. The 20th of June[2] and the 10th of August[3].

The 21st of January[4] was merely the catastrophe.

---

(1) The date of the Insurrection of the Women of Paris.

(2) The Procession of the People to the Tuileries.

(3) The General Insurrection of the Armed Population of Paris.

(4) The date of the Execution of the King.

THE END

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

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General Corrigan obliged him by bellowing what follows:

"Ah went to lunch wid Asquit, Ah did, and he said to me, 'Yes, young mon, you think politics is an easy game, eh? everything nice and simple, eh? but you've got a lot of difficulties ahead of you, young mon, you have—ah, yes.' And he went on like that until Ah got bloody wild, Ah did, and Ah said to him 'Mr. Asquit,' Ah said, 'all you need is a bonnet on yer head and a petticoat round yer legs, and you'd make a bloody fine old woman, you would.' "

General Corrigan glared at his listener and was silent. But the latter, feeling that the story was not quite complete, asked whether Mr. Asquith had found anything to say in reply to so comprehensive a criticisim of his qualities. The General looked a little uncomfortable, but after a short pause supplied the finishing touch to the sympathetic scene: "Asquit said: 'General Corrigan, that remark might be misinterpreted as rudeness.' "

Ventilations. HESKETH PEARSON.

PINS FOR WINDBAGS

Stately pomposity
Wakes my jocosity;
Solemn big-wiggery
Makes me feel sniggery. . . .

Prosy turgidity
Curtains stupidity;
Ponderous gravity
Covers a cavity. . . .

Face their sublimity
With equanimity;
When they're oracular,
Speak the vernacular.

Song and Laughter. ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE DEFEAT OF VICTORY

American comrades, you arrived on the battlefield when the War was nearing its end. But in the discussion of the peace treaty yours was a deciding share. It was the head of your Government who claimed to settle, in full accord with you, the results of the War. It was he who claimed to solve, and, with the authority he derived from you, did solve, problems of the much-hoped-for stabilization of Europe, problems before which our statesmen were at a standstill in hesitation. Without you, I do not shrink from saying that in a certain number of points the Treaty would have been different. You determined to make, and you did make—and proclaimed it very loud and clear—a new Europe, in which you aimed at an equilibrium of pacification, the problems of which you were not afraid to tackle with mere phantoms of sanctions. . . .

Round the conference table I saw all the combatant nations assembled, in harmony, to trace frontiers for states and to settle theoretical guarantees. The President of the American Republic did us the honor of coming to take his place among us, and, if it was not in his power to bring to our aid military support more powerful than what he did actually furnish, his help in dollars at least was unstinted up to the very day of that victory in the field which put to the tests all efforts to achieve solidarity, all impulses of unselfishness. Thus, as soon as the American soldier appeared on the battlefield, heralding the speedy arrival of a whole nation in arms, the Germans understood that the battle was lost. Out of the battle that the enemy had lost it remained for us to make a victory won by the common solidarity of our coalition.

No one will be surprised at the peculiar authority with which President Wilson succeeded, in the name of the American people, in imposing certain of his views in the Peace Conference debates. The end was that he believed he had found in his League of Nations the key to universal peace, and that the American Congress, on this vital point, chose to abide by the Monroe Doctrine of isolation.

Grandeur and Misery of Victory.
GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

(*Continued on page* 132)

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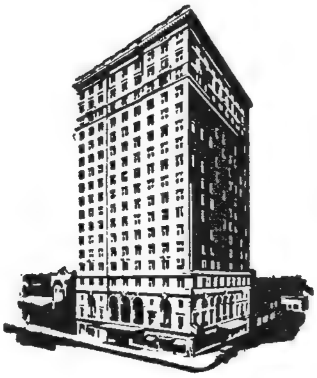

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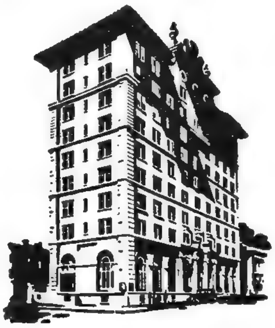

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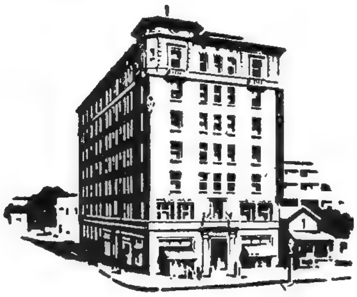

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Hors-d'œuvres
from the Newest Books

Cicero Describes a Visit from Julius Cæsar

What an alarming guest, and yet I have no reason to regret having received him. He was quite pleasant after all . . . Everything was excellent and well served, and more than that

The fare was good,
And wit and laughter seasoned well the food.

In addition, there were three rooms where his suite were most hospitably entertained. The freedmen of lower rank, and even the slaves, went short of nothing. The upper sort, of course, were more handsomely served. In fact, I made it clear that I wasn't a nobody.

However, he isn't the sort of guest to whom one would say, "I should be delighted if you would look in on your way back." Once is enough. There wasn't a word of anything important between us; our conversation was solely literary. In short, he was pleased, and enjoyed himself.

Private Letters, Pagan and Christian.
Selected by Dorothy Brooke.

Dostoeffsky—Anatomist of the Overwrought and Sickly Soul

There is nothing casual about Dostoeffsky's seemingly vague beginnings. We pass through the doorway of his novels as if we were entering a darkened room. Only outlines are visible, only the whisper of voices can be heard, we know not who is present or who is speaking. Gradually, however, the eye grows accustomed to the obscurity; shapes appear; as from the mysterious shadows of Rembrandt's early canvases, the figures emerge and are flooded with spiritual efflux. These shades must burn with passion ere they can tread into the light, their nerves must be on the stretch ere the vibrations can be heard. In Dostoeffsky's creations, "only around the soul does the body take shape; only around a passion, the picture." Not until they glow, not until they become strangely heated as in a fever, do we feel the power of his amazing realism; then only does he set out on his magical hunt for details; then only does he scrutinize every gesture, digging out laughter from its burrow, following the perverted feelings into their lair, dogging each thought until he brings it to earth in the twilit realm of the unconscious. Every movement acquires plasticity under his hands, every idea becomes crystal clear; the further these souls are chased into the action of the drama, the mightier is their radiation from within and the more transparent do they become. The morbid, the hypnotic, the ecstatic, and the epileptic, are depicted with the precision of a clinical diagnosis, with the definite outline of a geometrical figure. He misses no nuance, be it of the most delicate; not the faintest oscillation escapes him. Precisely at the point where most artists hesitate, where their senses are dulled by the effulgence of a supraterrestrial realm, where, dazzled, they close their eyes, Dostoeffsky's realism begins to feel at home. And when the limits of the possible are reached, when knowledge verges on madness, and when passion assumes the attributes of crime, then do we experience the unforgettable moments of his works.

Three Masters. Stefan Zweig
(Eden and Cedar Paul)

Jonah an' de Lawd

"Tell me," say de Lawd, "and tell me straight. Had you druther go over yonder to Bald'in County and revive dem sinners, or had you druther stay over hyar and go fishin'?"

So Jonah he studied and he studied. "Lawd," he say, "dat ain't hardly right to take a man like me which is done quit lyin' and ax him dat question, right to his face."

"Preach or fish?" say de Lawd.

"Well, Lawd," say Jonah, "I'm gonter tell you de trufe efn you drowns me. I'd druther fish."

"Well," say de Lawd, "I'm gonter give you all de fishin' you wants, right hyar and now." So he ducked old Jonah one more time. And whilst Jonah was under de water dat time, de Lawd r'ared way back and passed him a miracle, and de miracle was a natchal whale!

Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys.
Roark Bradford.

Taming a Broncho

What a horse he'd be, if I ever tamed him!

He whistled and looked back at the coming Indians three-quarters of a mile in the rear. He snorted, made two short jumps, whirled, and was off again like a flash of lightning. He made a big circle round to the left and come back right near the wash again. By then the Indians was close at hand.

He whistled and was off again like a scart wolf! He made straight for another ledge. This was a different proposition. There was a creek down to the bottom. The ledge was probably about seventy-five feet high. As he made for it I heard a cry come from the Indians.

I felt myself grow cold. This was no time to weaken if I aimed to save my hide. I kept jerking on my right rein. We run down a little dip out of the Indians' sight. It was a slight slope before you hit the ledge. It was covered with heavy piñons.

When he come within about twenty feet of the ledge I closed my eyes. There was a sudden stop and a pile-up. One of the heavy branches on a pine tree hooked my hackamore nosepiece and turned him around. He was just six feet this side of a long sound sleep! This happened just under the rim out of sight of the Indians. They'd lost territory by that time, for they had to ride around the wash we jumped.

Wolf didn't hesitate one moment getting on his feet again. He headed straight for the creek, on a dead run with a seventy-five foot drop to the off side of his hoofs. When he hit the creek he follered it a few steps then jumped and made up the other side.

By the time the Indians reached the spot where they expected to look down and find us heaped up, old Wolf was mounting the top on the other side. I hung to him like grim death to a porcupine.

Loud yells and cries rang out when they saw I wasn't killed. They don't know to this day but what we really did go off. They was too excited to take time to look for tracks.

The Last Rustler. LEE SAGE.

BOCCACCIO PICTURES HIS FRIEND DANTE

"Our poet, then, was of medium height, and after he reached the age of maturity he walked always with a slight stoop; his way of carrying himself was sedate and calm, and he was always clad in the plainest clothes, as was befitting to a man of his gravity. His face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes neither large nor small, his jaw long, and his under lip was thrust out further than his upper lip. He was dark in complexion, his hair was black and curly, and his face always sad and very thoughtful. For that reason it happened that one day, as he passed near a gate in Verona whereby many women were sitting—the fame of his works being already well-known, and particularly that part of his Comedy which he called 'The Inferno'—one of them said softly, yet not so softly but that he and those with him heard it:

" 'Do you see that man? He goes to hell and comes back again whenever he wants to, and he brings back news of those who are down there.'

"To which the other replied simply:

" 'Indeed, you must speak the truth. Do you see how his beard is all curly and his face blackened by the heat and the smoke which is below?'

"Hearing which words spoken behind him and realizing that they came from the woman's actual belief, he was very much amused at them, and entirely satisfied that they should think thus, he continued, smiling slightly, on his way."

The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio.
THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

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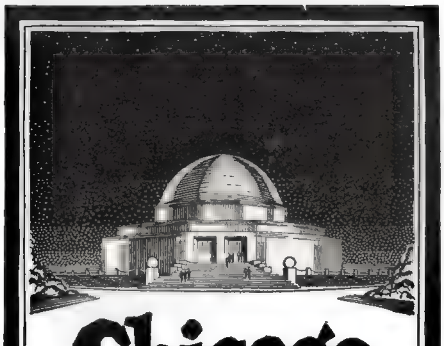

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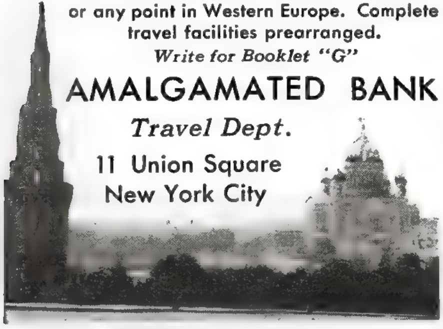

The Little Giant

(*Continued from page* 103)

The Little Theaters have met this difficulty in two ways—by producing such good plays as were not affected by the restriction, and by presenting original plays that have not seen professional production. In this latter respect they have not been as active as those interested in the development of a distinctively national drama might wish. George Jean Nathan in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair* complains that "The outstanding defect of the little theater movement generally in America is its self-imitativeness . . . the little theaters have apparently resolved themselves into a chain of houses reproducing much the same plays . . . there is a minimum of individuality and a maximum of copying." Without doubt this criticism has a sound basis. It is the more distressing because these theaters are close to the soil and people of America. Broadway becomes insignificant in comparison to what they represent. The romance of the South, the epic of the West, the adventure of the North are a part of their immediate inheritance. Now that they have achieved financial independence it is to be hoped that they will accomplish literary integrity as well. Until they attempt to produce a dramatic literature interpretative of the nation, however, they must bow to the professional theater as the more truly experimental. Nevertheless, we may well remember that *Journey's End* was first produced by an English amateur group, and that the Americans, Eugene O'Neill and Paul Green, owe much to the Little Theaters.

It is, of course, difficult for the amateurs to obtain good plays from playwrights who, for the most part, prefer, for financial reasons and others, professional production. They are beginning, however, to get a bold start. The Pasadena Playhouse, one of the richest and most skilled of its kind, has scheduled in recent months première productions of O'Neill's *Lazarus Laughed*, Green's *Potter's Field*, and Martin Flavin's *Spindrift*, all plays that deserve national attention as the products of three of America's most significant dramatists. In increasing numbers, moreover, the professional producers are using the Little Theater groups to "try out" plays for them in order that they may decide whether or no they shall give them professional production. This, it will be seen, is an exact reversal of the usual history of a play today. Other evidence of an increasing interest in original drama on the part of the Little Theaters is found in the *Theatre Arts Monthly* Cup Match which brings together in New York this season five widely separated theaters competing in original three-act plays for the championship cup and for a prize of $1000

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4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

12. CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT, a booklet describing the activities of Cities Service Company and subsidiaries with special reference to the common stock history and future possibilities. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.

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But the problem of play selection is not the only one to puzzle the Little Theaters as they intrench their position and approach in merit and success the work of the professional stage. A friendly but firm, organized theater labor has sometimes embarrassed their amateur efforts by interpreting them as non-union. Guest-artists who are members of Actors' Equity sometimes find that a performance at a Little Theater with amateurs has precipitated them into hot water. The amateur art-theater has brought about a new and difficult situation affecting the theatrical unions. Few cities have seen such happy accord as has characterized the history of the Schenectady Civic Players where labor and big business (General Electric), town and gown (Union College) have coöperated with such zeal that now, at the end of their first year of existence, they possess and operate their own playhouse with financial success.

Another interesting development of the art-theater movement has been that in some cities the professional theater has paid the amateurs the compliment of emulating them. The more far-sighted of the directors and managers of stock companies have seen the advantage to be derived from adopting art-theater policies. By producing plays much finer than those ordinarily performed in stock, they have sought and obtained the favor of the same people who support and believe in the Little Theaters. In several instances they have dropped the title of "Stock Company" and substituted "Civic Repertory." Such a theater is Jessie Bonstelle's Detroit Civic Repertory which deserves the enthusiastic support it receives; such also is the recently organized and magnificently housed Chicago Civic Repertory.

America is providing a fertile ground for all good drama today—professional or amateur. Never has the land seemed so theater-hungry. New organizations are forming constantly. A state play-tournament was recently held in Wisconsin and over fifty amateur groups were entered. A similar competition was held in Mississippi, and a county contest was held in Westchester County, New York. These are but a few of many. The nation seems at last to have become fully aware of the values of the drama. If adequate standards could now be established (a crying need of the Little Theaters today is for well-informed, unprejudiced and intelligent criticism) there would be much to hope from the American amateur theater. It is a theater created by American feeling and therefore the best medium for translating it. Being born of the people, it lies close to their hearts. It knows more of American life than is found on the tiny strip of Broadway. Before long it will have grown up to the task of telling what it knows.

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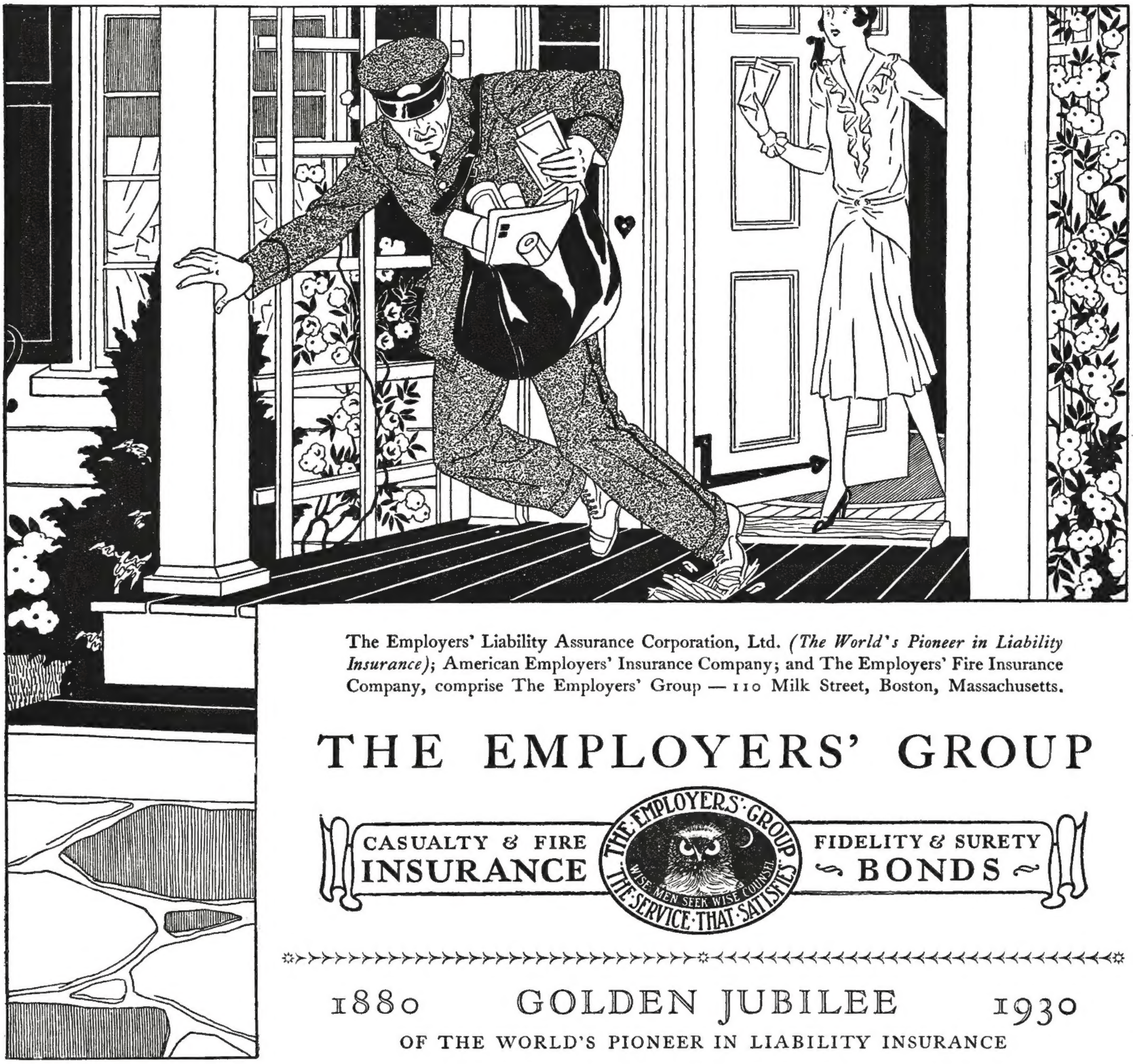

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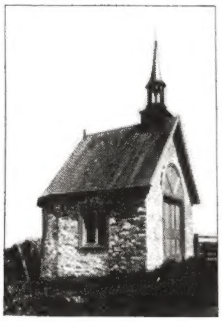
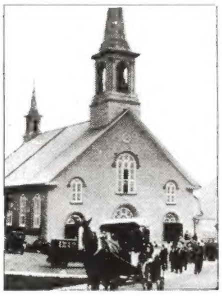
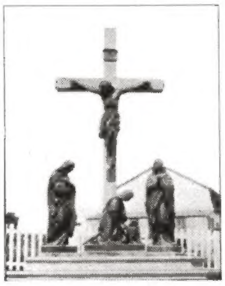


Chapelle de procession at Ste. Famille on l'Ile d'Orleans



The faithful after mass at Ange Gardien on the Ste. Anne de Beaupré road.



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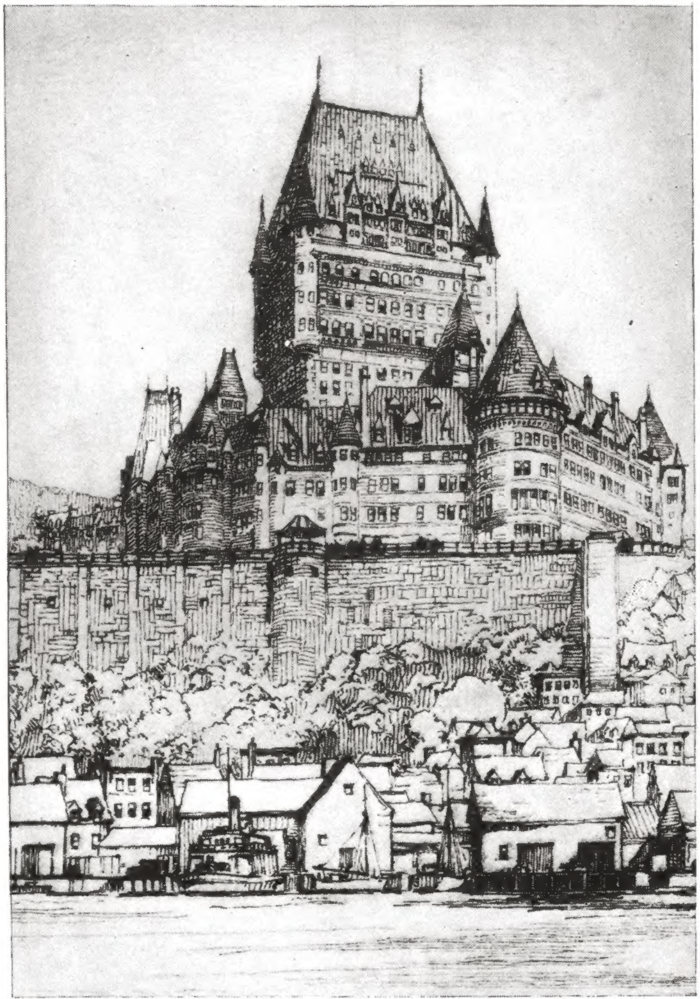

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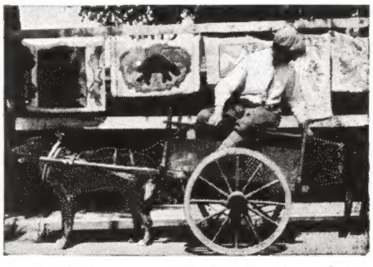

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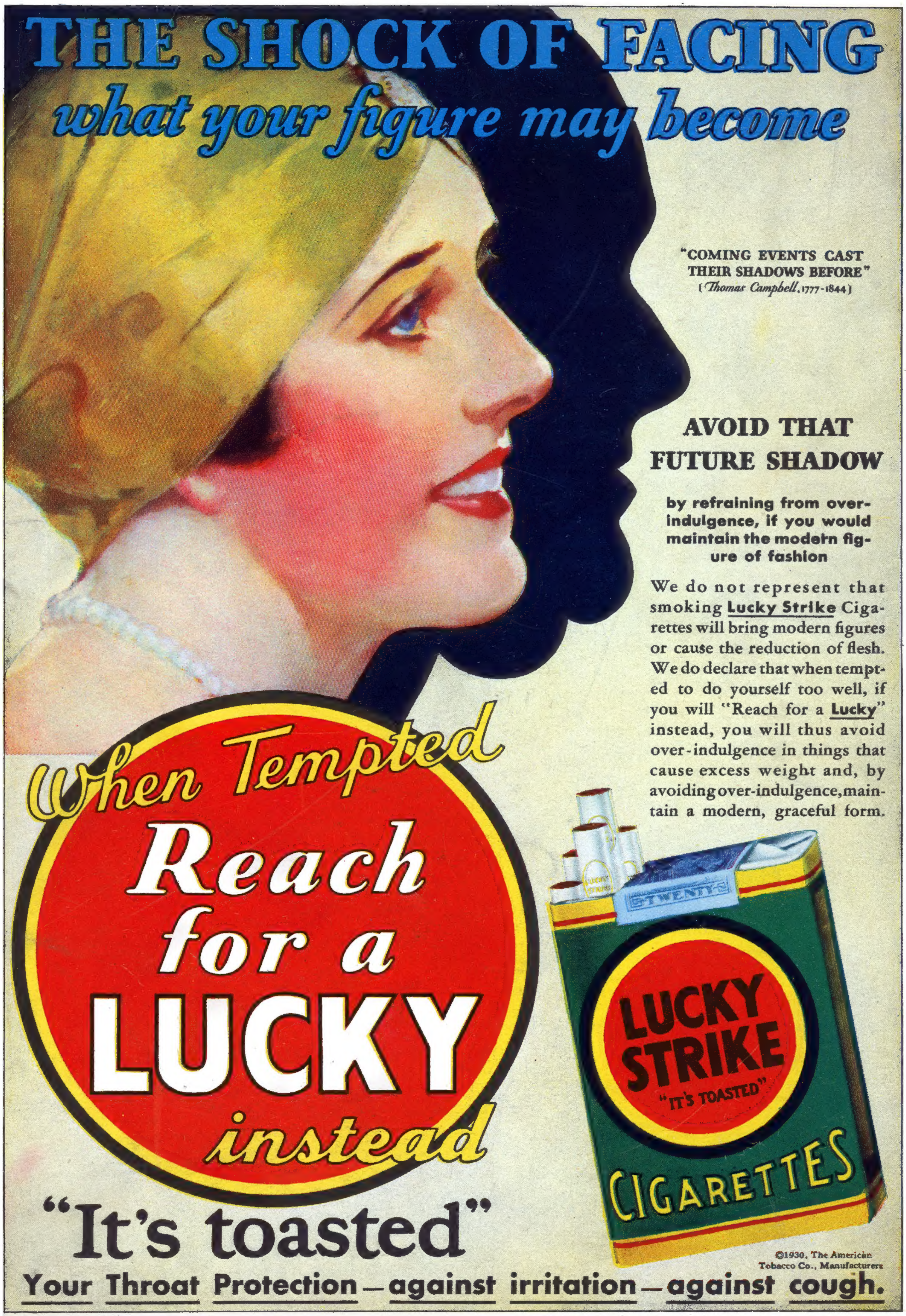

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